



*London, 1840.*



*London, 1840.*



34f 18  
THE  
CANTERBURY  
TALES  
OF

CHAUCER,

Modernis'd by several Hands:

---

Publilh'd by Mr. OGLE.

---

VOL. I.

---



---

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, in the Strand,

---

MDCCXLI.

THE

*W. Murgrove.*



Printed for J. and R. Tonson, in the Strand.

MDCCLXII.

# CONTENTS

OF THE

First VOLUME.

**T**HE *Life of Chaucer*, by Mr. URRY.  
Prologue to the *Tales*, by Mr. OGLE, page 1

*The Characters of the Pilgrims.*

The Knight,  
The Squire,  
The Squire's Woman,  
The Prioress,  
The Monk,  
The Fryar,  
The Merchant,

} by Mr. BETTERTON, p. 4

The Clerk of Oxford, by Mr. OGLE, p. 16

The Man of Law,  
The Franklin,

} by Mr. BETTERTON, p. 19

The Haberdasher,

The Weaver,

The Carpenter,

The Dyer,

The Tap'stry-Maker,

The Cook,

} by Mr. OGLE, p. 22

The

# CONTENTS.

<i>The Shipman, or Sea-</i>	}	<i>by Mr. BETTERTON, p. 26</i>
<i>man,</i>		
<i>The Doctor of Phy-</i>		
<i>sick,</i>		
<i>The Wife of Bath,</i>	}	
<i>The Parson,</i>		<i>by Mr. DRYDEN, p. 31</i>
<i>The Plowman,</i>	}	<i>by Mr. BETTERTON, p. 39</i>
<i>The Miller,</i>		
<i>The Manciple, or</i>		
<i>Temple-Steward,</i>		
<i>The Reve, or Country</i>		
<i>Steward,</i>		
<i>The Sumner, or Ap-</i>		
<i>paritor,</i>		
<i>The Pardoner,</i>	}	

End of the Characters of the PILGRIMS.

<i>Prologue to the Knight's Tale,</i>	<i>by Mr. OGLE, p. 49</i>
<i>The Knight's Tale,</i>	<i>by Mr. DRYDEN, p. 61</i>
<i>Prologue to the Miller's Tale,</i>	<i>by Mr. OGLE, p. 184</i>
<i>The Miller's Tale,</i>	<i>by Mr. COBB, p. 191</i>
<i>Prologue to the Reve's Tale,</i>	<i>by Mr. OGLE, p. 229</i>
<i>The Reve's Tale,</i>	<i>by Mr. BETTERTON, p. 234</i>



THE  
L I F E  
O F  
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

IT is observable that great Men, remarkable for the same Excellencies in different Ages, have generally several Circumstances in their Lives which bear a near Resemblance to each other. *Homer* and the Father of our *English* Poetry are not more like in their Perfections of Writing, than in the Particulars of their Birth, and the Uncertainty of their Parents, and of the Place of their Nativity: That Parallel which is drawn between the former and *Virgil* doth not square near so well as this; nor does the *Roman* Imitator come up to the Resemblance of the *Britain*. The Parents of both were uncertain; the first having (as usual in such Cases) his Genealogy drawn from Heroes, Demons, and River Dieties; the other, on the contrary, boasting no other Extraction than what is deduced by Conjecture from mean Persons. Different Places contend for the Honour



of their Birth ; a number of Cities for the one, and several Provinces the other. The near Similitude of their Genius's and Excellencies is easily discovered by their Readers. They differ in nothing so much as in their Fortunes ; the first being generally press'd with Necessity, and disregarded ; the latter favoured and rewarded by Princes, and for the most part abounding in Wealth.

Many Particulars relating to our Author having, thro' the negligence of our Fore-fathers, been suffered to sink in Oblivion, it is the more necessary to preserve what remains of him, and to attempt the Recovery of some Parts of his History : I shall therefore digest the confused Common-places left concerning him in as regular a Method as I can, and, with such Additions as have been rescued from Time, endeavour to clear up his Birth, and by the Assistance of such particular Æra's as are on Record concerning him, trace him through the most remarkable Passages of his Life.

*Leland*, of all those who professedly write his Life, came nearest to his Time, but at too long a Distance to make any certain Discoveries concerning his Birth, though he had the best Opportunities of doing it, being commissioned by King *Henry VIII.* to search all the Libraries of Religious Houses in *England*, when those sacred Archives were preserved, before the Flood of Destruction, which soon after broke in upon them, and swept them away with their Buildings ; even before *Polydore Virgil* had destroyed such curious Pieces, as would have contradicted his fram'd and fabulous History. He for  
some



ome Reasons believed *Oxfordshire* or *Berkshire* to have produced this great Man ; What those reasons were he has not informed us ; there appears at present no other, but that the Seats of his Family were in those Counties.

If we fix upon *Berkshire*, *Dunnington* must be the place, which Mr. *Camden* says was a Seat of *Chaucer's* ; but he himself seems to have been the first of that Name that possess'd it, and that not till the latter part of his Life. For in the Reign of *Edw. II.* it was in the possession of *Walter Abberbury*, Son and Heir of *Thomas Abberbury* (who gave the King C. s. for the same) and it continued in the possession of that Family till the latter Part of the Reign of *Rich. II.* in whose time it was in the possession of Sir *Richard Adderbury*, or *Abberbury*, who had a Grant from that Prince for rebuilding the Castle, and another for building a Religious House, which he endowed with two Acres of Land, and the Manor of *Tistly*. This was Part of the Honour of *Wallingford*, of which *Thomas Chaucer* was Constable, and was probably bought by *Geoffrey Chaucer*, not many years before his Death, of Sir *Richard Adderbury* the younger.

If this be all the Plea for *Berkshire*, there seems to be no farther Room to insist upon it. *Oxfordshire* indeed has upon this Account a better Claim ; there being no less than three Seats in that County belonging to his Family, *Ewelme*, *Hocknorton* and *Woodstock*. *Leland* does not expressly point at any of these, but *Pits* positively asserts (without giving any Reasons) that *Woodstock* was the Place, which opinion Mr. *Camden* seems to hint at, where he speaks of

The LIFE of

that Town. *Pitt's* Authority is not so well established as to deserve Credit on his bare Word; but on the contrary, he and his Colleague *Bale* (who are poor Copiers from *Leland*) abound with such numerous Falsities, that it is not safe even to quote them in some Particulars. I suspect *Pitts* had no other Grounds for his Assertion than *Chaucer's* House at *Woodstock*, and his mentioning the Park in his Works; and therefore with a Turn too frequent with Biographers, raises an Assertion upon a very slender Supposition, and thought the Darkness of the Times would conceal the Deceit, and leave no Footsteps to trace the contrary. *Ewelme* and *Hocknorton* have an equal Right with *Woodstock*, both belonging to *Chaucer's* Family, and the first is said by *Leland* to be the Inheritance of the *Chaucers*, though others think it was given him by *Rich. II.* But after all these different Pretensions, he himself seems to point out the place of his Nativity to be the City of *London*. And Mr. *Camden*, though he mentions the Claim of *Woodstock*, evidently gives no Credit to it; for speaking of *Spenser* (whom all allow to be born in *London*) he calls him Fellow-Citizen to *Chaucer*.

The Name of *Chaucer* [or *Chaucier*, *Chaucieris*, *Chaussier*, *Chausir*, &c.] is originally *French*, signifying a Shoemaker: But the Family which he descended from had long enjoy'd an honourable Name in *England*; the Founder being a Chief attending the Duke of *Normandy* in his Expedition to *England*, as it appears by the Roll of *Battle-Abby*. And as the Original seems to have been a Person of Honour, so several of the Name, who  
may

may reasonably be supposed to be descended from him, are mentioned in Records: but the Descent of our Author is no where particularly described.

Mr. *Speght* thinks that one *Richard Chaucer* was his Father, and that one *Elizabeth Chaucer*, a Nun of St. *Hellen's*, in the second year of *Rich. II.* might have been his Sister, or of his Kindred. But this Conjecture seems very improbable; for this *Richard* was a Vintner living at the Corner of *Kirton-lane*, and at his Death left his House, Tavern, and Stock to the Church of St. *Mary Aldermary*, and was there buried in the Year of our Lord 1348. At which time our Poet being a young Student in the University, this supposed Father must have been an unnatural Bigot, to give all he had to the Church, and leave his Son unprovided for, unless he design'd to dedicate him to Religion, as well as his supposed Sister. It is more probable that this Vintner had neither Children, nor near Relations, which frequently happens among Citizens, who leave bulky Estates to charitable Uses, for want of Kindred: Nor is it likely that he should be possessed of the Family-Estates, mentioned by *Leland*, in *Oxfordshire*, and at the same time follow such an Occupation; and therefore passing by this Conjecture, and the merry Jokes which *Dr. Fuller* (according to his Custom) makes upon his Arms, as if they alluded to his Father's Profession of dashing white and red Wine, we shall endeavour to find out a Father more worthy of such a Son; and though I cannot implicitly believe with *Pits* that his Father was a Knight, yet it is likely his Parents were something superiour to a common Employ. We find

one *John Chaucer* attending upon *Edward III.* and *Queen Philippa* in their Expedition to *Flanders* and *Cologne*, who had the King's Protection to go over Sea, in the twelfth Year of his Reign. It is highly probable that this Gentleman was the Father of our *Geoffrey*, which I am the more inclin'd to believe, because *Chaucer's* first Application, after leaving the University and Inns of Law, was to the Court; nor is it unlikely the Services of the Father should recommend the Son. As this is proposed with submission to better Judgments, so I lay no greater Stress upon it than the Reasons suggested will bear.

I proceed to a Particular less controverted, that is, the time of his Birth, which was in the second Year of the Reign of *King Edward III.* A. D. 1328. His first Studies were in the University of *Cambridge*; where he was in the eighteenth Year of his Age, when he wrote his *Court of Love*, and was at those early Years no indifferent Poet, having before written several Pieces: But of what College he was is uncertain, there being no Footsteps of him in the Records of that University. It is not unlikely that he was of that Hall, where he lays the Story of the *Miller of Trampington*, so exactly describing the Place, and the Humours and Northern Dialect of his Fellow Collegians. How long he continued there is not known: It is certain he removed from thence to compleat his Studies at *Oxford*; but in what College is as uncertain as the former. The Writer of his Life fixes upon *Canterbury*, or *Meriton* College. *Canterbury* College, now part of *Christ-Church* College, (which *Polydore Virgil* calls the most celebrated of his Time)



Time) is unlikely to be the Place, not being founded till the Year 1363, at which time *Chaucer* must be Five and Thirty years of Age, and had been for some time launch'd into the World of Business. *Merton* College is the more likely; for tho' his Name does not appear among the celebrated Members of it at that time, yet we find most of his Cotemporaries, as *Strode*, *Occleve*, &c. were of that College, where one of his Sons was likewise educated. After a considerable Stay here, and a strict Application to the publick Lectures of the University, he became (says *Leland*) a ready Logician, a smooth Rhetorician, a pleasant Poet, a grave Philosopher, an ingenious Mathematician, and a holy Divine. That he was a great Master in Astronomy (tho' he modestly pleads Ignorance in it) is plain by his Discourses of the *Astrolabe*: That he was versed in the *Hermetick* Philosophy (which prevailed much at that time) appears by his *Tale of the Chanon's Yeoman*: His knowledge in Divinity is evident from his *Parson's Tale*, and his Philosophy from the *Testament of Love*.

Thus qualify'd for that considerable Figure he afterwards made, he began his Approaches by degrees into the World; and leaving that learned Retirement, he travel'd into *France*, *Holland*, and other Countries, where (*Leland* says) he spent part of his younger Days, and returning home enter'd himself in the Inner Temple, where he studied the Municipal Laws of this Land. *Leland* intimates, that he prosecuted those Studies towards the latter part of his Life; which is improbable for the following Reasons: *Leland* owns, that at the Inns of Court he became acquainted with *John*

*Gower*, at that time an eminent Lawyer ; that this Acquaintance was long before the latter End of the Reign of *Rich. II.* (as *Leland* places it) appears by the Poem of *Troilus and Creseide*, which is inscribed to *Gower*, and mentioned in his *Legend of good Women*, which was written before the Death of the first Queen of *Rich. II.* he being directed to carry it to the Queen at *Eltham*, or at *Shene* : Now *Rich. II.* demolish'd the Palace of *Shene* upon her Death, nor was it repair'd during his Reign. The places which *Chaucer* held would not allow him at that time to apply himself to those Studies ; nor is it likely that at such an advanced Age, when he was near seventy, and (as *Leland* confesses) found Age burthenfome, he had either Will, or Strength to prosecute a hard, intricate, and to him at that Age an useles Study. It is therefore more probable that he acquir'd the Knowledge of our Laws in his Youth, in order to qualify himself for publick Affairs, in which he afterwards was concern'd.

But he had not long followed those Studies, before his singular Accomplishments were discovered by some Persons at Court, whither he next made his Approaches. A glorious and successful Reign, as it affords Subjects for the Praises of the Learned, so it gives them Encouragement to employ their Abilities on such Occasions ; and *Edw. III.* who was a discerning Prince to judge of, and generous to reward Learning, invited Men of Letters to him, and by his Example induced his Court to encourage them : So that in his Reign Valour was not more esteemed than Learning, and Cowardice and Ignorance were



were equally despised. The Court at that time consisted of all that was great and splendid, and every thing that could be desired contributed to make it the most glorious in *Europe*. A long and happy Reign, successful in Victories abroad, filled it with Heroes, and a just Administration at home supply'd it with Men of Learning. These are so inseparably linked together for the Encouragement of each other, that where there are Men of Valour, there can be no Slavery and Oppression; and where there is Slavery and Oppression, there can be no Men of Learning. They equally flourished in this Reign, being encouraged by a Prince who was Master of both, and applauded by a Court of Ladies remarkable for Beauty, Wit and Gaiety. In short, there was nothing going forward in that Court but perpetual Mirth, Tilts and Tournaments, and Romantick Gallantry, which has been only parallel'd by the late Reign of K. *Charles* the Second. And how well qualify'd our Poet was to be a Member of such an Assembly, we may judge by his Learning, Wit, amorous Disposition, gay Humour and Gallantry: To which his Person gave no small Addition, being about the Age of Thirty (as appears by a Picture of him about that Age) of a fair, beautiful Complexion, his Lips red and full, his Size of a just *Medium*, and his Port and Air graceful and majestick. So that every Ornament that could claim the Approbation of the Great and Fair, his Abilities to record the Valour of the one, and celebrate the Beauty of the other, and his Wit and gentle Behaviour to

converse with both, conspired to make him a compleat Courtier.

His first Station, 'tis very probable, was that of *Page to the King*, a Place of Honour and Esteem, and so much regarded by Princes at that Time, that *Rich. II.* leaves particular Legacies in his Will to his Pages, when few others are taken notice of. But this was only the first Step to Preferment, as the King himself intimates; and therefore by his Letters Patents dated in the Forty-first Year of his Reign, he grants to him for his good Services, by the Title of *dilectus Valettus noster*, an Annuity of Twenty Marks *per Annum*, payable out of the Exchequer, till he could otherwise provide for him. How mean soever such a Pension may seem now, it was then very considerable, and in *Chaucer's* Case was still the more valuable, as being an Earnest of future Favours: For not long after we find him *Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber*, and by that Title the King granted to him by Letters Patents dated in the Forty-fifth Year of his Reign, the further Sum of Twenty Marks *per Annum* during his Life. In this Station he did not long continue, being next Year made *Shield-bearer to the King*, a Title at that Time (tho' now extinct) of great Honour; such Persons being always next the King's Person, and generally upon signal Victories rewarded with Military Honours.

Our Poet being thus placed near the King, found Respect and Encouragement from all the chief Persons of the Court: *Queen Philippa*, a Princess of extraordinary Merit, esteemed him;

John

John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster had a singular Value for him, as had likewise his Dutcheſs Blanch, at whose Request he made the Poem called *La Priere de nôtre Dame*. The Lady Margaret, the King's Daughter, and Countess of Pembroke, was the Chief of his Patronesses, and would frequently complement him upon his Poems. But this is not to be meant of his *Canterbury Tales*, they being written in the latter Part of his Life, when the Courtier and the fine Gentleman gave way to solid Sense and plain Descriptions. In his Love-pieces he was obliged to have the strictest Regard to Modesty and Decency; the Ladies at that time insisting so much upon the nicest Punctilio's of Honour, that it was highly criminal to depreciate their Sex, or do any thing that might offend Virtue: The first of these Chaucer had been guilty of, which he afterwards atoned by the *Legend of good Women*; a Task enjoined him by the Lady Margaret, whom he veils under the Name of the *Daisy*, as he does in several other Pieces. The Poems which gave Offence were *The Romaunt of the Rose*, and *Troilus and Criseide*; tho' he seems to hint at a particular Offence he had given by preferring the *Flower* to the *Leaf*, which he gayly turns off. To him thus beloved, esteemed and honoured, he spent his younger years in a constant Attendance upon the Court, and for the most part living near it, when residing at *Woodstock*, in a square stone House near the Park Gate, still called *Chaucer's House*. That this was the chief Place of his Abode, appears by his frequent Descriptions

tions of the Park; as particularly a *Park wall-  
ed with green stone*, that being the first Park  
walled in *England*, and not many years before  
his Time. In most of his Pieces, where he de-  
signs an imaginary Scene, he certainly copies it  
from a real *Landscape*: So in his *Cuckoo* and  
*Nightingale*, the *Morning walk* he takes was  
such as at this Day may be traced from his  
House through Part of the Park, and down by  
the Brook into the Vale under *Blenheim Castle*,  
as certainly as we may assert that *Maples* in-  
stead of *Phylireas*, were the *Ornaments* round  
the Bower; which Place he likewise describes  
in his *Dream*, as a white Castle standing upon  
a Hill; the Scene in that Poem being laid in  
*Woodstock Park*.

But to return; *Q. Philippa* being a Native of *Hai-  
nault*, and bringing over with her several Persons of  
that Country, there was a frequent Intercourse be-  
tween *England* and that Province, which was in-  
creased by a fresh Alliance with the Duke of *Bo-  
varia*, Earl of *Hainault*, *Zeland* and *Holland*,  
who married *Maud*, Daughter and Coheir of *Hen-  
ry Plantagenet* Earl of *Lancaster*, whose Sister  
*Blanch* was married to *John of Gaunt*, afterwards  
Duke of *Lancaster*. The Dutchess *Blanch* (whe-  
ther by the Recommendation of her Sister, or by  
what other Means, is not material) entertained in her  
service one *Catharine Rouet*, Daughter of Sir *Payne*, or  
*Pagan Rouet*, a Native of *Hainault* and *Guien* King  
at Arms for that Country, who was afterwards  
married to Sir *Hugh Swynford* a Knight at *Lincoln*.  
He dying not long after their Marriage, the Duke  
and Dutchess continued her as Guardianess to  
their



their Children. This Lady had a younger Sister, whom the Duke and Dutcheſs recommended to our *Chaucer* for a Wife; and he married her about the Thirty-second Year of his Age. *Brooks* calls her *Anne*, but her Name was *Philippa* (as shall be made appear hereafter) a Name much used at that time in *Hainault*, in Regard of its being the Queen's Name.

Our Poet being thus fixed by Marriage, the King began to employ him in more publick and advantageous Posts; for in the Forty-sixth Year of his Reign we find him in Commission with others to treat with the Doge and Senate of *Genoa*; but for what Purpose, or with what Success, doth not appear. And now he began every Day to rise in Greatness, having the Duke of *Lancaster* for his Patron, who indefatigably espoused his Interest, and that for several Reasons: One was the Application of the Lady *Catharine Swynford*, his Wife's Sister, who was a Woman of singular Beauty, and not only an Attendant on the Dutcheſs, but Mistress to the Duke, and extreamly in his Favour, as appears by the Grants made to her in the Fifty-first Year of *K. Edw. III.* of the Lordships of *Gringly* and *Wheatly*, which were confirmed by the King. Nor was this the only Reason of the Duke's Favour: His Ambition requiring all the Assistance of Learned men, to give it a plausible Appearance, induced him to do *Chaucer* many good Offices, in order to engage him in his Interest.

About this time (perhaps for his Services at *Genoa*) the King granted to him by Letters Patents dated at *Windſor* in the Forty-eighth Year of his Reign, by the Title of *Armiger noſter*, one *Py-*  
*cher*

cher of Wine daily, in the Port of London; and soon after made him *Comptroller of the Customs* in that Port of Wool, Woolfells and Hides, with a particular Proviso, that he should personally execute that Office, and write the Accounts relating to it with his own Hand. This Post he fill'd with Honour and Integrity, as himself declares; that no wight of his adminstracyon coude non yvels, and that he never defouled his conscience for no manner dede: Nor do we find that at that Time, when the Customs were farmed, and the People imposed upon, the King in his Dotage and misled, *Chaucer* was ever concerned in the Impositions with *Lyon*, *Ellis*, and others prosecuted for those Crimes. *Leland* observes, that there were at *Ewelme* Woolfacks painted in token of Merchandize, and that it was said *Thomas* the Son of *Geoffrey Chaucer* was a Merchant: To which *Speght* adds, that it was for this Reason believed that *Chaucer's* Ancestors were Merchants of the Staple, but contradicts it by asserting, that the Merchants of the Staple had no Arms granted them till the Reign of *Hen. VI.* It is more probable that the Woolfacks were Devices of *Chaucer* (in frequent Use at that Time) alluding to the Office he held relating to the Customs of Wool, Woolfells, &c. The King, in the Forty-ninth Year of his Reign, and the Forty-seventh of *Chaucer's* Age, granted to him the Lands and Body of *Sir Edmond Staplegate*, Son of *Sir Edmond Staplegate* in the County of *Kent*, in Ward, who afterwards paid him One hundred and four Pounds for the same: And the year following he granted to him, by the Title of *dilectus Armiger noster*, the  
Sum



Sum of Seventy one Pounds four Shillings and Sixpence, arising from a certain Quantity of Wool therein mentioned, which was forfeited by one *John Kent* of *London*, for Non-payment of Customs. By these Means, and the repeated Favours heaped upon him, he grew exceeding rich, having (as *Speght* says) at one time, almost a Thousand Pounds *per Annum*; a very large Estate for those Times, and scarce credible to have been acquired by a Person in his Station: But that he grew wealthy in the Employments he enjoyed, he himself confesses; *I had comfort* (says he) *to be in that plight, that both profit were to me and my friends*: He also confesses, that in dignity of office he made gathering of *thilk godes*, and had a faire parcel for the tyme, in furthering of his sustenance, *richeffe sufficiently to wieve nede*, dignity to be revered in worship, power to kepe fro his enemies; so that he seemed to shine in glory of renome, as *manhode asketh in men*. These and the like Passages in the Testament of Love are Proofs of the Favour of that Prince to him, and of the Advantages which attended it.

But as he was thus advanced to higher Places of Trust, so he became more entangled in the Affairs of State, the Consequence of which proved of the utmost Prejudice to him. The Duke of *Lancaster* having been the chief Instrument of raising him to Dignity, expected the Fruits of those Favours in a ready Compliance with him in all his Designs. That Prince was certainly one of the proudest Men of his Time; nor could he patiently bear the Name of a Subject, even to his Father. Nothing but Absolute Power, and the

Title

Title of King could satisfy his Ambition; and therefore took up with a Foreign Title, and the Ruins of a scatter'd Family, marrying *Constance*, Daughter of *Peter the Cruel*, King of *Castile* and *Leon*, which Title he assumed. But this was not sufficient, for upon the Death of his elder Brother *Edward* the Black Prince, he fixed a longing Eye upon the *English* Crown, and seemed to stretch out an impatient Hand to reach it. This was plainly intimated by his Device of an Eagle endeavouring with his Bill to undo a Foot-lock.

In this View he sought by all Means possible to secure his Interest against the Decease of the old King; and being sensible that the chief Obstacles in his Way were the Clergy (who would be most strenuous in opposing an irregular Succession) he omitted nothing that might lessen their Power and Esteem with the People. For this Purpose a fair Opportunity now offered by *Wickliffe's* first appearing at *Oxford*; who being a Man of singular Learning and Esteem, not only in that University, but also at Court (having been employed as Ambassador by the King) found no small Number of Followers. The Common People, always fond of Novelty, readily followed him, being pleased with a new Scheme which discharged them from the heavy Impositions of the Clergy of those Times. The University of *Oxford* itself favoured him for this Reason: The Fryers of *Osney* and *S. Frideswide* enticed most of the young Students of that University to enter into Orders, inasmuch that Parents were fearful of sending their Sons to study, whereby the Number of Students

in that University diminished ; which being complained of in Parliament, there was an Act made that none should be admitted into Orders under the Age of eighteen Years. The Nobility and Courtiers supported him, out of an inveterate Hatred to the Clergy, who had all the Places of Trust and Honor in their Possession. Most of those about the King countenanced *Wickliffe* in a particular Manner, as the Lord *Latimer*, Sir *Richard Sturry*, Sir *Lewis Clifford*, &c. And *Capgrave* asserts, that the King himself was a Favourer of his Opinions.

And now the Parliament intermeddling with the Affairs of the Church, Pope *Gregory IX.* thought it high Time to put a Stop to those Proceedings, and therefore issued out a Bull directed to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and the Bishop of *London*, for apprehending *Wickliffe* ; whereupon the Bishop convened a Synod at *St. Paul's*, where, upon Citation *Wickliffe* appeared, and with him his Patron the Duke of *Lancaster*, and *Piercy* Lord Marshal. A Quarrel happening between the Duke of *Lancaster* and the Bishop of *London* about *Wickliffe's* sitting down, the Duke told the Bishop he would pull down his Pride, and that of all the Prelacy in *England*, with other opprobrious Words : upon which the *Londoners* rose, and plunder'd his Palace of the *Savoy*, and reversed his Arms, the Duke himself hardly escaping their Fury.

Our *Chaucer* had no small Hand in furthering these Proceedings, both by his publick Interest and his Writings ; tho' I cannot go so far as to suppose he scurrilously reviled the Established Religion of those times, and therefore cannot think that either

the *Plowman's Tale*, or *Jack Upland* were written by him, as shall be further discussed in the Account of his Works: But that he was a Favourer of the *Lollards* (as were likewise most of his Friends, and particularly *Occleve*) is evident from several Places in his Writings, where he bitterly inveighs against the Priests and Fryers: Not that he disliked all of that Order; for he mentions Fryer *John Some*, and Fryer *Nicholas Lenne*, or *Lynne*, with Respect, calling them *Reverent Clerkes*, and expresses his Regard to the Secular Clergy who lived up to their Profession, in his Description of the *Parson*. Nor was he disesteemed by the Clergy of those Times; *Lidgate*, who was a Monk of *St. Edmondsbury*, and several others entertaining a great Reverence for him, and speaking of him with the utmost Respect: Nor was he less esteemed by *Gower*, tho' a violent Bigot to the Church of *Rome*, and perpetual Exclaimer against *Wickliffe* and his Followers.

The King perceiving the Aims of the Duke of *Lancaster*, presently put a Check to his Hopes by declaring *Richard* of *Bourdeaux*, Son of *Edward* the Black Prince, Heir to the Crown, which was no small Mortification to the Duke; and from that Time he was never easy, nor contented in any Station, nor ever without Uneasinesses from the Jealousies and Suspicions of the Prince upon the Throne, in which his Friends bore a Share.

In the last Year of the King's Reign, the *French* (notwithstanding a Truce which had been made with them) got out to Sea and disturbed the Coast, whereupon the King endeavoured to prolong the Truce; in Order to which he sent *Chaucer* and other



other Commissioners to treat with those appointed by the *French King*, before the Pope's Legates; but nothing being concluded, the Legates proposed a Match between the *Lady Mary*, Daughter to the King of *France*, and *Richard Prince of Wales*. Whereupon the King sent *Sir Guiscard Dangle*, Knight of the Garter and afterwards Earl of *Huntington*, *Sir Richard Sturry* a noted *Wicklevis*, and our *Chaucer*, Embassadors to *Monstreuil*; but this Embassy had no other Effect than the prolonging of the Truce with *France* till the first of *May* following. This is the last publick Embassy that we find *Chaucer* employed in, tho' he was afterwards in *France*, and several other Countries, as shall hereafter be observed. What other Posts he held during this Prince's Reign is uncertain, there being no further Account (that I can discover) upon Record of his publick Stations: But doubtless he passed through many honourable Employments, as appears from several Passages of the *Testament of Love*; and in that Picture of him in *Gloucestershire* (which hath been mentioned before) he hath a double Chain round his Neck, and hanging to the Middle of his Breast, which seems to be a Mark of Distinction then used in Regard of some publick Offices he bore.

Nor was he less concerned in the close Intrigues of the Court-Party at that time. For the King being superannuated, all Affairs were managed by *Sir Thomas Latimer*, *Sir Richard Sturry* (both *Chaucer's* Friends) and the *Lady Alice Pierce* whom the King entirely loved, not as a Mistress (as some have maliciously asserted) but because she had been Lady of the Bed-Chamber to the

Queen, and a great Favourite with her. This Lady managed every thing in a very indirect Manner, influencing the Courts of Judicature, causing Sir *Peter Delamare* the Speaker of the Commons to be imprisoned, and for Bribes persuading the King to pervert the Course of Justice: In all which matters, *Speed* says, the Duke of *Lancaster* was concerned; but it is not likely that Prince should appear publickly at the Head of that Party, he himself having not long after no small Hand in punishing several of the Actors in that Corruption. *Chaucer* was so nearly engaged in Friendship with them, that there is Reason to suspect he was not altogether unconcerned.

The old King being dead, *Richard* his Grandson succeeded him, being under the Governance of the Duke of *Lancaster*, who now endeavoured all he could to compose the Differences which had been long fomented; and being reconciled to the *Londoners*, he proceeded to prepare every thing for the most splendid Coronation that *England* had ever seen; insomuch that there are several Volumes in the *Cotton Library* written upon that Affair: In one of which, there is a Petition of *Chaucer* to be admitted to serve as a chief Butler, in Right of his Ward, Sir *Edmund Staplegate*, for the Manor of *Billington* in *Kent*, which was held of the King by that Service; but the Earl of *Arundel* put in another Petition, wherein he shows that Honour to have been formerly possessed by his Ancestors, and that *Staplegate* had never till now claimed it, and being a Minor was unqualified for it: which Petition was granted, reserving to *Staplegate* the Right of making his Claim afterwards.

*Chaucer*



*Chaucer* was in some Degree of Favour at the Beginning of this King's Reign. In the first Year of it, by Letters Patents under the Great Seal bearing date the Twenty-third Day of *March*, the King confirmed to him, by the Title of *Dilectus Armiger noster*, the Grant made by the late King of Twenty Marks *per Annum*; and by other Letters Patents, bearing date the eighteenth Day of *April* in the same Year, he confirmed the other Grant of the late King for a *Pycher* of Wine to be delivered him daily in the Port of *London*.

King *Rich. II.* in the second Year of his Reign took *Chaucer* and his Lands into his Protection, which Mr. *Speght* believes was occasioned by some Trouble into which he was fallen, by siding with the common People. But he doth not seem to have been involved in that Trouble till some time after, and therefore it is more likely this Protection was to secure him from his Creditors; as was likewise another Protection granted by the same Prince. It doth not appear by what Means he was reduced to such low Circumstances, unless it was by the Loss of his Interest at Court, and of Advantages he enjoyed under his Master and Patron the late King. The Writer of his Life supposes he expended most of his Wealth in Foreign Embassies, but it should rather seem that they were the Means whereby he acquired it, he being generally well rewarded, as is before observed.

This King in the fourth Year of his Reign confirmed the Grants made to *Chaucer* and *Philippa* his Wife, of the several Annuities granted to them. And now this Lady being mentioned, for whose

Name we have this authentick Record, it will not be improper to cast an Eye upon the Domestick Affairs of our Poet. By her (for we find no other Wife mention'd) he had two Sons, *Thomas* and *Lewis*. *Thomas* was about this Time married to one of the greatest Fortunes in *England*, *Maud*, Daughter and Heir of Sir *John Burghershe*, Brother to Sir *Bartholomew Burghershe* Knight of the Garter, and Dr. *Henry Burghershe* Bishop of *Lincoln*, Chancellor and Treasurer of *England*. Mr. *Speght* says, this Lady was given him in Marriage by King *Edward III.* at his Father's Request, in Return of his great Services done in his Embassies in *France*; but it is very much to be doubted whether at the Death of that Prince, *Thomas Chaucer* was of Age to be disposed of in Marriage.

His second Son *Lewis* was born in the Year 1381, for he was ten Year's old when his Father wrote the Treatise of the *Astrolabe*, which was in 1391. He was then a Student in *Merton College* in *Oxford*, and Pupil to the famous *Nicholas Strode*; but we have no farther Account of him. It has been observed, that in the latter Part of the late King's Reign, the Duke of *Lancaster* (for several Reasons) encouraged the Opinions of *Wickliffe*, as did likewise *Chaucer*, the Consequence of which began now to appear; for every ignorant Fellow, who could neither read nor write, set up for a Teacher and Instructor in new Opinions, and particularly one *Smith*, who was followed by the Populace, and carried about by great Men, as Sir *Lodowick Clifford*, Sir *Thomas Latimer*, Sir *John Trussel*, Sir *Richard Sturry* and others, who appeared armed where he preached; and therefore, says *Knighton*,  
the

the modestest Writer of that Time, what they could not convince by Reason they terrified into Opinion.

The common People thus encouraged to shake off the Yoke of the Clergy, began to feel that of the Government too heavy; and being now ripe for Insurrection (upon laying on some new Taxes) rose under *Straw*, *Tyler*, and *Littleser*; which had like to have entirely overturned the Constitution. Their Spite was chiefly directed against the Clergy, as appears by their beheading the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and the Prior of *St. John's* by *Smithfield*, who was Lord Treasurer, and by their burning that stately Priory, and plundering the Abbies of *St. Albans*, *Bury*, and several others. As soon as this Rebellion was somewhat abated, the Parliament began to enquire into the Cause of it; nor were there wanting Enemies of *Wickliffe*, who charged him and his Followers with being the Encouragers of it: But that is unlikely to be true; for had the Rebels been *Wickliffe's* Friends, they would never have burnt the *Savoy*, the Palace of his Patron the Duke of *Lancaster*. However, some of his Followers gave too much Cause for such a Surmise; as *Dr. Hereford*, who asserted that Archbishop *Sudbury* deserved that Death he found; and the King the Year following empowered the Bishops to arrest *Wickliffe*, and forbade his Subjects to encourage any of that Persuasion. *Wickliffe* appeared, and seemed partly to satisfy the Bishops with his Opinion.

The Duke of *Lancaster* finding his Hopes of Greatness check'd, and his Life in perpetual Danger from the King, began to grow more cautious

of intermeddling in these Matters; and therefore when Dr. *Hereford* and Dr. *Rapyndon* came to him, he in a Passion told them their Doctrine was a Doctrine of Devils, and that he had hitherto been imposed upon in the Representations made to him of *Wickliffe's* Doctrine, and bade them go and submit themselves to the Archbishop.

*Chaucer* how much soever he had espoused those Opinions, thought it Prudence to conceal them more than he had done, seeing the Inconveniences and Danger they had occasioned; so that after the Prosecution by *Rich. II.* and the Duke of *Lancaster's* changing his Mind, he thought it proper to be more circumspect. Nor doth it appear that at any time he ran all the Lengths of that Opinion. His Resentments were chiefly against the personal Vices of the Clergy, not their Doctrines; for the Pilgrimage to *Canterbury* is spoken of with Reverence; and he calls *Becket* the *holy blissful Martyr*: And the *Parson*, tho' he would not *ren* to *St. Powles* to procure Livings, makes one in the Expedition to *Canterbury*. This I say, not as if that Journey was real; but *Chaucer* would never have been guilty of so great an Impropriety as to make Persons act contrary to their Opinions. Nor did even the Leaders of that Party scruple the Ceremonies then used: They opposed them in Opinion, but seldom differed from them in Practice. Even *Wickliffe* himself always conformed, and held his Living of *Lutterworth* without Interruption, and died in it of a Fit of the Palsy, which seized him while he was saying Mass. But *Chaucer* differed much from them even in Opinion; for in his *Testament of Love*, he confesses the real Presence; which



which Passage, because it exposes the Neglect of Religion in his Time, and shows his Regard for divine Worship, shall be here set down at large. *Lo! it accordeth, for soche there ben that voluntarie lustes baunten in courte with ribaudrie, that til midnight and more wol playe and wake, but in the Church at matins he is behinde, for evil disposition of his stomake. ----- His aulter is broke, and lowe lithe in pointe to gone to the yertbe, but his horse must ben esy and hie, to bere him over grete waters. His chalice pore, but he hath riche cuppes. No towaile but a shete, there God shall ben handelid. And on his mete bord ther shall been bordeclothes and towelles many paire. At masse serveth but a clergion: five Squiers in hall. Pore chauncell, open holes in every side: Beddes of silk, with tapites going al about his chambze. Pore masse-boke and leude chatelaine, and broken surplice with many an hole: gode boundes, and manye, to hunte after harte and hare, to fede in ther festes. In the House of Fame we find him again going on Pilgrimage. We may gather his Opinion of the Invocation of Saints, from his Priere de nôtre Dame, his Ballad in Commendation of our Lady, and several other Pieces. But however Chaucer might despise some Extravagancies of the Church of Rome, yet that he died a Member of it, seems plain by his Retractation.*

The King, taking the Government upon himself, and giving way to the Advice of a set of young profligate Courtiers, began to hate and despise most of the late King's Friends; and particularly he endeavoured by all possible Means to take off the Duke of Lancaster, whose Interest was now



at a very low Ebb. In Order to which, one *Lattimer*, an *Irish* Fryer, Batchelor of Divinity, accused him of an Attempt to kill the King. Whether there was Truth in the Accusation, or whether it proceeded from the Malice and Revenge of that Order, is doubtful; but the Fryer was privately murdered, before he could make out the Charge, by the Lord *John Holland* and others, to whose Custody he was committed; and that in a shameful and barbarous Manner. This Lord *John Holland*, called Lord of *Huntington*, and Duke of *Exeter*, was half Brother to the King, and had married *Elizabeth*, Daughter of the Duke of *Lancaster*. He was a great Patron of *Chaucer*, and was much respected by him.

The Duke having escaped that Storm, was not yet secure; for if Evidence failed, the King had an entire Confidence in the Compliance of the Lord Chief Justice *Tresilian*, before whom it was attempted to have him tried. But the Duke stood upon his Guard at his Castle of *Pontefract*, till by the King's Mother matters were brought to some Temperament. With the Duke's Interest, that of *Chaucer's* entirely sunk: His Patron being now incapable of serving or supporting him, he found the want of a Hand able to lead him safely through the Difficulties of Publick Stations.

The Duke passing over Sea, his Friends felt all the Malice of the opposite Party, which had long waited for Revenge, and in Order to it, sought all possible Means of oppressing them. This put the others upon calling in a Number of the Populace to their Assistance, which is the general Refuge of an oppressed Party. By these Means  
several

several popular Comotions ensued, and particularly that in the City of *London*. As in this Affair our Poet was no unartful Prompter behind the Curtain, so he felt the Consequences of it in his Downfall and Ruin. One *John of Northampton*, a Creature of the Duke of *Lancaster*, was at the Head of those Disturbances, who having been Lord Mayor the Year before, made strong Interest to be again chosen, and therefore opposed the following Election, securing to his Party most of the Citizens, and crying out upon the extravagant Mismanagement of the City, suggesting, that there was no possible way of securing them from Ruin but by the re-electing him. This occasioned Insurrections; and our Poet being then Comptroller of the Customs in that Port, and joined in Party with *Northampton*, as being both in the Duke's Interest, encouraged them: But this Disorder did not continue long; for upon Sir *Robert Kneller's* beheading one of the Rioters it was quell'd, and *Northampton* taken into Custody. Strict Search was made for *Chaucer*, but he made his Escape into *Hainault*, and afterwards into *France*, and finding the King resolved to get him if possible into his Hands, (as the fittest Person to discover the Abettors of those Comotions) he fled thence into *Zealand* with this Intent chiefly (as he says) *their privitie to conceal*.

Several of the Accomplices in this Affair were with him, whom he supported in their Exile, while the chief Ringleaders (except *Northampton*, who was condemned at *Reading*, upon the Evidence of his Clerks) had here at *London* made their Peace, by acknowledging their Crime, and making

making Submission, and had now forgot the Honor and Integrity of *Chaucer*, who suffered Exile to secure their Secrets. Nay, to such a base Height of Ingratitude were they arrived, that they wished his Death, and endeavoured it, by keeping all Supplies of Money from him : And while he expended his Fortune in removing from place to place, and in assisting his Fellow-exiles, he was so far from receiving any Assistance at home, that his Apartments were let, and the Money received for Rent was never accounted for to him ; nor could he recover any from those who owed it him, they being fully persuaded it was impossible for him ever to return into *England*. The Government still pursuing their Resentment against him and his Friends, they were constrain'd to leave *Zealand* ; and *Chaucer* having no possible Means left of struggling longer with the Difficulties of Exile and Poverty, and finding no Security wherever he fled, chusing to submit his Life to the Laws of his Country, rather than lose it through Hunger and Want in foreign Parts, returned into *England*.

He had not been long here before he was arrested by Order from the King, and imprisoned (as it is probable) in the Tower of *London*. And now the Government thought they had it in their Power to make a full Discovery of the late Rebellion; and sending for him, told him that in order to obtain Mercy of the King, his only way was to confess the Secrets of his Treason, and discover the Confederates in it; desiring him to propose in what manner those Differences might be composed. But he a long while evaded all the

Arts

Arts used to make him confess, and was very unwilling to bring the Malice of so powerful a Party upon him by betraying their Secrets, which he says he conceal'd longer than he ought; but *the King and his Princes* (to use his Words) having obliged him upon Oath to declare what he knew, and *with buge words and grete* urged him to confess, and watching his Words strictly and narrowly to catch him, if they could, varying in his Confession, he very freely disclosed all he knew, and impeached the Persons concerned with him; and not only so, but (according to the Custom of Trials at that time) offered to prove the Truth of his Confession by Combat.

What the Consequence of this Discovery was with Respect to his Accomplices doth not appear. It brought upon him the ill Will of most People, who (as he says) called him *false, lyer, base, ingrateful, &c.* But the King regarding him as a Person beloved by his Grand-father, and a faithful Servant to himself, pardoned him.

This miserable Condition, so different from his former Prosperity, as it is a Proof of the Uncertainty of human Happiness, so it gave Occasion to his writing that excellent Treatise called *The Testament of Love*: In the beginning of which he thus reflects upon his former Glory and his present Misery; *Alas! Fortune, alas! I that some tyme in delicious houres was wont to enjoy blisfull stoundes, am now dryve by unhappy hevyness to bewaile my sondrie yvils in tene. Mirth is chaunged into tene, &c. Thus witlesse, thoughtfull, sightlesse lokynge, I endure my penaunce in this derke prisoune, caitiffed fro frendshippe, and acquaintaunce, and forsaken*



of all that any worde dare speke. And a little further; O! where art thou now friendship, that some tyme with laughande chere madest bothe face and countenaunce to me wardes? And in another place; How am I now cast out of all sweetenes of blisse, and mischevously stongen by passed joye! Sorrowfully must I bewaile and live as a wretch. Every of the joyes is turned into his contrary: for riehest now I have povertie, for dignitie now am I imprisoned, instede of power, wretchednesse I suffre, and for glory of renome I am now despised, and fouliche hated; thus bath farne fortune, that so dainly am I oventhrowen, and out of all welth dispoiled, &c. Nor did he for some time recover the Shock this gave him, having lost his best Friends at Court for meddling in those Affairs, and brought the Clamours and Malice of the Commons upon him by betraying their Designs: And his continual Expences in encouraging and maintaining those Parties having exhausted most of his Substance, he was reduced to the lowest Degree of Poverty, insomuch that when he was restored to his Liberty, he was so incumbered with Debts, that he durst not appear for fear of Arrests. And to compleat his Misery, he not only lost his Interest with the King, by the Disgrace of his Patron the Duke of Lancaster, but also his Influence on the Duke by the Means of Catharine Swynford his Wife's Sister was now much lessened. For the Duke, being dejected at the Troubles in which he was involved, began to reflect on his vicious Course of Life, and particularly his keeping that Lady as his Concubine (whom, says *Knigh-ton*, he had kept long in his House, neither fearing God, nor blushing at Man) and therefore he



now resolved to put her out of his House, and made a Vow to that purpose. Our Poet thus reduced, knew not which way to turn himself for Support; he was therefore constrained to dispose of the Pensions granted him by the late King, by a Surrender in Chancery, to the use of one *John Scalby*, as appears by the King's Grant of the same.

Thus dispossessed of Places, Power and Wealth, through a Misapplication of them and an unguarded Conduct, he retired to *Woodstock*; and weary of a long Series of Hurry, Noise, Danger, and Confusion, he shifted it for Quiet and the calm Pleasures of a studious Safety, which produced his excellent Treatise of the *Astrolabe*, which is calculated for the Latitude of *Woodstock*, being a small Matter different (as he says) from that of *Oxford*. It appears from that Piece, that the severe Treatment which *Chaucer* received from the Government did not make him a firm Malecontent; for he strictly enjoins his Son to pray for the King.

It may not be improper to observe, that during *Chaucer's* Troubles, in the tenth Year of *Rich. II.* there was a Dispute in a Case of Chivalry depending between Sir *Richard Grosvenour* and Sir *Richard le Scrope*, concerning their Arms; which the King directed *John Staple* and *Walter Leyecester* Heralds, to examine. They accordingly met at the *Preaching Fryers* in *London*, on Monday the last Day of *May*, where appear'd as Witnesses most of the chief Nobility in *England*, and other Persons of Distinction; among whom was our *Chaucer*, who gave in Evidence "that he saw *Scrope* armed at *Rottes* in *France*, *Azure* with a Bend  
" d'Or,

“ *d’Or*, and that Coat was by publick Voice and “ Fame taken for *Scrope’s Coat*.” By this it should seem that *Chaucer* was some Time in the Wars in *France*, the Scene of War being at one Time near that Place ; to which we may add the Character given him, that he was *famous in Arms as well as Letters*.

The Duke of *Lancaster* surmounting his Troubles, his Party gathered new Life ; particularly the Sentence against *Northampton* was repealed, and he himself cleared by a Certificate under the hands of the Mayor and Aldermen of *London*. Nor were the Duke’s Resolutions of long continuance in regard to *Katherine Swynford*, for soon after his Vow before mentioned, he received her into more Favour than ever, and granted her (by the Title of most dear and well beloved) the Wardship of *Bertrande Sanby’s* Heir, for being Guardianess to his two Daughters *Philippa* and *Elizabeth* ; and by the same Appellation, and upon the same Consideration, he granted her likewise an Annuity of two Hundred Marks *per Annum*, payable, out of his Honour of *Tickhill*. These Pensions were exceeding large at that time, and it may seem profuse in the Duke to bestow so many Favours upon this Lady ; but it is to be considered that they were not only Rewards for her being Mistress to his Daughters, but were intended for the Maintainance of five Children he had by her, who were born at *Belfort* (or *Beaufort*) Castle in *Anjou*, which came to the House of *Lancaster* by *Blaunch of Artois* Queen of *Navarre*. She was delivered there probably for Privacy, for she lived at *Lincoln* after the Death of Queen *Philippa*, in whose Life-time she was in the

the House with the Duke, but not publicly known to be his Mistress, much less that he had Children by her; therefore *Knighton* says, there was only a strong Suspicion of their Intimacy. But the Duke, about the twentieth Year of this King, resolved to make Amends at once for his former Course of Life, and when she had now no Charms left to recommend her, married her at *Lincoln*; a Match which gave great Offence to the Dutches of *Glocester*, the Countess of *Derby* and *Arundel*, and other Ladies of the Blood Royal, because hereby she took Place of them. She was however much esteemed by King *Richard*, who appointed her to receive his Queen *Anne*, and attend her at her Landing in *England*. Nor did the Duke think it sufficient to repair her Honor only, but likewise that of her Children: Accordingly the next Year he procured them to be legitimated in Parliament. The Children the Duke had by this Lady were, *John Beaufort* Earl of *Somerset*, *Henry Beaufort* Cardinal of *St. Eusebius*, first Bishop of *Lincoln* and afterwards of *Winchester*, and several times Chancellor of *England*, *Thomas Beaufort* Duke of *Exeter* and Earl of *Dorset*; and *Joan* Countess of *Westmorland*: So that by this Marriage *Thomas Chaucer* became allied to most of the Nobility, and to several of the Kings of *England*.

And now the Sun began to shine upon *Chaucer* with an Evening Ray after a stormy Afternoon; for at the sixty-fourth or sixty-fifth Year of his Age, the King granted to him, by the Title of *dilectus Armiger noster*, an Annuity of twenty Marks *per Annum* during Life, as a Compensation for the

former Pension granted to him by *Edward II* which by his ill Conduct he was obliged to part with. But that (how sufficient soever it might be for a present Support) could not discharge the many Debts in which *Chaucer* was engaged; and the King willing to screen him till he should recover himself, granted him his Protection dated at *Westminster* the fourth Day of *May* in the Twenty-first Year of his Reign; setting forth, that the King had Occasion to employ him in several Affairs of Moment. And the Year following he granted to him by the Title of *Armiger noster*, by Letters Patents dated at *Westminster* the thirteenth Day of *October*, in Compensation of the *Pycher* of Wine daily, one *Pipe* of Wine annually in the Port of *London*, to be delivered to him by his Chief Butler; which Office was that Year granted to his Son *Thomas*, who now growing in great Favour, it will not be improper in this Place to relate what we have concerning him.

It was before observed that *Thomas Chaucer*, by his Marriage with *Maud* Daughter of Sir *John Burghershe*, attained to great Wealth. The Office of Chief Butler to the King, granted to him this Year, was afterwards given him for Life by Letters Patents from King *Henry IV.* and confirmed by *Henry VI.* In the second Year of *Henry IV.* we find him Speaker of the House of Commons, Sheriff of *Oxfordshire* and of *Berkshire*, and Constable of *Wallingford* Castle and of *Knaresborough* Castle during Life. In the fourth Year of the same Reign, the King directed an Order to him as Chief Butler to deliver 100 Tuns of Wine to the Duke of *Burgundy*. In the sixth Year



Year of the same Prince, he was sent Embassador into *France*; and the Year following he went over Sea, joined in Commission with the King's Brother and *G. Chaucer's* Nephew, *Henry Beaufort* Bishop of *Winchester*. In the ninth Year of the same Reign, on *Tuesday* the Twenty-fifth of *October*, the Commons presented him their Speaker; as they did likewise in the eleventh Year, on *Wednesday* the Twenty-eighth of *January*. In the twelfth Year of that Reign, *Queen Jane* granted to him for his good Service, the Manor of *Woodstock*, *Hannebrough*, *Wotton* and *Stuntesfield* during Life; and in the thirteenth Year, on the Fifth of *November*, he was again presented Speaker, as he was in the second of *Henry V.* on *Wednesday* the second Day of Parliament. And in the same Year he was sent by the King, in joint Commission with *Hugh Mortimer*, to treat of a Marriage with *Katharine* Daughter to the Duke of *Burgundy*. He was likewise Embassador in the fifth and sixth Years of the same Reign with *Walter Hungerford*, Steward of the Household, in the same Affair: And again, in the sixth Year of the same Reign he was Embassador for Peace with *France*; and he passed through several other publick Stations, as appears by Records.

*Mr. Stebbing* intimates that he was Knighted, and calls him *Sir Thomas Chaucer*, but no such Title is given him in any Record: And if he received that Honor at the latter Part of his Life, it would have been applied to him after his Death, which nowhere appears; but on the contrary, in an Entry of Lands held in *Capite* by his Daughter,

and in the Epitaph on his Tomb he is only written *Armiger*.

The chief Place of his Residence was at *Ewelme* in *Oxfordshire*, where he died in the Year 1434, and lies buried in that Parish Church, under a Black Marble Tomb, in a fair Chapel the South Side of the Quire, with the Effigies of him and his Wife upon the Tomb in brass Plates, and round the Verge of the Stone is this Inscription. *Hic jacet Thomas Chaucer Armiger, quondam Dominus istius villæ & patronus istius ecclesiæ, qui obiit 18. die Mensis Novembris Anno D. 1434, & Matildis uxor ejus, quæ obiit 28. die Mensis Aprilis Anno D. 1436.*

By his Wife *Maud*, or *Matilda*, who survived him two Years, he had one Daughter named *Alice*, who was thrice married; first to Sir *John Philips* Knight, and afterwards to *Thomas Montacute*, Earl of *Salisbury*, who dying left her very rich: Her third Husband was the famous *William de la Pole*, Earl and afterwards Duke of *Suffolk*, who was first secretly married to the Countess of *Hainault*, by whom he had one Daughter; but procuring a Divorce from her he married this *Alice*, by whom he had one Son, *John* Duke of *Suffolk*. Duke *William* lived chiefly at *Dunmington* and *Ewelme*; at the first of which *Stow* says he built an Hospital, but he seems to mistake it for that founded by *Ad-derbury*, as beforementioned, for *Dugdale* takes no Notice of any other; but at *Ewelme* he founded one called *God's House*. He was an Instance of the Danger of a Prince's Favour, and the Envy that attends it: For influencing the Notions and the Will of his Master *Henry VI.* too much, and  
abusing

abusing the Power he had over that easy Prince he enraged the Commons to that Degree, that nothing less than his Banishment could appease them; which being agreed to, the *Yorkists* fearful of his Return, seized him on his Passage in *Dover Road*, and cut off his Head upon the Side of a Cock-boat; and his Body was buried at the Charterhouse at *Hull*. The Dutcheſs ſurvived him ſeveral Years, and after an honorable Life died at *Ewelme* in the Year 1475.

Their Son *John* had Iſſue (according to *Leland*) *John* Earl of *Lincoln*, *Edmond*, after Duke of *Suffolk* *Richard*, *William*, and ..... who was a Scholar in *Gurvil-Hall* in *Cambridge*. *Edmund de la Pole*, the laſt of that Name Duke of *Suffolk*, for being in Treason againſt *Henry VII.* (for which he had been once pardoned) forfeited his Life to the Crown, and was beheaded in the ſeventh Year of that King's Reign; whereby the Eſtates which *Chaucer's* Family was poſſeſſed of came to the Crown; and particularly the Hoſpital of *Ewelme*, which was by King *James* the Firſt annexed to the Phyſick Profeſſor of *Oxford*, who is always Maſter thereof.

But to return to our *Chaucer*. The King about the twenty ſecond Year of his Reign, confirmed again to him the Grant for the Pipe of Wine annually; and by Means of theſe Grants and the Influence he recovered by the Duke of *Lancaſter's* Marriage, he again grew to a conſiderable Share of Wealth. But being now near ſeventy Years of Age, and tired with a tedious View of hurried Greatneſs, he thought it high Time to withdraw from the Court-Stage, where he had acted ſo con-

siderable a Part, and with such various Success, to  
 consider and at distant Leisure reflect upon what  
 he had been doing. In order to which, he retired  
 to *Dunnington Castle* near *Newbury*, where he  
 spent the two or three last Years of his Life ;  
 which being the last Place of his Retirement, some  
 Account of it may not be unacceptable. It was in  
 Mr. *Cambden's* Time (when it its Glory) " a small  
 " but neat Castle, situate upon the Brow of a  
 " rising Hill, having an agreeable Prospect, very  
 " light with Windows on all sides, said to be built  
 " by Sir *Richard Adderbury* Knight, who likewise  
 " founded an Hospital beneath it, called *God's-*  
 " *House*: It was afterwards the Seat of *Chaucer*,  
 " then of the *De la Pole's*, and in our Father's  
 " Memory the Dwelling of *Charles Brandon*, Duke  
 " of *Suffolk*." At the Beginning of the Rebellion  
 in the Reign of King *Charles I.* it was a Garrison  
 for the King, under the valiant Sir *John Boys*,  
 which commanded the *Western Road* and Town  
 of *Newbury*, and was therefore of considerable  
 Advantage to the Royal Party, as a safe Retreat ;  
 and the Cannons playing from it, much annoyed  
 the Parliament Forces. This Place his Majesty  
 honored by lying one Night in it ; but after a  
 rough Assault, and as bold a Resistance (during  
 which several of the Towers were batter'd down)  
 it was surrender'd upon honorable Conditions.  
 This was the ancient State, and the Occasion of  
 the late Ruin of that pleasant Structure. At present  
 there is nothing to be seen of it, but what raises  
 Horror and Concern ; a batter'd Gateway with  
 two Towers, and some small Part of the shatter'd  
 Walls being all that remains thereof. The Ground  
 about



about it and the Ruins of it are choaked with Brambles, and overrun with Ivy; but lest even the Place of its Situation should in a few Years more be forgot, I shall as plainly as I can describe it. It lies half a Mile to the Right of *Spinhamland* (the ancient *Spina* of *Antoninus*) and a Mile beyond *Newbury*, on the same Side; as you go from *London*, you pass over the River *Kennet* to the Village of *Dunnington*, from which there is a pretty steep, but pleasant Ascent through a Lane to a Hill under the Castle, where stands a Seat (as I remember) of the *Countess of Sandwich*. From hence rises the Castle-Hill very steep, and not unlike that whereon the Observatory stands at *Greenwich*; and from this Hill there is a very fine Prospect of several Counties. On the Back of the Castle are level Grounds, Woodlands and Enclosures. It stands in a pleasant Park, and is at present the Estate of *Robert Packer*, Esq; in right of his Wife, one of the Daughters and Coheirs of Sir *Humphrey Winchcombe* of *Bucklebury*. In this Park stood an Oak called *Chaucer's Oak*, under which he is said to have written several of his Poems. Mr. *Evelin* gives a particular Account of this Tree, and says there were three of them planted by *Chaucer*; the King's Oak, the Queen's Oak, and *Chaucer's Oak*. In this pleasant Retirement, *Chaucer* spent the few last Years of his Life, living in Honor, and esteemed by all, famous for his Learning, not only in *England*, but in Foreign Countries.

He was universally beloved, and even Party-Zeal could not raise him Enemies. Of Friendships he selected the best, being familiar with, and received

ceived by all the Men of Learning at that Time. Of these, *Gower* was the Chief, who was of an honorable Family, and by some counted a Knight. He studied the Laws, and seems by a Collar of S.S. upon the Statue on his Tomb, to have been in some considerable Station at that Time. He wrote several Pieces, in which he makes honorable Mention of our Poet, and addresses him as a Judge of his Works. He was a Man of singular Learning, and great Piety; but much given to change with the Turns of State. He lived to a great Age, and survived *Chaucer* two Years, and was stone Blind before his Death. He lies buried in *St. Mary Overie's Church in Southwark*.

With *Gower* he joins another of his Friends in the Inscription of *Troilus and Creseide*, whom he calls the *Philosophical Strode*; whose Christian Name, according to *Leland* and *Bale*, was *Ralph*; but according to others, *Nicholas*. He was a celebrated Philosopher at that Time of *Merton College*, and Tutor to *Chaucer's* Son *Lewis*, as appears by a Note at the End of a *M. S. Treatise of the Astrolabe*, amongst the Books of the late Bishop of *Ely*. *Bale* says, he wrote several Pieces of Poetry, and particularly four Books of *Elegiacks*. He was a great Follower of *Wickliffe*.

There can be no doubt of *Chaucer's* Intimacy with *Wickliffe*; being probably of the same College with him, a Follower of his Opinions, and both Retainers to the Duke of *Lancaster*.

*Thomas Occleve*, or *Hockliffe*, was a particular Favourite of our Poet, and is said to be his Scholar; but it may be doubted whether strictly speaking he was his Pupil. It is more probable, that *Chaucer* might

might be his Master (as *Lidgate* and others call him theirs) because *Occleve* took his Works for his Pattern in Writing, or submitted his Writings to his Correction; and perhaps he might receive some particular Instructions from him, and upon that Account might shew him such Respect as Mr. *Pope* does to the Memory of the late Mr. *Walsh*. This Gentleman (who next *Chaucer* was one of the politeſt Wits in *England*) was of the Office of the Privy Seal. He wrote a Book called *Cupid's Letter*, printed with *Chaucer's* Works, which is a curious Defence of, and at the ſame Time an artful Satyr upon Women. This Piece is by ſome aſcrib'd to *Chaucer*, but by Miſtake; it being written in the Year 1402 (as appears by the Date at the End of it) which was two Years after *Chaucer's* Death. He was (as *Bale* ſays) a ſtrict Follower of the Opinions of *Wickliffe*, and *Berengarius*, which he had imbib'd at *Merton-College*, of which he was ſome Time Student. To this Perſon we are particularly obliged for *Chaucer's* Picture, which he cauſed to be drawn in his Book *De regimine Principis*, dedicated to King *Henry V.*

It is highly probable that *Lidgate* was intimately acquainted with our Poet, he being about thirty Years of Age at *Chaucer's* Death. He is a cloſe Imitator of our Poet in his Works, and frequently uſes his very Expreſſions, copying whole Lines together in ſome Places. In his Story of the Siege of *Thebes* (which *Pits* ſays was written by *Chaucer*, and turned into *Engliſh* Verſe by *Lidgate*) he ſhoves himſelf into the Company of *Chaucer* and his Pilgrims, laying the Scene at *Canterbury*, where that Story is told. He was no ſmall Refiner  
of

of our Language ; and his Pieces seem much more Modern, than several of those of his Cotemporaries. He had by Travel acquir'd all parts of Learning, and lived and died a Monk of *Bury*. We have as much Reason to believe that *Scogan* had a Share in *Chaucer's* Friendship, being (as *Leland* says) an Admirer and Imitator of him.

*Chaucer* had in the former Part of his Life been acquainted with *Francis Petrarch*, the famous *Italian* Poet, and Refiner of that Language. This Acquaintance is supposed to have commenced at *Milan* in 1368, the forty-third Year of King *Edward III.* and about the fortieth of *Chaucer's* Age, when *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence* married with *Violante* or *Iolantis*, Daughter of *Galeazzo* Prince of *Milan*, and Sister of *John Galeazzo* first Duke of *Milan*. The Duke of *Clarence* went over attended with the chief Persons of the Court, and at *Milan* he gave them one of the most splendid Entertainments we meet with in History. *Petrarch* was present at this Marriage, and some write that *Chaucer* was there. But whether this was the Place or Time of their Interview, I cannot determine ; there can be no doubt but they were known to each other ; and *Chaucer* in the Prologue to the *Clerk of Oxenford's Tale* seems to hint at himself in that Character (as he does very often on the like Occasions) where the Clerk says, he learned the Story of *Grifild* at *Padua* from *Petrarch*. Mr. *Dryden*, in the Preface to his Tales, says it was the Invention of *Petrarch*, by him sent to *Boccace*, from whom it came to *Chaucer* ; but *Petrarch* only translated it from *Boccace* into *Latin*, and dedicated it to him. Nor is there any Reason to doubt of our Poet's Acquaintance,



tance, or at least Friendship with *Boccace* (from whom he borrowed many Things) who at that Time bestowed a great deal of Pains in refining the *Italian* Tongue, as *Chaucer* did the *English*, and *Alan Chartier* the *French*.

*Chaucer* had not long enjoyed this Retirement before he lost his Patron and Brother, the Duke of *Lancaster*, who died in the Year 1399, and was buried at *St. Paul's* in *London*, where his Tomb stood until the late Fire; and upon it an Inscription, wherein his last Marriage was mentioned. His Wife survived him four Years, and dying at *Lincoln*, was there buried.

Not long after the Death of this Prince, that Revolution happened in *England*, wherein *Rich. II.* was deposed, and *Henry IV.* assumed the Crown. Whether *Chaucer* was concerned in this doth not appear; but doubtless as he was a Follower of the Fortunes of the House of *Lancaster*, it could not be disagreeable to him, to see the Son of his old Patron and Brother, the late Duke of *Lancaster*, obtain that Crown which his Father reached at in vain. But the Respect he retained for his former Master *Richard*, and Gratitude for the Favours he had received from him, kept him from trampling upon his Memory, and basely flattering the new King; as most of his Contemporaries did, and particularly *Gower*, who, notwithstanding the Obligations he had to *Rich. II.* yet when old, blind, and past any Hopes of Honor or Advantage, unless the View of keeping what he enjoyed, basely insulted the Memory of his murdered Master, and as ignominiously flattered his Murderer.

Tho'

Tho' *Chaucer* no where mentions the Name of *Henry IV.* no doubt he was very well with that Prince, whose precarious Title wanted the Assistance of the learned Men of those Times to support it: And we find that in the first Year of his Reign he confirmed to *Chaucer* the Grants of the Pipe of Wine and of the Annuity (which had been accidentally lost) by an Exemplification of the former Patents of *Rich. II.* Nor did he think this sufficient to show the Value he had for his Father's Friend and Brother; but in the same Year he granted to him an Annuity of Forty Marks *per annum* during Life.

Mr. *Dryden* says, that *Chaucer was employed Abroad, and favour'd by Edward III. Richard II. and Henry IV. and was Poet (as he supposed) to all three of them.* But with submission to that great Man, I find no Grounds to believe he was Poet Laureat to any of them; and there is this Reason for the contrary Opinion, that there is not one Court Poem in all his Works. The Words *Anglorum Vates ter. maximus* upon his Tomb imply no such thing; the like being said of other Poets, who never had the Title of Laureat. The same may be said of the Title given him by *Lidgate* of *chiefe Poete of Brytayne*; which perhaps might induce others to think he was Poet Laureat. But Mr. *Selden* could find no Poet honored with that Title in *England* before the Time of *Edward IV.* to whom one *John Kaye* dedicated *The Siege of Rhodes* in Prose, by the Title of *his humble Poet Laureat.* If any Poet bore that Title then, it is more likely to be *Gower*, though Dr. *Fuller* floutingly says, he was *neither Laureated, nor Haderated, but Rosated,*

*Rofated*, alluding to what *Pits* fays concerning him ; yet it hath the Head bound with a Fillet, in allu-  
fion to the ancient Custom. To which may be  
added what *Gower* fays of the King's commanding  
him to write upon feveral Subjects, as is obferved  
before. And *Chaucer* was fo far from being em-  
ployed by *Henry IV.*, that he had fcarce Time to  
receive any Marks of Favour from him, dying in  
the fecond Year of his Reign ; tho' Mr. *Collier*  
and others fix the Time of his Death in 1440,  
which was the nineteenth Year of *Henry VI.*  
If fo, he could be but ten Years old at the Death  
of *Edward III.* and therefore unfit to be employ-  
ed by him, or to hold the Offices he enjoyed under  
him.

But how pleafing foever the Change of Govern-  
ment might be to him at firft, he afterwards found  
no fmall Inconveniencies attending it. The Mea-  
fures and Grants of the late King were annulled,  
the Acts of Parliament for a whole Year (*i. e.* the  
twenty firft of his Reign) totally repealed ; and  
Affairs were in fo dangerous a Pofture, that no Man  
thought himfelf fecure, who had been concern'd  
in the late Adminiftration. *Chaucer* thought it  
high Time to fecure his Affairs, and get frefh Grants  
of his Penfions. In Order to which he left his  
Retirement, and applied to Court ; where tho'  
he gained a Confirmation of fome Grants, as  
is before mentioned, yet the Fatigue of Atten-  
dance, and his great Age prevented him by Death  
from enjoying them. Not that he had any view  
of farther Honor, or Defire of publick Employ-  
ments ; for *Leland* fays he found Age burthen-  
fome, and while he followed his Caufes at Lon-  
don,

don, he fell sick, and with a truly *Roman* Courage, and at the same Time with a calm and *Christian* Resignation, ended his Days in the seventy-second Year of his Age, and left the World as tho' he despised it, showing a Scorn of worldly Affairs in the Song of *Flie fro the Prese*; &c. which he wrote in his last Hours. He dyed the twenty-fifth of *October* in the Year of Our Lord 1400, in the second Year of the Reign of *Henry IV.* and was buried in *Westminster-Abby* in the great South Cross Isle. Some Writers have affirm'd that he was first buried in the Cloisters; and lay there till some Years after; but this is a Mistake, for *Caxton* in his Edition of *Chaucer* (which was long before the Time of his Removal, as they place it) says, that he was buried in the *Abby Church* at *Westminster*, before the Chapel of *St. Bennet*. And it is very probable he lay beneath a large Stone of grey Marble in the Pavement where the Monument of *Mr. Dryden* now stands, which is in the Front of that Chapel; upon the Erecting of which, this Stone was taken up and sawed in Pieces to make good the Pavement. This seems best to answer *Caxton's* Description of the Place. *Speght* and others say the old Verses written upon his Grave were these;

*Galfridus Chaucer, vates, & fama Poësis  
Maternæ, hæc sacrâ sum tumulatus humo.*

But about the Year 1555. *Mr. Nicholas Brigham*, a Gentleman of *Oxford*, who exercised his Muse much in Poetry, and took great Delight in *Chaucer's* Works, and honored his Memory, at his own Charge



Charge erected a handsome Monument for him not far from the said Chapel; for in the same Place he could not then conveniently erect it, by reason of the *Cancelli*, which the late Duke of *Buckingham* obtained Leave to remove to make Room for Mr. *Dryden's* Tomb. Upon that Monument Mr. *Brigham* caused *Chaucer's* Picture to be painted, from that which was in *Occleve's* Book before mentioned; together with the following Inscription, which still remains;

M. S.

*Qui fuit Anglorum vates ter maximus olim,  
Galfridus Chaucer, conditur hoc tumulo:  
Annum si quæras Domini, si tempora vitæ,  
Ecce notæ subsunt, quæ tibi cuncta notant.*

25. Octobris 1400.

*Ærunnarum requies mors.*

N. Brigham hoc fecit Musarum nomine sumptus.  
1556.

About the Ledge of the Tomb were these Verses, now quite worn out;

*Si rogites quis eram, forsan te Fama docebit;  
Quod si Fama negat, mundi quia gloria transit,  
Hæc monumenta lege.*

He was, as before observed, of a middle Stature, the latter Part of his Life inclinable to be fat and corpulent, as appears by the Host's bantering him in the Journey to *Canterbury*, and comparing Shapes with him. His Face was fleshy, his Features  
just

just and regular, his Complexion fair, and somewhat pale, his Hair of a dusky Yellow, short and thin; the Hair of his Beard in two forked Tufts, of a Wheat Colour; his Forehead broad and smooth; his Eyes inclining usually to the Ground, which is intimated by the Host's Words; his whole Face full of Liveliness, a calm easy Sweetness, and a studious venerable Aspect. As in the Characters of his Pilgrims he so naturally described them, that the nicest Pencil could not possibly give us so full an Idea of them as his Words; so likewise he has given us as just Picture of himself: And as Mr. *Dryden* observes, he saw all the Pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales* their Humours, their Features, and the very Dress as distinctly as if he had supped with them at the *Tabard* in *Southwark*; so one may from the *Testament of Love* conceive as perfect an Idea of *Chaucer's* Behaviour and Actions in Conversation, as if one were sitting in the Prison with him, while he discoursed with Philosophy. The down-cast Look, the strict Attention, the labouring Thought, the Hand waving for Silence, the manner of Address in speaking, the smooth familiar Way of arguing, the respectful way of starting his Objections, and in short, every Expression in that Dispute, figures a lively Image of him in the Mind of the Reader.

As to his Temper, he had a Mixture of the Gay, the Modest, and the Grave. The Sprightliness of his Humor was more distinguished by his Writings, than by his Appearance; which gave Occasion to *Margaret Countess of Pembroke* often to rally him upon his silent Modesty in Company, telling him, that his Absence was more agreeable to  
he

her than his Conversation, since the first was productive of agreeable Pieces of Wit in his Writings, but the latter was filled with a modest Deference, and a too distant Respect. We see nothing merry or jocose in his Behaviour with his Pilgrims, but a silent Attention to their Mirth, rather than any Mixture of his own; and when he is called upon by *Harry Bailly* the Host, and roused out of his thoughtful Lethargy to tell a Tale, he endeavours to put it off by singing an old Ballad; but that not satisfying the Company, the Tale he tells is grave, moral and instructive.

In his early Years his Temper and Inclination were somewhat too gay and loose; nor did even Marriage confine his amorous Humour, as appears by the Banter which passed between him and his Man in some Verses written by them with a Diamond in the glass Window where he lived; and he himself speaks with a penitent Concern of the many wanton Songs he had writ in his younger Years. Towards the latter Part of his Life, the gay Gentleman gave way to the grave Philosopher and pious Divine.

When disengaged from publick Affairs, his Time was entirely spent in Study and Reading: So agreeable to him was this Exercise, that he says, he preferred it to all other Sports and Diversions. He lived within himself, neither desirous to hear, nor busy to concern himself with the Affairs of his Neighbours. His Course of living was temperate and regular; he went to Rest with the Sun, and rose before it, and by that means enjoyed the Pleasures of the better Part of the Day, his Morning Walk and fresh Contemplations. This gave him the Advantage of describing the Morning in so lively a

Manner, as he does every where in his Works: The springing Sun glows warm in his Lines, and the fragrant Air blows cool in his Descriptions; we smell the Sweets of the bloomy Haws, and hear the Musick of the feathered Choir, when ever we take a Forest-Walk with him. The Hour of the Day is not easier to be discovered from the Reflexion of the Sun in *Titian's* Paintings, than in *Chaucer's* Morning Landskapes. 'Tis true, those Descriptions are sometimes too long, and (as it is before observed) when he takes those early Rambles, he almost tires his Reader with following him, and seldom knows how to get out of a Forest, when once entered into it: But how advantageous this beautiful Extravagance is, most of his Successors well know, who have very plentifully lopt off his exuberant Beauties, and placed them as the chief Ornaments of their own Writings.

His Reading was deep and extensive, his Judgment sound and discerning; but yet (a thing rarely found in Men of great Learning and poignant Wit) he was communicative of his Knowledge, and ready to correct or pass over the Faults of his cotemporary Writers. He knew how to judge of, and to excuse the Slips of weaker Capacities, and pitied rather than exposed the Ignorance of that Age.

In one Word, he was a great Scholar, a pleasant Wit, a candid Critick, a sociable Companion, a stedfast Friend, a grave Philosopher, a temperate OEconomist, and a pious Christian. He was not unacquainted with the ancient Rules of Poetry, nor did he disdain to follow them, tho' he thought it the least Part of a Poet's Perfections. As he had a discerning Eye, he discovered Nature in all her Appearances, and stript off every Disguise with  
which



which the *Gothick* Writers had cloathed her: He knew that those Dresses would change as Times altered; but that she herself would always be the same, and that she could never fail to please in her simple Attire, nor that Writer who drew her so; and therefore despising the mean Assistances of Art, he copied her close. He knew what it was to be *nimis Poeta*, and avoided it as the most dangerous Extreme. His Strokes are bold, and his Colours lively; but the first not too much laboured, nor the other too showy or glaring. There is a wild Beauty in his Works, which comes nearer the Descriptions of *Homer*, than any other that followed him: And though his Pieces have not that regular Disposition as those of the *Grecians*, yet the several Parts separately compared, bear an equal Value with theirs; and Mr. *Dryden*, than whom there was no better Judge of the Beauties of *Homer* and *Virgil*, positively asserts that he exceeded the latter, and stands in Competition with the former. Whoever reads the *Knight's Tale*, which is the best of his Performances, being a finished Epick Poem, and examines the Characters, the Sentiments, the Diction, Disposition and Time, will find that he was not unacquainted with the Rules of that Way of Writing. But this requires an abler Hand, and longer Time to enlarge upon it.

That he was a true Master of Satire, none will deny. It is true, the Persons levelled against, and the Crimes exposed, would not allow of the severe Scourge *Juvenal* made use of, nor was there such a Variety of Follies as *Horace* facetiously exploded: Not but that *Chaucer* had a Scene of Vice in the Court of that Time, capable of supplying him with Matter sufficient for the sharpest Strokes of Satire;

but he was wise enough not to exasperate a Court by which he was supported, and in which he had Interest little enough to skreen himself from Malice, without provoking it : He knew he had a fair Province for the Exercise of that Talent without exposing himself to its Resentment ; and having a Court to back him, he has shewn by severely lashing an ignorant and corrupt Clergy, that he could (had it been safe) have applied as severe a Lash to a vicious irreligious Laity. Yet there are some Strokes which shew he was not incapable of Writing in the *Horatian Way* ; of which the Physician whose *studie was but litle in the Bible*, the Lawyer who *seemed besier than he was*, the libidinous Wife of *Bath*, and the testy cholerick *Reve*, and several other Characters are sufficient Instances.

That in the Elegiack Kind of Poetry he was a compleat Master, appears plainly by his *Complaint of the Black Knight*, the Poem called *La belle Dame sans Mercy*, and several of his Songs. He was an excellent Master of Love-Poetry, having studied that Passion in all it's Turns and Appearances ; and Mr. *Dryden* prefers him upon that Account to *Ovid*. His *Troilus and Creseide* is one of the most beautiful Poems of that Kind ; in which Love is curiously and naturally described in it's early Appearance, it's Hopes and Fears, it's Application, Fruition, and Despair in Disappointment.

It is thought by some that his Verses every where consist of an equal Number of Feet, and that if read with a right Accent, are no where deficient ; but those nice discerning Persons would find it difficult, with all their Straining and Working, to spin out some of his Verses into a Measure of ten Syllables. He was not altogether regardless of his

Num-

Numbers ; but his Thoughts were more intent upon solid Sense than Jingle ; and he tells us plainly, that we must not expect Regularity in all his Verses.

His Language, how unintelligible soever it may seem, is more modern than that of any of his Contemporaries, or of those that followed him at the Distance of Fifty or Sixty Years, as *Harding*, *Skelton*, and others ; and in some Places it is to this Day so smooth, concise and beautiful, that even Mr. *Dryden* would not attempt to alter it, but has copied some of his Verses almost *literatim* : And *Chaucer* was the first that adorned and amplified the *English* Tongue from the *Provençal*, which was the most polished of all the Languages used at that Time. It would require a just Dissertation to trace the old *French* Idiom through all his Works ; but some Notice being occasionally taken of it in the Glossary, the Reader must be referred thither.

I proceed to give some Account of his Works, in the Order wherein they were written, so far as it can be collected from them.

Mr. *Phillips* supposes a great Part of his Works to be lost, above what we have extant of him ; of that Number may be, many a Song, and many a lecherous Lay, which might perhaps have been written by him while he was a Student at *Cambridge*. *Bale* and *Pitt* give (after their Manner) a very long Catalogue of his Works, by repeating the same Pieces under different Titles, which has led others into the like Mistakes.

The *Court of Love* was written while he resided at *Cambridge*, in the eighteenth Year of his Age.

The *Craft of Lovers* was written in the Year of our Lord 1348, which was the twentieth Year of his Age ; and it is probable the *Remedy of Love* was written about that Time, or not long after.

The *Lamentation* of Mary Magdalen, taken from *Origen*, was written by him in his early Years. And perhaps *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ* was translated by him about the same Time.

The *Romaunt of the Rose*, is a Translation from the *French*. This Poem was begun by *William de Lorris*, and continued by *John de Meun*, both famous *French* Poets in their Time. It seems to have been translated by *Chaucer* while he was at Court, and about the Time of the Rise of *Wickliffe's* Opinions, it consisting of violent Invectives against the Religious Orders. It is left imperfect at the End, and there are some *Lacuna's* in other Places of it.

The *Complaint of the Black Knight*, was written (as some do conjecture) during *John of Gaunt's* Courtship with *Blaunch*; and *Chaucer's Dreame* is supposed to be written upon Account of the Duke of *Lancaster's* Marriage.

The Poem of *Troilus and Cresseide* was written in the former Part of his Life, and translated (as he says) from *Lollius*, an Historiographer of *Urbane* in *Italy*; it is called *Troppe* in the *Lombard* Tongue. He has not contented himself with a bare Translation of his Author, but hath added several Things of his own, and borrowed from others what he thought proper for the Embellishment of this Work; and particularly the Songs of *Troilus*, in the First Book, is a Translation of that Song in *Petrarch*, which begins, *S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'io sento?* And that Discourse of Predestination in the Fourth Book is an Addition of his own; in which Controversy, he seems by this Passage, and that in the *Priest's Nonne's Tale*, beginning at ver. 1349, to be so well versed, that Sir *Henry Savil* thinks that he had perused Archbishop

Brad-



*Bradwardine's* learned Book *De Causâ Dei*, published at that Time. Sir *Francis Kinaſton*, who translated this Poem into *Latin Rhimes*, in his MS. Notes upon it, ſays, that it was not improbably conjectured that *Chaucer*, in writing the *Lives and Loves of Troilus and Creſeide*, glanced at ſome private Perſons in the Court of King *Edward III.* and did not follow *Homer, Dares, Dictys*, or any Hiſtorian of thoſe Times. However (ſays he) *Chaucer* has taken the Liberty of his own Inventions; he hath made an admirable and inimitable Epick Poem, deſcribing in *Troilus* a compleat Knight in Arms and Courtſhip, and a faithful conſtant Lover, and in *Creſeide* a moſt beautiful and coy Lady, which being once overcome yields to the Frailty of her Sex.

The *House of Fame*. From this Poem Mr. *Pope* took part of the Deſign of his *Temple of Fame*.

The *Book of Blaunch the Duchefs*, commonly called *the Dreame of Chaucer*, was written upon the Death of that Lady. It is called *The death of Blaunche the Duchefſe* in the *Legt. of gode Women*, ver. 4183. and by *Lidg.* in his Prologue to the *Fall of Princes*.

The *Assembly of Fowls* (or *Parlement of Briddis*, as he calls it in his *Retraction*) was written before the Death of Queen *Philippa*.

The *Life of St. Cecilia* ſeems to have been firſt a ſingle Poem, afterwards made one of his *Canterbury Tales*, which is told by the *Second Nonne*. And ſo perhaps was that of the *Wiſe of Bath*, which he adviſes *John of Gaunt* to read, and was afterwards inſerted in his *Canterbury Tales*.

The *Canterbury Tales* were written about the Year 1383. It is certain the Tale of the *Nonne's*

*Priest* was written after the Insurrection of *Jack Straw* and *Wat Tyler*, which was in the Year 1381, it being mentioned in that Tale. It is probable that most of the Tales were written as so many distinct Poems at different Times (as it has been before observed of the *Second Nonne's Tale*, and that of the *Wife of Bath*) and afterwards collected into one Body in Imitation of *Boccace's Decameran*, whence the Arguments of some of them were taken.

The *Flower and the Leaf* was written by him, as appears by his own Words in the Prologue to the *Legend of gode Women*. This is judged by Mr. *Dryden* to be of our Author's own Invention, after the Manner of the *Provençals*; and he was so particularly pleased with it, both for the Invention and Moral, that he recommends it to the Reader in a modern Dress.

*Chaucer's A.B.C.* called *La Priere de nostre Dame*, was written for the Use of the *Duchess Blaunch*.

The Book of the *Lion* is mentioned in his Retraction, and by *Lidg.* in the Prologue to the *Fall of Princes*; but it is now lost, as is that

*De Vulcani veru*, i. e. Of the Broche of *Vulcan*, which is likewise mentioned by *Lidgate*.

*La belle Dame sans Mercy*, was translated from the French of *Alain Chartier*, Secretary to *Lewis* the Eleventh, King of France.

The *Complaint of Mars and Venus* was translated from the French of *Sir Otes de Grantson*, a French Poet. This Poem is supposed to have been written upon the Account of the Lord *John Holland* before mentioned, who married the Lady *Elizabeth* (Daughter of the Duke of *Lancaster*) and that Lord is thought to be meant by *Mars*, and by *Venus* the Lady of *York*, Daughter to the King of France.

The

The Complaint of *Annelida* to false *Arcite*.

The *Legend of gode Women* (called *The Assembly of Ladies*, and by some *The Ninetene Ladies*) was written to oblige the Queen, at the Request of *Margaret Countess of Pembroke*.

The Treatise of the *Conclusions of the Astrolabie* was written in the Year 1391.

*Of the Cuckow and Nightingale*. This seems by the Descriptions to have been writ at *Woodstock*.

The Ballade beginning *In Fewerere, &c.* was a Compliment to the Lady *Margaret Countess of Pembroke*.

Verses beginning, *The long Nygthis, &c.*

Several other Ballads are ascribed to him, some of which are justly suspected not to have been written by him; as that beginning, *O mossie Quince, &c.* and that beginning, *I have a Ladie, &c.* which must needs be written long after his Time, for the Marriage of Queen *Jane* with King *Henry IV*, which is therein mentioned, did not happen till after *Chaucer's* Death.

The Comedies ascribed to him, seem to be nothing else but his *Canterbury Tales*; and the Tragedies were those his Monk tells in his Tale; and they are so called in the Title of that Tale in some MSS.

The *Testament of Love* was written in his Troubles in the latter Part of his Life.

The Song beginning *Fly fro the Prese, &c.* was written on his Death-bed, as it is before observed.

The *Testament and Complaint of Creseide*, are by *Bale* and *Pits* (after *Leland*) ascribed to *Chaucer*; But as to the Author of them, the Reader may be referred to the Note prefixed to them.

*Leland* says, that by the Consent of the Learned in his Time, the *Plowman's Tale* was attributed

to

to *Chaucer*, but was suppressed in the Editions then extant, because the Vices of the Clergy were therein exposed. *Fox* is of the same Opinion, who also ascribes the little Piece called *Jack Upland* to him; as some have that Poem called *Piers Plowman's Visions*, confounding it with the *Plowman's Tale*.

Mr. *Speght*, in his *Life of Chaucer* printed in 1602. mentions a Tale in Mr. *William Thynne's* first printed Book of *Chaucer's Works*, more odious to the Clergy than the Speech of the *Plowman*, which began thus;

*In Lincolneshire fast by a Fenne.*

*Standeth a religious House, who doth it kenne, &c.*

The Argument of which Tale, as also the Occasion thereof, and the Cause why it was left out of *Chaucer's Works*, he promised should be shewed in Mr. *Francis Thynne's* Comment upon *Chaucer*; but neither the one nor the other have been since published.

One thing more is to be observed of his Works; that they were so universally valued, that we do not find them in the Catalogues of Books prohibited by the Bishop of *London*, in the Year 1526. nor of those prohibited by the King, at the Instigation of the Bishops, by Proclamation in 1529. But on the contrary, in an Act of Parliament in the 34 *Hen. VIII. Cap. I. For the Advancement of true Religion, and for the Abolishment of the contrary*, the *Canterbury Tales*, *Chaucer's Works*, are excepted from the Prohibition of that Act.



PROLOGUE

TO THE

TABLES.

By Mr. OGLE.

WHEN *April*, soft'ning, sheds refreshing  
And frees, from drougthy *March*, the spring-  
*April!* That bathes the teeming Womb of *Earth*,  
And gives, to Vegetation, kindly Birth!

When *Zephyr* breathes the Gale that favors *Love*,  
And cherishes the Growth of ev'ry Grove;  
*Zephyr!* That ministers, with genial Breeze,  
Bloom to the Shrubs, and Verdure to the Trees!

When youthful *Phæbus* half his Course compleats,  
Divides the *Ram*, and glows with temp'rate Heats;  
*Phæbus!* Our equal Good, the live-long Year,  
Or shou'd he take, or shou'd he quit the Sphere!

A

When

When *Philomel* enjoys the coming *Spring*,  
 And feeling her Approach, delights to sing;  
 Sweet *Philomel*! Of all the Birds that fly,  
 The Sole, to pass the Night, with sleepless Eye!  
 Then *Pilgrims* long to roam to foreign Lands;  
 Then *Palmers* pass, with Branches in their Hands;  
 Then various *Vot'ries* visit various Climes;  
 Then fund'ry *Saints* are feed for fundry Crimes.  
 But not *Abroad*, our *English* Zealots strol,  
 To *Canterbury* tend the pious Shoal.  
 There pay, and promise to the *Saint* Inshrin'd,  
 For ev'ry Ail of Body, and of Mind.  
 It so befell, that Season, on a Day,  
 In *Southwark*, at the *Tabarde-Inn*, I lay;  
 Ready, by Morn, my Progress to pursue:  
 A Pilgrimage to See, was all my View!  
 When at our Inn, before the Fall of Night,  
 Lo! Twenty-Nine in Fellowship alight,  
 Strangers, that chanc'd, in Company to fall,  
 Unlike the Men, but *Pilgrims* they were all

To *Canterbury* Each propos'd to ride---

The House was roomy, and the Stables wide :

Well serv'd was ev'ry Beast, and ev'ry Guest,

And Man and Horse were treated with the Best.

I talk'd with Each, with Each familiar grew, ]

Was One with All, before the Sun withdrew.

And One and All agreed, at Dawn of Day,

To *Canterbury* Town to take their Way.

But here it falls in Season and in Place,

That Company with Play keep Pace with Pace.

Then e'er we sally, take, as I describe,

The Characters of all our Pilgrim-Tribe;

Just what they were, or what they seem'd to me,

Their Age or Sex, their Fashion, or Degree,

In what Array, or what Condition, in ;

This granted ; with the *Knight* I first begin.

*The End of the PROLOGUE.*

# CHARACTERS OF THE PILGRIMS.

By Mr. BETTERTON.

## *The* KNIGHT.

A Knight there was, whose early Youth had  
His Love to Arms, and Passion for Renown. <sup>[shown]</sup>

Courteous and affable, of Honor nice,

A Friend to Truth, a Foe to ev'ry Vice.

In many brave Engagements had he been,  
Known foreign Courts, and Men and Manners seen.

In *Christendom* much Fame he had acquir'd;

In *Turkey* he was dreaded and admir'd.

When *Alexandria* was besieg'd and won,

He pass'd the Trenches first, and scal'd the Town



Granada's Siege increas'd the Warrior's Fame,  
 And *Algier* trembled but to hear his Name;  
 In fifteen Battles deathless Wreaths he got,  
 Three single Combats with Success he fought.  
 Much Ground he Travell'd o'er, for he had Seen  
 Our Saviour's Sepulchre in *Palestine*.  
 The barb'rous *Infidels* had felt his Might,  
 Fierce in Engagement, gentle after Fight.  
 In Council and in Conduct, Wife and Stay'd;  
 In Conversation, modest as a Maid;  
 Plain and Sincere, observant of the Right.  
 In Mien and Manners, an accomplish'd Knight.  
 A goodly Horse he rode, well Shap'd and Strong,  
 No gaudy Saddle, nor no Trappings long.  
 The Arms he wore, were bright, and free from  
 His Habit serviceable, neat and plain: [Stain,  
 With grateful Zeal, devoutly he was come  
 To thank the Saint, that brought him safely home.

T H E  
S Q U I R E.

**W** I T H him his Son, a sprightly Squire, and  
 Youthful and Blooming as the Month of <sup>gay :</sup>  
 A fearless Lover, in a courtly Dress, <sup>[May ;</sup>  
 With curling Locks, just taken from the Press,  
 Of twenty Years he seem'd, well Shap'd and Tall,  
 Strong was his Make, his Port majestic,  
 The Army did his early Courage see  
 In *Flanders*, and in fertile *Picardy*.  
 He hop'd his Valour would all Forms remove,  
 And plead successfully its Master's Love.  
 His Vest with various Colours did abound,  
 Like flow'ry Meads, when Spring adorns the Ground.  
 Short was his Coat, the Sleeves were long and wide,  
 Well could he Sing, and Treats and Balls provide.  
 His fiery Steed he gracefully wou'd fit;  
 Love-Songs he made, not wholly void of Wit.

Some

Some Skill in Painting too the Youth had shewn;  
 Could draw a Mistress, or design a Town; might  
 Love o'er his gentle Heart did so prevail,  
 He slept as little as the Nightingale.

THE  
 SQUIRE'S YEOMAN.

THIS Squire a Yeoman had, and only him,  
 Whose Truth and Diligence deserv'd Esteem;  
 Girt with a Belt, his Garment was of Green,  
 A Quiver stor'd with Arrows, bright and keen,  
 Hung cross his Shoulders in a filken String,  
 The Feathers borrow'd from the Peacock's Wing.  
 At his left Side a weighty Sword he wore,  
 And on his Arm, a well try'd Buckler bore:  
 A Dagger, short and broad, was ty'd below,  
 His strong right Hand sustain'd a mighty Bow.  
 A *Christophier* his Bosom did adorn,  
 In a fair Baldricke hang his Silver Horn.

His Sun-burnt Village, and his Grass-green Hood,  
Might prove him well a Ranger of the Wood.

## T H E

## P R I O R E S S.

**T**H E R E was with these a Nun, a Prioress,  
A Lady of no ord'nary Address.

Her Smiles were harmless, and her Look was coy,  
She never Swore an Oath, but by *St. Loye*;

Known by the Name of *Lady Eglantine*,

She sung the Office with a Grace Divine.

She spoke the *French* of *Stratford-School*, by *Bow*,

The *French* of *Paris* She did never know.

The *French* of *Paris* did to her appear

Strange, as our *Law-French* to a *Frenchman's* Ear.

At Meals she sat demure, carv'd neat, and well, A

No morsel from her Lips unseemly fell,

She never dipp'd her Finger in the Mess,

Nor with one Drop defil'd her holy Dress:



With a becoming Grace, and smiling Eye,  
She gain'd Respect from all the Company;  
Easy and free, still pleasant at her Meat,  
And held it no small pain to Counterfeit.  
She hated Stateliness, yet wisely knew  
What fit Regard was to her Title due.  
She pity'd ev'ry Creature in Distress,  
Devout, and charitable to Excess;  
Her tender Heart, with such Compassion fill'd,  
She'd weep to see a poor Mouse caught and kill'd.  
Her Lap-dogs still with her fair Hand she fed,  
With Milk, and Roast-meat, mixt with Crumbs of  
In her own Chamber, on her Bed they slept,  
If any dy'd, most bitterly she wept.  
Well set her Wimple, nicely pinch'd it was;  
Her Nose was straight, her Eyes were grey as Glass.  
Small was her Mouth, her Lips were red and soft;  
A beauteous Forehead, always borne aloft;  
Broad, smooth and shining Eye-brows, neat and  
A slender Waist, inclining to be tall.

TO *The* CHARACTERS *of the* PILGRIMS.

A curious Garment, wond'rous neat, she wore,  
A Pair of Beads, with Green enamel'd o'er,  
Of shining Coral, did her Arm infold,  
Grac'd with an Ornament of beaten Gold.

Upon it was engrav'd, a circling Wreath,  
And *Amor vincit omnia* writ beneath.

A Nun, who seldom from her Sight did stir,  
Her Chaplain, and three Priests attended her.

T H E

M O N K.

**N**EXT these a merry Monk appears in Place,  
Who follow'd Hunting more than saying  
As bravely Mounted, as a Lord from Court, <sup>[Mals,</sup>  
No well-fed Abbot bore a comelier Port.  
And when in State he ambled, all might hear  
The Jingling of his Bridle, loud and clear  
As far, almost, as any Chapel Bell,  
This lordly Monk, once Keeper of a Cell,

*The CHARACTERS of the PILGRIMS.* 111

Held good St. *Bennet's* Order too severe;  
St. *Maure* to his nice Judgment did appear  
Too strict and rigid, for old Dotards fit,  
But scorn'd by Priests of Spirit and of Wit.  
One Scripture-Text he blotted with his Pen,  
That says, all Hunters are ungodly Men.  
What Shoals of Converts would this Doctrine raise!  
Shall Monks in Study pass laborious Days?  
Turn o'er dull Fathers, and worm-eaten Books,  
With dazled Eyes, and melancholy Looks;  
Toil with their Hands to make the Garden neat,  
Turn Cooks, and baste the Roast with their own  
This *Austin* humbly did; Did he? (Said he) <sup>[Sweat]</sup>  
*Austin* may do the same again for me.  
He lov'd the Chace, the Hound's melodious Cry,  
Hounds that ran swiftly as the Swallows fly.  
His Sleeves, I saw, with Furs all lin'd within,  
From *Russia* brought, the finest Squirrels Skin;  
(Hair Shirts, he said, provok'd the Blood to Sin.) }

His

His Hood beneath, his double Chin to hold,  
 'Twas fasten'd with a curious Clasp of Gold.  
 A Love-knot at the greater End there was;  
 His Head close shav'd, and smooth as any Glass,  
 His strutting Paunch was seldom disappointed,  
 His broad full Face shone as it were anointed,  
 His Eyes were sleepy, rolling in his Head,  
 That steam'd like Furnaces of Molten Lead.  
 Supple his Boots, his Horse he proudly fate;  
 You'd take him for a Bishop by his State:  
 Fasts had not made him meagre like a Ghost,  
 But fat he was, and goodly as mine Host.  
 A fat plump Swan he lov'd, young, but full grown,  
 His Horse was sleek, and as the Berry brown.

THE



T H E  
F R Y A R.

**A** Fryar next, to ev'ry Female dear,  
All the four Orders never had his Peer.  
Wanton, diverting still in Prose or Rhime,  
He many Couples married in his Time;  
Some young Ones at his own Expence he wed,  
And to their Husbands Grief, soon brought to Bed.  
A frank Companion, Secret, often try'd  
To gentle Dames, a Confessor and Guide;  
Licentiate of his Order once, and then,  
For one the Curate had, he thrifted ten;  
He with a Smile wou'd their Confession hear,  
No Soul had Cause his Penances to fear.  
His Absolutions pleasant, soft and mild;  
He stroak'd 'em as a Parent does his Child.  
To a poor Order, lib'ral Ladies fly,  
With golden Presents easy Penance buy.

For

14 *The CHARACTERS of the PILGRIMS.*

For Man is obstinate, and hard of Heart,  
 He keeps his Money, tho' he feels the Smart.  
 But to poor Fryars you must Silver give,  
 'Tis not with Pray'rs and Fasting they can live ;  
 He stich'd within his Tippet, pretty Knives,  
 With silver Pins, small Presents for kind Wives.  
 In chearful Company, he sung all Day,  
 To help his Voice, could on the Cittern play;  
 His Arms were brawny, few such Weights could  
 Strong as a Champion for an *English* King. <sup>[fling,</sup>  
 All Inns and Taverns in the Town he knew,  
 But from the Poor, he prudently withdrew ;  
 To rich and lib'ral Penitents inclin'd,  
 To those was meek, and of an humble Mind ;  
 None in Appearance more devout could be,  
 The ablest Beggar of his House was he ;  
 He farm'd that Income, and procur'd a Grant,  
 No holy Brother should disturb his Haunt.  
 Coarse was his Habit, when a begging Fryar,  
 In wanton Love-days, Gorgeous his Attire.

*The* CHARACTERS *of the* PILGRIMS. 15

Of finest Cloth was then his Demi-Cope,  
No Mendicant, but Stately as a Pope;  
Something he humm'd betwixt a Lisp and Song,  
To make his *English* Sweet upon his Tongue;  
His little Pigs-Eyes gave unequal Light,  
Like small Stars twinkling in a frosty Night.  
The good Wives chuckled, wherefoe'er he came,  
A useful Fry'r, and *Hubert* was his Name.

THE

M E R C H A N T.

**W**ITH these a Merchant in a motley Coat,  
Well mounted too, and bearded like a  
A *Flander's* Beaver on his Head he wore;  
His Boots were neatly Buckled on before:  
He prov'd with Reasons strong, and formal Face,  
T'increase in Wealth was to increase in Grace;  
Greedy of Gold, and popular Esteem,  
He wish'd the Sea were shut to all but him.

Traffick

Traffick in Money, he had study'd well,  
 Knew where th' Exchange would rise, and where it  
 In Debt to none, in Bargains strict and nice, <sup>[fell,</sup>  
 Thought unprompt Payment was the greatest Vice.  
 What he with Pains had got, with Care he'd save,  
 Not Charitable, for he seldom gave.

THE  
 CLERK or SCHOLAR of Oxford.

By Mr. OGLE.

A Clerk of Oxford next appear'd in Sight,  
 Who spent on Logic many a Day and Night.  
 Lank as a Rake, the Steed on which He sat;  
 And, sooth to say, the Man was nothing fat.  
 Of Aspect sober, as of Body lean;  
 Effect of Contemplation more than Spleen.  
 Hollow his Vest, and thread-bare was his Coat,  
 A Youth of Worth, He look'd, tho' not of Note.  
 For He, nor Benefice had got, nor Cure,  
 No Patron, yet so worldly, to insure!

So



So dextrous yet, of *Body*, or of *Face*,  
To circumvent no *Chaplain*, with his *Grace* :  
Nor *fulsome Dedication* cou'd he write !  
*Drudge* for a *Dame*, or *pander* for a *Knight* !  
Much rather had he range, beside his *Bed*,  
A *Score* of *Authors* unadorn'd in *Red*,  
With *Aristotle*, *Champion* of the *Schools* ;  
To mend his *Ways*, by *Philosophic Rules* :  
Than *basely* to a *Vic'rage* owe his *Rise*,  
By *Courting Folly*, or by *Flatt'ring Vice* ;  
Than flourish like a *Prebend* in his *Stall* ;  
That *Way*, he held, was not to *rise*, but *fall*.  
Nor wou'd he be the *Man*, for all his *Rent* ;  
Nam'd you the *Priest* of *Bray*, or *Priest* of *Trent* !  
One *Search* of *Science*, he forgot alone ;  
An useful *Search* ! the *Philosophic Stone* !  
Hence, tho' his *Head* much learned *Wealth* might  
Yet held he <sup>hold ;</sup> in his *Coffer*, little *Gold*.  
And late, that *Stock*, a *Foreign Journey* drain'd,  
Curious to see, what yet of *Rome* remain'd.

18 *The* CHARACTERS *of the* PILGRIMS.

Not, to the Dead, that he confin'd his Looks,  
 The Living he could read, and Men with Books;  
 Yet most on Books, what he acquires, he spends,  
 From Care of Parents, or from Love of Friends!  
 And these, unbound, or bound, his Chambers strow,  
 A choice Collection, bought for Use, not Show!  
 There oft, in Secret, pray'd the grateful Youth,  
 For those, that put him in the Way of Truth;  
 That gave the Means, just Precepts to instill;  
 Or taught him to distinguish Good from Ill.  
 Thus grounded well, he study'd to proceed;  
 And not a Word spoke more than there was need.  
 'Twas short or close, sententious or sublime,  
 And urg'd with Modesty, and laid in Time.  
 For to instruct, he rather wish'd, than strove,  
 Willing to be improv'd, or to improve!  
 Still turn'd to moral Virtue was his Speech,  
 And gladly wou'd he learn, and gladly teach!

THE  
MAN *of* LAW, &c.

*By* Mr. BETTERTON.

**A** *Serjeant* of the Law, discreet, precise,  
Well cou'd he plead at Bar, and well advise;  
Wealthy he was, but frugal of Expence,  
And his sage Look demanded Reverence.  
Weighty his Arguments; his Words were wise;  
Oft he had sat as Judge at an Affize:  
There by Commission rais'd to high Degree,  
Maturely weigh'd out Justice equally.  
Robes for the Bench he had, and for the Bar;  
No *Serjeant* was a greater Purchaser,  
If safe the Title, moderate the Price,  
A good Fee-simple never came amiss.  
He for a very busie Man did pass,  
And yet he seem'd much busier than he was.

20 *The CHARACTERS of the PILGRIMS.*

Whole Shoals of Clients in the Term he had;  
And Law enough to make those Clients mad.  
All his Conveyances were legal, true,  
No Flaw was found in any thing he drew.  
The Statutes of the Land he had by Heart,  
Turn'd all to Gold without the Chymist's Art:  
In a plain motley Coat he rode, ty'd fast.  
With a strip'd Silken Sash about his Waist.

T H E

Franklin, or Country-Gentleman.

A *Franklin* was the *Serjeant's* chief Delight,  
His Beard was long, and as the Daisie white;  
Sanguine he was, and study'd Pleasure most,  
His Morning's Draught, Sack with a Nut-brown  
All Delicates, that Mony cou'd procure  
He had; a nice luxurious *Epicure*.  
With Fish and Fowl, with bak'd Meat and with roast,  
His Table groan'd, he valu'd not the Cost,  
All

All Rarities the Nation cou'd afford,  
Were search'd, and bought to fill his ample Board.  
In ev'ry Season, Delicates appear,  
Diversify'd each Quarter of the Year.  
Hare, Partridge, Pheasant ever were at Hand,  
Carp, Tench, and Bream, as ready at Command.  
With poignant Sauces proper for each Dish;  
Woe to the Cook, were any thing amiss.  
Spacious his Hall, and open was the Door,  
Fragments and Marrow-bones bespread the Floor;  
And, ready cover'd with all sorts of Food,  
All the long Day a Table dormant stood.  
This worthy *Franklin* bore a Purse of Silk,  
Fixt to his Girdle, white as Morning-milk.  
Knight of the Shire; first Justice at th' Affize,  
To help the Poor, the Doubtful to advise.  
In all Employments, gen'rous, just he prov'd,  
Renown'd for Courtesy, by all belov'd,



THE  
HABERDASHER; WEAVER; CAR-  
PENTER; DYER; TAP'STRY-  
MERCHANT.

*By Mr. OGLE.*

**A**N *Haberdasher* next, a portly Wight!  
Sleek was his Beaver, as a Sheriff's white;  
A *Weaver* follow'd, dext'rous to command  
The sliding Shuttle, thrown from Hand to Hand;  
A *Carpenter*, that well cou'd play his Part  
Thro' all the Weapons of the Plaining Art;  
A *Dyer*, that ev'ry Color knew to stain,  
Or change anew, tho' ne'er so deep in Grain;  
A *Tap'stry-Merchant* last, whose Web might pass,  
Lefs for the Work of *London*, than *Aras*:  
All of a Livery, each for other made,  
All solemn Brothers, diff'ring but in Trade;

One

One Stamp of Mind their very Forms express'd,  
Same shap'd, like fac'd, like manner'd, and same  
Fresh were their Cloaths, nor bought at trivial <sup>[dress.]</sup> Cost,  
So fresh, no Part its *Christmas* Gloss had lost.  
Worne only on the Hours to feast or pray,  
And dormant ev'ry common-letter'd Day.  
No vulgar Daggers, vamp'd with Brass, They wore,  
But trim'd with Silver of the finest Ore.  
With Silver sticht, the Pouches by their Side,  
The Belts, that gird their Loins, with Silver ty'd.  
A fair and ample Burgeess, One and All,  
And fit to fill the Tables of *Guild-Hall*;  
Or when they meet to traffic, or to feast :  
For Each was fiz'd an Alderman at Least.  
Staunch stood their City-shops in good Repair,  
And neat their Boxes built for Country Air;  
Where still, to breathe, on *Saturdays* They went ;  
For large their Stock in Trade, as well as Rent,  
Of which their Wives were not a little proud,  
And push'd the Foremost in the *Sunday* Croud.

Nor wou'd we here their Worldly Wisdome blame,  
 Respect from All superior Riches claim;  
 And tho' an aukward, 'tis a pleasant Sight,  
 To see the Bustling Dame assert her Right;  
 Full of the Money, torne from the Distrest,  
 Conceit herself a Thing above the Rest.  
*Madam! My Lady!* seems a glorious Sound!  
 When loftily She moves, to Vigils bound;  
 With Mantle borne before, and Train behind:  
 For Wealth gives Pow'r of Face, and Pride of Mind.

T H E  
C O O K.

*By the same Hand.*

**W**ITH Them, a trav'ling *Cook* They jointly  
 (For thriving Cits are delicately fed)  
 Well skill'd in all the Culinary Toil,  
 The Chick, just cackling in the Shell, to boil;

The

The Cypress Root, to shread and prefs with Art;  
To lay the Custard, and to raise the Tart;  
To powder Marchant, ev'ry Game to roast;  
To melt the Marrow, and to brown the Toast;  
To season and to lard; to grill and fry;  
To pound the Mortrey, and to bake the Pie.  
Great Harm it was, (for much it slack'd his Pace,)  
A Mormal on his Shin had taken Place;  
And sorely griev'd, the Blemish I descry'd;  
But what his Legs refus'd, his Hands supply'd.  
Of Palate, exquisite! Of Labor, free!  
A Kitchen Doctor in the first Degree,  
The Food to cater, or the Dish to fill;  
*Blanc-mange* was held his Master-piece of Skill.

THE

THE  
SHIPMAN or SEAMAN, &c.

By Mr. BETTERTON.

THEN came a *Dartmouth Seaman* far from  
[West,  
A very awkward Rider at the Best.

A coarse Cloth Gown he wore, not long nor wide,  
His Dagger in a Lace adorn'd his Side.

He knew those sultry Climates, where the Sun  
Turn'd his Complexion to a dusky Brown.

To Company and Mirth he did incline,  
Had swallow'd many a Draught of *Bordeaux*  
[Wine.  
Kept an obedient Seaman's Conscience,

Held borrowing from his Owners no Offence.

If 'twas his Fate, to take a lucky Prize,

(For stoutly he wou'd fight) he was so Wise

To pick the best, which sent by Parcels home,

Little of Worth did to the Office come.



A perfect Master of the Compass, he  
Cou'd shun each Rock and Shallow in the Sea,  
Had weather'd Tempests, in Engagements been,  
'Scap'd many Dangers, many Countries seen.  
Knew ev'ry Creek and Harbour on the Main,  
Of *England*, *Scotland*, and the Coast of *Spain*.  
In many Fights his Frigate much was fam'd,  
The *Magdalene* of *England* it was nam'd.

THE  
DOCTOR *of* PHYSICK.

THE *Doctor* next; a Foe to all Excess,  
Who travell'd more for Health than Holi-  
In nice Anatomy well skill'd was he, <sup>(ness,</sup>  
And not a Stranger to Astronomy.  
He knew to wire-draw a Distemper well,  
And cures by Magic natural foretel.  
A deep Astrologer, and could with Ease  
Cast the Nativity of each Disease;

Show

28 *The CHARACTERS of the PILGRIMS.*

Show at what punctual Hour it shou'd expire,  
 In Terms which Knaves invent, and Fools admire.  
 The Cause of ev'ry Malady he knew,  
 Whether of Cold, Heat, Moist, or Dry it grew.  
 Told which of those engender'd the Disease,  
 'Twas but removing that, and you'd have Ease:  
 Th' Apothecary waited his Command,  
 Drugs and Electuaries were still at Hand.  
 Whatever one prescrib'd, the other made,  
 And each by Turns advanc'd the mutual Trade.  
 He'd tell the Wonders, wrought by *Phæbus*' Son,  
 What Fame the great *Hippocrates* had won:  
 Well read in *Galen*, *Celsus*, *Avicene*,  
 In *Dioscorides* and *Damascene*.  
 These Names, and many more, he had by rote,  
 Which to th' unlearn'd he never fail'd to quote.  
 No Bible on his Pagan Shelves had he,  
 It was prohibited the Layety.  
 In Diet singular, young tender Meat,  
 And easy of Digestion, he wou'd eat.

At

At a rich Patient's Table, bold and free;  
But at his own, he prais'd Frugality;  
Of Scarlet *Persian* Silk his Habit was,  
And neatly lin'd with Taffety, or Gauze.  
Great were his Gains, but mod'rate his Expence;  
He flourish'd in a Time of Pestilence.  
Gold's the best Cordial; yet he lov'd to see  
Coin'd *Aurum*, rather than *potabile*.

T H E

W I F E of B A T H.

**A** Merry *Wife* of *Bath* comes next in Place,  
But somewhat deaf, with an autumnal Face;  
By Trade a Weaver, one who scorn'd to grant  
Her Work out-done at *Ypres*, or at *Gaut*.  
No Matron could with greater Zeal incline  
To pay her Off'ring at the Martyr's Shrine.  
She neither patient, nor devout could be,  
If any rival'd her in Charity.

In

30 *The CHARACTERS of the PILGRIMS.*

In her own Parish She would take the Wall,  
 Before the proudest Matron of 'em all.  
 Upon a *Sunday* ever trimly drest,  
 She flaunted forth, the Envy of the Rest;  
 Large were her Kerchiefs, yet more gorgeous made  
 With her own Work, and full three Pound they  
 Scarlet her Hose, her glossy Shoes <sup>[weigh'd.</sup> were new;  
 Bold was her Face, and ruddy was its Hue;  
 Not one of her five Husbands could be found,  
 She lay'd 'em safe long since in holy Ground.  
 With these she made a Shift to pass her Youth;  
 Such was this good Wife's Constancy and Truth!  
 She travell'd far, pass'd many a rapid Stream;  
 Thrice saw the Reliques of *Jerusalem*.  
*Rome* and the Catacombs she knew full well;  
 Strange Things of *Cologne* and its Kings could tell:  
*Spain* she had travell'd o'er from End to End,  
 And good St. *James* was very much her Friend.  
 Of various Haps and Perils by the Way;  
 Much had she known, and yet much more wou'd  
 [say.  
 Upon

Upon an ambling Pad at Ease she sat,  
Jingling the Bit, and slack'd her Pace to chat.  
A Steeple Hat she wore upon her Head,  
Whose ample Brims were like a Buckler spread;  
O'er her large Hips, a Mantle fairly wrought  
Before; her Kerchief to a Point was brought;  
Like a rank Rider, pointed Spurs she wore;  
Of Jest she had an unexhausted Store;  
Her Talk did notably Love's Art advance;  
For she had practis'd long that old, new Dance.

THE  
PARSON.

*By Mr. DRYDEN.*

**A** *Parish Priest* was of the Pilgrim-Train;  
An Awful, Rev'rend, and Religious Man,  
His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,  
And Charity itself was in his Face.

Rich



32 *The CHARACTERS of the PILGRIMS.*

Rich was his Soul, tho' his Attire was poor ;  
 (As God had cloth'd his own Ambassador ;)  
 For Such, on Earth, his blest'd Redeemer bore.  
 Of Sixty Years he seem'd ; and well might last  
 To Sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast ;  
 Refin'd himself to Soul, to curb the Sense ;  
 And made almost a Sin of Abstinence  
 Yet had his Aspect nothing of severe,  
 But such a Face as promis'd him sincere.  
 Nothing reserv'd or fullen was to see ;  
 But sweet Regards ; and pleasing Sanctity :  
 Mild was his Accent, and his Action free.  
 With Eloquence innate his Tongue was arm'd ;  
 Tho' harsh the Precept, yet the Preacher charm'd.  
 For, letting down the golden Chain from high,  
 He drew his Audience upward to the Sky :  
 And oft, with holy Hymns, he charm'd their Ears :  
 (A Musick more melodious than the Spheres.)  
 For *David* left him, when he went to Rest,  
 His Lyre ; and after him, he sung the best.

He

He bore his great Commission in his Look :  
But sweetly temper'd Awe ; and soften'd all he spoke.  
He preach'd the Joys of Heav'n, and Pains of Hell ;  
And warn'd the Sinner with becoming Zeal ;  
But on eternal Mercy lov'd to dwell.  
He taught the Gospel ; rather than the Law :  
And fore'd himself to drive ; but lov'd to draw.  
For Fear but freezes Minds ; but Love, like Heat,  
Exhales the Soul sublime, to seek her Native Seat.  
To Threats, the stubborn Sinner oft is hard :  
Wrapp'd in his Crimes, against the Storm prepar'd ;  
But, when the milder Beams of Mercy play,  
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away.

Lightning and Thunder (Heav'n's Artillery)  
As Harbingers before th' Almighty fly :  
Those but proclaim his Stile, and disappear ;  
The stiller Sound succeeds ; and God is there.  
The Tithes, his Parish freely paid, he took ;  
But never Su'd ; or Curs'd with Bell and Book.

34 *The CHARACTERS of the PILGRIMS.*

With Patience bearing Wrong; but off'ring none:  
 Since ev'ry Man is free to lose his own.  
 The Country Churls, according to their Kind,  
 (Who grudge their Dues, and love to be behind)  
 The less he sought his Off'rings, pinch'd the more;  
 And prais'd a Priest, contented to be Poor.

Yet, of his little, he had some to spare,  
 To feed the Famish'd, and to cloath the Bare:  
 For mortify'd he was, to that Degree,  
 A poorer than himself he wou'd not see.  
 True Priests, he said, and Preachers of the Word,  
 Were only Stewards of their Sov'reign Lord;  
 Nothing was theirs, but all the publick Store;  
 Intrusted Riches, to relieve the Poor:  
 Who, shou'd they steal, for want of his Relief,  
 He judg'd himself Accomplice with the Thief.

Wide was his Parish, not contracted close  
 In Streets, but here and there a straggling House;  
 Yet still he was at hand, without Request,  
 To serve the Sick, or succour the Distress'd:

Tempting,

Tempting, on Foot alone, without Affright,  
The Dangers of a dark tempestuous Night.

All this the good old Man perform'd alone,  
Nor spar'd his Pains; for Curate he had none.  
Nor durst he trust another with his Care;  
Nor rode himself to *Paul's*, the publick Fair,  
To chaffer for Preferment with his Gold,  
Where *Bishopricks* and *Sine Cures* are sold:  
But duly watch'd his Flock, by Night and Day,  
And from the prowling Wolf redeem'd the Prey;  
And hungry sent the wily Fox away.

The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd;  
Nor to rebuke the rich Offender fear'd.  
His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought  
(A living Sermon of the Truths he taught;)  
For this, by Rules severe, his Life he squar'd;  
That all might see the Doctrine which they heard;  
For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest;  
(The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God impress'd)

36 *The CHARACTERS of the PILGRIMS.*

But when the precious Coin is kept unclean,  
The Sov'reign's Image is no longer seen.  
If they be foul, on whom the People trust,  
Well may the baser Brass contract a Rust.

The Prelate, for his holy Life, he priz'd;  
The worldly Pomp of Prelacy despis'd.  
His Saviour came not with a gaudy Show,  
Nor was his Kingdom of the World below.  
Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,  
These Marks of Church and Churchmen he de-  
And living taught, and dying left behind. [sign'd,

The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn;  
In Purple he was crucify'd, not born.  
They who contend for Place and high Degree,  
Are not his Sons, but those of *Zebadee*.

Not, but he knew the Signs of Earthly Pow'r  
Might well become Saint *Peter's* Successor:  
The holy Father holds a double Reign,  
(The Prince may keep his Pomp, the Fisher must be  
[plain.  
Such



Such was the Saint, who shone with ev'ry Grace,  
Reflecting, *Moses*-like, his Maker's Face.  
God saw his Image lively was express'd;  
And his own Work, as in Creation, bless'd.

The Tempter saw him too, with envious Eye;  
And, as on *Job*, demanded Leave to try.

He took the Time, when *Richard* was depos'd,  
And high and low with happy *Harry* clos'd.

This Prince, tho' great in Arms, the Priest with-  
Near tho' he was, yet not the next of Blood. [stood.]

Had *Richard*, unconstrain'd, resign'd the Throne; }

A King can give no more than is his own : }

The Title stood entail'd, had *Richard* had a Son. }

Conquest, an odious Name, was laid aside,  
Where all submitted; none the Battle try'd.

The senseless Plea of Right by Providence,  
Was by a flatt'ring Priest invented since;

And lasts no longer than the present Sway,

But justifies the next who comes in Play.

38 *The CHARACTERS of the PILGRIMS.*

The People's Right remains ; let those who dare,  
Dispute their Pow'r, when they the Judges are.

He join'd not in their Choice, because he knew  
Worse might, and often did, from Change ensue.  
Much to himself he thought, but little spoke ;  
And, undepriv'd, his Benefice forlook.

Now, through the Land, his Cure of Souls he  
And like a primitive Apostle preach'd <sup>[stretch'd ;</sup>  
Still chearful ; ever constant to his Call ;  
By many follow'd ; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.  
With what he beg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd ;  
And gave the Charities himself receiv'd.  
Gave, while he Taught ; and edify'd the more,  
Because he shew'd, by Proof, 'twas easy to be Poor.

He went not with the Croud, to see a Shrine ;  
But fed us by the Way with Food Divine.  
In Def'rence to his Virtues, I might spare  
To show you what the Rest in Orders were :  
This Brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,  
He needs no Foil ; but shines by his own proper

[Light.  
THE

THE  
PLOWMAN, &c.

*By Mr. BETTERTON.*

**A** *Plowman* follow'd, who had still at hand  
Loads of Manure t' enrich the grateful Land;  
An able, strong, laborious Man was he,  
Who liv'd with all in perfect Charity:  
He serv'd God faithfully, nor hoarded Pelf,  
But lov'd his Neighbour equal with himself,  
Hard would he work, and freely would he give;  
And oft, for God's Sake, did the Poor relieve;  
In Dealing just, with Losses not dismay'd;  
In ev'ry Kind his Tithes he duly paid;  
In a short Coat he rode without a Sleeve.  
There was beside, a *Miller* and a *Reve*,  
A *Sumner* and a *Pardon-monger* too,  
A *Steward*, and *Myself*, were all the Crew.

T H E  
M I L L E R.

**T**H E *Miller*, hardy as his own Mill-stones,  
 With brawny Flesh, large Sinews and strong <sup>Bones.</sup>  
 His Strength to all the Town was known too well,  
 In Wrestling still he bore away the Bell.  
 Short Shoulder'd, knotty as a stubborn Oak,  
 Hard to be bent, and harder to be broke:  
 Not one, so far as he, cou'd pitch a Bar,  
 Or lift a Weight, or swing it in the Air,  
 He'd running force a Door, with his hard Head;  
 His Beard, like any Fox's Tail, was red,  
 But straight, and even as a Gard'ner's Spade.  
 Just at the End of his huge Nose he had  
 A large black Wart, on that a Tuft of Hairs,  
 Red, as the Bristles of an old Sow's Ears.  
 His Nostrils, like a Furnace, black and wide;  
 A Sword and Buckler hanging on his Side.

A Babbler, with a gormandizing Throat;  
And leach'rous as a Monkey or a Goat.  
Corn he cou'd steal, the same Corn thrice he toll'd;  
And yet, they say, he had a Thumb of Gold.  
His Coat was white, on Bagpipes he cou'd play,  
And with that Musick brought us on our Way.

T H E

Manciple, *or* Temple-Treasurer.

**A** *Steward* of the Temple next must come,  
A Pattern for all Caterers in Town.  
The Price of ev'ry thing, each Market had,  
He knew, and nicely pick'd the Good from Bad.  
Sometimes he went on trust, and sometimes paid,  
Yet none cou'd over-reach him in his Trade.  
Some wonder much, how an unletter'd Man,  
Of such low, sordid Education, can  
(Who is but One to more than three times Ten)  
O'er-reach so many Grave, Wise, Learned Men.



A practis'd Lawyer, all things understands  
 Th' Affairs of half the Nation pass their Hands,  
 We praise unjustly, partially condemn,  
 As they cheat others, others cozen them.  
 By various Methods all Professions live,  
 By their wise Management he learn'd to thrive.  
 In Life's long Course, such diff'rent Ways we run,  
 Some to undo, but most to be undone,

T H E  
 R E V E, *or* S T E W A R D.

**T**HE *Reve*, a little, slender, chol'rick thing,  
 His Face shav'd close, and not a Hair on  
 His Locks above his Ears, an Inch at least, [Chin.  
 And dock'd before like any Begging Priest.  
 His active Legs were very long and lean,  
 Streight as a Staff, no Calf was to be seen.  
 No Auditor e'er found him in the wrong,  
 A good Accomptant, tho' his Bills were long.

Well

Well judg'd he by the Drought, and by the Rain,  
The future Product of his Seed and Grain.

He kept due Tale of Oxen, Sheep and Swine,  
His Lord's *March* Beer, and his more precious Wine.

All Rents receiv'd, for all things did engage,  
And manag'd since his Master came to Age.

O'er ev'ry Under-Bailiff he had Spies,  
Knew all their Cunning, all their Knaveries :

His House lay tight, and kept in good Repair,  
Beside a Heath, and in a healthy Air;

Close in a Corner, couch'd behind a Row  
Of spreading Trees ; the Building snug and low.

The Man was warm, with Wealth in private stor'd,  
And abler far to purchase than his Lord.

He knew his Honour's Humor to a Hair,  
When it was fit to ask, or to forbear.

Whene'er his Lordship wanted a Supply,  
He with a busy careful Face wou'd fly,

Run here and there, then bring the Luggage home,  
And only help his Master to his own.

He

44 *The CHARACTERS of the PILGRIMS.*

He (as those gen'rous Lords are us'd to do)

Not only thanks him, but rewards him too:

This Steward rode upon a sturdy Jade,

And on his Side he wore a rusty Blade.

A Wheelwright he had been, in *Norfolk* known,

In all the Villages near *Baldswell* Town.

Tuck'd round his Waist, like any *Fry'r* was he,

And still rode hindmost of the Company.

T H E

SUMNER, *or* APPARITOR.

**T**HIS *Sumner* was not overstock'd with  
[Grace,  
He had a Bloated, Broad, Cherubic Face,

Of fiery Hue, with hollow Eyes and narrow,

Red as a Cock, and leach'rous as a Sparrow :

Black were his Eye-Brows, bristled was his Beard,

And much the Children his stern Visage fear'd.

His Nose with Carbuncles was overspread.

His Cheeks with white Welks on a Ground of red,

No

No inward Med'cine, he cou'd e'er procure,  
Had Pow'r sufficient to effect their Cure.  
Not new Quick-silver, with Ceruse too,  
Brimstone, nor Oyl of Tartar, aught cou'd do.  
Strong bloody Wine he lov'd, and well dres'd Fish,  
And stunk of Garlick like a *Spanish* Dish.  
When he was drunk, he'd talk a Man to Death,  
And belch out *Latin* with unsav'ry Breath.  
Two or three common Fragments he cou'd say;  
No Wonder, for he heard it all the Day.  
But if you press'd him farther, you might see  
A sudden End of his Philosophy.  
A leud young Fellow, for a Quart of Wine,  
Might for a Twelvemonth have his Concubine.  
He taught his loose Companions in their Sport,  
T' evade the Censure of th' Archdeacon's Court.  
But if a rich libid'nous Prize he found,  
Him he inclos'd within his bawdy Pound.  
This, as no vulgar Secret, he wou'd tell,  
A large full Purse is the Archdeacon's Hell.

If rich Mens Souls, within their Purfes lie,

'Tis juſt their Sins be puniſh'd there, ſay I.

To him all Wenchies in the Biſhop's See

Paid publick Tribute, or a private Fee.

Boldly he rode, a Garland on his Head,

Of all unmarried Men and Maids the Dread.

## THE PARDONER.

**A** *Pardon-Monger* laſt brought up the Rear,  
With Patriarchal face, and holy Leer.

His Hair was of the Hue of yellow Wax,  
Strait and unequal as a Strick of Flax.

Yet long, and thin it grew from his large Head,  
And all his brawny Shoulders overſpread.

Divided into Parcels here and there,

No gaudy Hood conceal'd his golden Hair.

For that, with Care, was in his Wallet laid,

Where many Curioſities he had.

Except



Except a little Cap, he rode all bare,  
With glaring Eyes, like a new started Hare :  
A holy Figure stitch'd upon his Cap,  
His Wallet hung before him on his Lap,  
Stuff'd and cramm'd full of Pardons, newly come,  
For greedy Zealots, piping hot from *Rome*.  
Shrill was his Voice, as any Mountain Goat ;  
Aloud he said his Orisons by rote.  
A Beard he never had, nor e'er will have,  
No Barber took the Pains, that Chin to shave.  
He might have been a Gelding, or a Mare,  
But never sure, from *Berwick* e'en to *Ware*,  
Was Pard'ner furnish'd with such precious Geer :  
For in his Male he had a Pillow-bier,  
Which piously was thought our Lady's Veil ;  
He kept, beside, a Gobbet of the Sail  
Which *Peter* had (and now this Pard'ner hath)  
When *Christ* rebuked him for little Faith.  
A Cross he show'd of Tin, set full of Stones,  
And in a Glafs, a Number of Pigs Bones.

With

48 *The CHARACTERS of the PILGRIMS.*

With these, more Pardons daily he'd dispense,  
In one poor Village wou'd collect more Pence,  
(As by Record too plainly does appear)  
Than a poor Parson lab'ring all the Year.  
Then, with feign'd Flatteries and holy Tools,  
He made the Parson and the People Fools,  
Howe'er, to tell the Truth just as it stood,  
He seem'd in Church Ecclesiastick good.  
A Lesson he cou'd read, or tell a Story,  
And roar the Psalter with no little Glory.  
But best of all, an Offertory sung,  
So loud, so chearful, that the Chapel rung.  
This gain'd him Pence from the deluded Croud,  
Therefore he sung so chearful, and so loud.

*End of the Characters of the PILGRIMS.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE  
TO THE  
KNIGHT'S TALE.

By Mr. OGLE.

WHAT needs there more our Pilgrims to  
Our *Southwark* Guests? A mix'd, but  
Their various Looks and Talents to display?  
Their Sex and Age? Their Number and Array?  
Whom pious Zeal, or fashionable Course,  
Drew from their Homes, here resting Man and  
Here well to rest! As Trav'lers witness well,  
A friendly House! The *Tabard* by the Bell.

And here it falls in Order to recite,  
First, how in social Cheer we pass'd the Night;  
Next how, with common Voice, and early Day,  
Our Troop to *Canterbury* took their Way;

D And

50 PROLOGUE to the KNIGHT'S TALE.

And last the Progress of our *Pilgrims* tell ;  
With each Adventure duly as it fell.

But let me first your due Indulgence claim,  
Lest this my Freedom you unjustly blame ;  
Where loose the Subject, or where rude the Speech ;  
For we pretend to copy, not to teach.  
Who tells Another's Tale, in Verse or Prose,  
Nigh as He can shou'd ev'ry Word disclose ;  
For be it ne'er so wanton, or at large,  
Such are the Facts, and you must give the Charge.  
'This Rule infring'd (by Law and Reason known)  
The Tale is not Another's, but your Own.  
All Evidence is strict, all Trial plain,  
A Witness shou'd repeat, but never feign.  
If new the Conduct, or the Language new ;  
The Stamp re-touch'd, the Coinage is untrue.  
To This, Whate'er the Standard Sense affords,  
Requires exact Similitude of Words.  
Apt Words are shap'd, fix'd Objects to express ;  
For Language is no more than Nature's Dress.

PROLOGUE to the KNIGHT's TALE. 51

If some that Love's exalted Colors wear,  
 Capriciously offend the virtuous Ear;  
 Or heedlessly the Virgin Cheek inflame,  
 'Tis faulty Modesty! Mistaken Shame!  
 If right the Laws that free-born Tongues inflave,  
 And force to veil what Nature publick gave,  
 Then Nature err'd, deform'd the Human Frame  
 With Parts dishonest, horrible to Name!  
 But that great Nature err'd! Who dares pretend?  
 Why, shou'd the just Description then offend?  
 Form'd by the wisest Plan each Part is found,  
 And Voice was giv'n to fit each Part to Sound.  
 Hence various Words by well-tun'd Accents wrought,  
 Stamp on the Ears the Figures of the Thought,  
 And fix the airy Progress e'er it flies,  
 As Painting is the Language of the Eyes.  
 The Skilfull Artist, lab'ring to display  
 The bright Effulgence of Meridian Day,  
 With strongest Colours strikes the burnish'd Light,  
 The darker Shades reserv'd for Sullen Night.



The Poet thus that treats of am'rous Wile,  
 Or wanton Theft, must heighten all his Stile;  
 To raise warm Passions, warm Descriptions raise,  
 And keep for cooler Sense, the cooler Phrase!  
 Nor arbitrary deem these stated Rules,  
 The Random Doctrines of Illib'ral Schools.  
 The best Philosophers like Tenets hold,  
*Christian and Heathen*! Both the New and Old.  
 Read *Plato*, *Plato* says (if Thou canst read)  
 "The Word must be adapted to the Deed."  
 And oft full broad the Phrase of Holy Writ;  
*Heathen and Christian* must this Truth admit  
 Others perhaps, with happier Talents blest,  
 Our Breach of due Decorum may contest:  
 In Poems well dispos'd they may maintain,  
 Rank should be kept, as in a public Train.  
 And None too forward, None too backward stand;  
 But Band, with due Distinctions, follow Band.  
 "Nor Rank, nor File, our rude *Militia* mind,  
 "Some stray, 'tis true, before, and some behind."

If This excuse not; on the Truth We rest,

“ Low was our Genius, and We did our Best.

“ And tho’ a Fault, I speak without Offence)

“ Yet sure a Venial Fault, is Want of Sense.”

But to return. Great Joy our *Host* express’d,  
Thrice-heartily He welcom’d ev’ry Guest.

And goodly Cheer prepar’d with equal Haste;

(He of two Ills had rather pray than fast.)

Nor less, the Plague or Comfort of his Life,

Judge as Ye list! His busy-stirring Wife.

Anon was Supper serv’d, and neatly drest,

In Season ev’ry Dish, and of the Best.

Strong was the Ale, with Toast and Nutmeg crown’d

Pure was the Wine! And both went briskly round.

Frank was our *Host*. A comely Man withal,

A Marshall fit for any noble Hall,

Where many a graceless Page is left in Charge,

Round was his Body, nor more round than large.

His sturdy Legs, tho’ slow, just Measure keep!

A fairer Burgeis never trod the *Cheap*!

54 PROLOGUE to the KNIGHT'S TALE.

Tho' bold of Speech; Yet not more bold than  
His Wits awake, and watchful as his Eyes ! <sup>[wife !</sup>

Loud when He laugh'd ! and hearty when He spoke !  
His Voice was Mirth ! His very Look a Joke !

When now the Rage of Hunger was allay'd ;  
And, what more joy'd our *Host*, our Reck'ning <sup>[paid.</sup>

“ Thrice welcome (He began) both Great and <sup>[Small !</sup>

“ Bright Lords and Ladies fair ! Thrice welcome <sup>[all !</sup>

“ Full many a Noon has pass'd, full many a Night,

“ Since in this Inn appear'd so brave a Sight.

“ A braver, never with these Eyes to see !

“ Such Guests ! so full of Honor and of Glee !

“ Fain wou'd I raise your Mirth, had I but Skill ;

“ Or were my Talent equal to my Will.

“ Yet let not the Intent be wholly lost ;

“ I mean not here to please You at your Cost.

“ To *Canterbury*, early You proceed ;

“ And may the blissfull *Saint* your Wishes speed.

“ But if the Good and Bad You justly weigh,

“ Long must the Road, and tedious seem the Day ;

“ For

" For 'tis but dull to travel, You must own,

" Mute as a Fish, and senseless as a Stone.

" Be mine such luckless Silence to prevent ;

" Attend but my Award with one Consent.

" For, by my Father's Body, long since dead ;

" Mirth You shall have, at Forfeit of my Head:

" If none, my Wish too willfully withstands,

" In witness of your Minds hold up your Hands!"

Here waiting the Event, He ceas'd to speak ;

Our gen'ral Counsel was not long to seek :

For why shou'd We reject his honest Suit,

The Purport far from worthy the Dispute?

We vote the Journey as he shou'd advise ;

In trivial Things, 'tis Foolish to be Wise.

Then thus our *Host* his Speech renew'd again,

" The Point, ye Nobles, take not in Disdain.

" The Road to shorten, and deceive the Day,

" (For Mirth makes Mirth, and Play gives Rise  
[to Play])

" I will that Each, by Turns, two Stories tell,

" Of strange Adventures, which of old befell.

56 PROLOGUE to the KNIGHT'S TALE.

" One e'er Your each Saint *Thomas*' sacred Shrine ;

" And one, e'er You regain the *Tabarde* Sign.

" Then farther, be it solemnly agreed ;

" That He, that in his Place shall best succeed :

" Whose Close is held most just, whose Phrase most  
[fit,

" For Profit or Delight, for Sense or Wit.

" His be a Supper at the common Cost ;

" Here, in this Host'y, sitting by this Post.

" And more, to aid your Sport, myself will ride

" And be at once your Governor and Guide ;

" Content the shar'd Expences to maintain ;

" Not grudgingly. Such Company is Gain.

" But first enact ; that He that disobeyes

" My Will, the common Charge, convicted pays.

" This is my Verdict. E'er We further go,

" Pass Sentence, One and All ! Your Aye, or No !"

Consent, from One and All, the Question bore ;

And jointly, as our *Host* requir'd, We swore.

Nay more, We vote Him in the Chair of State,

Sole Umpire of the Tales We should relate.

Submits



PROLOGUE *to the* KNIGHT'S TALE, 57

Submits in All to follow his Advice,  
 We fix a Supper at a stated Price.  
 Pleas'd was our *Host*; Success improves Design!  
 Pleas'd were the Guests; and loud they call'd for  
 Smooth ev'ry Brow, and easy every Breast; [Wine.  
 Each took his cordial Draught, and went to Rest.

When scarce the blushing Morn had streak'd the  
 With earliest Day, our *Host* began to rise; [Skies  
 And strait his Guests he gather'd in a Flock,  
 As stirs his Common Mates the feather'd Cock.  
 Then forth We fally'd with an easy Pace,  
 Some low of Spirits, sober most of Face:  
 Till jointly, to the Sacred Ford we came,  
 Known, good Saint *Thomas*, by thy Guardian Name.  
 There, at thy Stream, to many a thirsty Steed  
 Free-giv'n, our *Host*, forbade us to proceed.  
 And, silencing a-while his jingling Bit,  
 Arrests his Horse; All readily submit;  
 And circle him around on ev'ry Side:  
 When loud as any Chanter thus he cry'd.

“ As

58 PROLOGUE to the KNIGHT'S TALE.

- " As Morning Song, and Ev'ning Song agree,  
 " Both High and Low attend to my Decree,  
 " Pay here such Duty as by Vote you pass'd,  
 " Then sweetly shall we chime from first to last.  
 " Be this the Spot to cast the foremost Tale;  
 " And may these Lips nor relish Wine nor Ale  
 " (What more I dread, or dread not less than Death;  
 " For want of Liquor is like Want of Breath.)  
 " As he that dares against my Will offend,  
 " Pays All, (for thus you swore) that All expend.  
 " Now Chance decide, who loses, or who wins!  
 " Who draws the shortest Lot, the first begins.  
 " *Sir Knight*, he said, my Master and my Lord,  
 " Draw forth, I mean your Fortune, not your  
 " And gentle Dame, with one Accord appear, [Sword!  
 " Come near, *my Lady Priorefs*, come near!  
 " And you, *Sir Clerk*, look up, take Heart of  
 " Put off that Book-learn'd Bashfulness of Face! [Grace;  
 " And Males and Females, all, alike lay Hand."  
 And all alike submit to his Command.

Suffice,

Suffice, that on the *Knight* the Forfeit fell ;  
 Or were it Chance, or Fate ; who knows may tell.  
 Nor know We, nor can tell ; yet, for the Best,  
 Suppose, it fortun'd. Glad were all the rest :  
 As tho' not freed, yet of their Burthen eas'd :  
 Nor seem'd the noble *Knight* in Look displeas'd,  
 Or griev'd in Thought : The noble *Knight* was  
 Whether Concern he cover'd with Disguise, [wise :  
 Or from Experience had acquir'd Content.  
 For Care is vain, unless it can prevent.  
 " If then, by Me, the Sport must be begun,  
 " Thrice welcome Lot (he said) not lost but won !  
 " Then, ride and listen, to the Croud, he cry'd ;"  
 And, at the Word, We listen, as We ride.  
 While, nor with vulgar Speech, nor Gesture rude,  
 This Tale of Love and Honour he pursu'd.

*End of the PROLOGUE to the KNIGHT'S Tale.*

PALA-

# PALAMON and ARCITE:

OR, THE

## KNIGHT'S TALE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

**I**N Days of old, there liv'd, of mighty Fame,  
 A valiant Prince; and *Theseus* was his Name:  
 A Chief, who more in Feats of Arms excell'd,  
 The Rising nor the Setting Sun beheld,  
 Of *Athens* he was Lord; much Land he won,  
 And added foreign Countries to his Crown:  
 In *Scythia* with the Warrior Queen he strove,  
 Whom first by Force he conquer'd, then by Love.  
 He brought in Triumph back the beauteous Dame,  
 With whom her Sister, fair *Emilia*, came.

With

With Honor to his Home let *Theseus* ride,  
 With Love to Friend, and Fortune for his Guide,  
 And his victorious Army at his Side,  
 I pass their warlike Pomp, their proud Array,  
 Their Shouts, their Songs, their Welcome on the  
 But, were it not too long, I would recite <sup>[Way]</sup>  
 The Feats of *Amazons*, the fatal Fight  
 Betwixt the hardy Queen, and *Heroe* Knight;  
 The Town besieg'd, and how much Blood it cost  
 The Female Army, and the *Athenian* Host,  
 The Spoufals of *Hippolita* the Queen;  
 What Tilts and Turneys at the Feast were seen,  
 The Storm at their Return, the Ladies Fear;  
 But these, and other Things, I must forbear.  
 The Field is spacious I design to sow,  
 With Oxen far unfit to draw the Plow;  
 The Remnant of my Tale is of a Length  
 To tire your Patience, and to waste my Strength;  
 And trivial Accidents shall be forborn,  
 That others may have Time to take their Turn;  
 As



As was at first enjoin'd us by mine Host:

That he whose Tale is best, and pleases most,

Should win his Supper at our common Cost.

And therefore, where I left I will pursue,

This ancient Story, whether false or true,

In hope it may be mended with a new.

The Prince I mention'd, full of high Renown,

In this Array drew near th' *Athenian* Town;

When in his Pomp and utmost of his Pride,

Marching, he chanc'd to cast his Eye aside,

And saw a Choir of mourning Dames, who lay

By Two and Two a-cross the common Way:

At his Approach they rais'd a rueful Cry,

And beat their Breasts, and held their Hands on

Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last

His Courser's Bridle, and his Feet embrac'd

" Tell me, said *Ibeseus*, what and whence you

" And why this Fun'ral Pageant you prepare?"

" Is this the Welcome of my worthy Deeds,

" To meet my Triumph in ill-omen'd Weeds?"

" Or

“ Or envy you my Praise, and would destroy  
“ With Grief my Pleasures, and pollute my Joy?  
“ Or are you injur'd, and demand Relief?  
“ Name your Request, and I will ease your Grief.”

The most in Years of all the Mourning Train  
Began; (but swooned first away for Pain)  
Then scarce recover'd, spoke: ‘ Nor envy we  
‘ Thy great Renown, nor grudge thy Victory;  
‘ ’Tis thine, O King, th’ Afflicted to redress,  
‘ And Fame has fill’d the World with thy Success:  
‘ We wretched Women sue for that alone,  
‘ Which of thy Goodness is refus’d to none:  
‘ Let fall some Drops of Pity on our Grief,  
‘ If what we beg be just, and we deserve Relief:  
‘ For none of us, who now thy Grace implore,  
‘ But held the Rank of Sovereign Queen before;  
‘ Till, Thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears,  
‘ That Mortal Bliss should last for length of Years,  
‘ She cast us headlong from our high Estate,  
‘ And here in hope of thy Return we wait:

‘ And

64 PALAMON and ARSITE: Or,

And long have waited in the Temple night,

Built to the gracious Goddess Clemency.

But reverence thou the Pow'r whose Name it bears,

Relieve th' Oppress'd, and wipe the Widow's

All, wretched I, have other Fortune seen, <sup>[Tears.]</sup>

The Wife of Capaneus, and once a Queen:

At Thebes he fell, curst be the fatal Day!

And all the rest thou seest in this Array,

To make their Moan, their Lords in Battle lost

Before that Town, besieg'd by our Confed'rate

But Creon, old and impious, who commands, <sup>[Host:]</sup>

The Theban City, and usurps the Lands,

Denies the Rites of Fun'ral Fires to those

Whose breathless Bodies yet he calls his Foes.

Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a Heap they lie;

Such is their Fate, and such his Tyranny;

No Friend has leave to bear away the Dead,

But with their lifeless Limbs his Hounds are fed:

At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful Train

Echo'd her Grief, and grov'ling on the Plain

With

With Groans, and Hands upheld, to move his Mind,  
 Besought his Pity to their helpless Kind :  
 The Prince was touch'd, his Tears began to flow,  
 And, as his tender Heart would break in two,  
 He sigh'd ; and could not but their Fate deplore,  
 So wretched now, so fortunate before.  
 Then lightly from his lofty Steed he flew,  
 And raising one by one the suppliant Crew,  
 To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,  
 That by the Faith which Knights to Knighthood  
 And what e'er else to Chivalry belongs,  
 He would not cease, till he reveng'd their Wrongs :  
 That *Greece* should see perform'd what he declar'd ;  
 And cruel *Creon* find his just Reward.  
 He said no more, but shunning all Delay,  
 Rode on, nor enter'd *Athens* on his Way :  
 But left his Sister and his Queen behind,  
 And wav'd his Royal Banner in the Wind :  
 Where in an *Argent* Field the God of War  
 Was drawn triumphant on his Iron Car ;

66 PALAMON and ARSITE: Or,

Red was his Sword, and Shield, and whole Attire,  
And all the Godhead seem'd to glow with Fire;  
Evn the Ground glitter'd where the Standard flew,  
And the green Grass was dy'd to sanguine Hue.  
High on his pointed Lance his Pennon bore  
His *Cretan* Fight, the conquer'd *Minotaur*;  
The Soldiers shout around with gen'rous Rage,  
And in that Victory their own presage,  
He prais'd their Ardour: inly pleas'd to see  
His Host the Flow'r of *Grecian* Chivalry.  
All Day he march'd; and all th'ensuing Night;  
And saw the City with returning Light.  
The Process of the War I need not tell,  
How *Theseus* conquer'd, and how *Creon* fell:  
Or after, how by Storm the Walls were won,  
Or how the Victor sack'd and burn'd the Town:  
How to the Ladies he restor'd again  
The Bodies of their Lords in Battle slain:  
And with what ancient Rites they were interr'd;  
All these to fitter Time shall be deferr'd:

I spare



I spare the Widows Tears, their woful Cries, <sup>Not</sup>  
 And Howling at their Husbands Obsequies; <sup>But</sup>  
 How *Theseus* at these Fun'rals did assist, <sup>The woful</sup>  
 And with what Gifts the mourning Dames dismiss'd.

Thus when the Victor Chief had *Green* slain, <sup>T</sup>  
 And conquer'd *Thebes*, he pitch'd upon the Plain  
 His mighty Camp, and when the Day return'd,  
 The Country wasted, and the Hamlets burn'd, <sup>And</sup>  
 And left the Pillagers, to Rapine bred, <sup>Whom</sup>  
 Without Controul to strip and spoil the Dead: <sup>H</sup>

There, in a Heap of Slain, among the rest <sup>H</sup>  
 Two youthful Knights they found beneath a Load  
 Of slaughter'd Foes, whom first to Death they sent, <sup>[oppress'd]</sup>  
 The Trophies of their Strength, a bloody Monument.  
 Both fair, and both of Royal Blood they seem'd, <sup>[ment.]</sup>  
 Whom Kinsmen to the Crown the Herald deem'd;  
 That Day in equal Arms they fought for Fame;  
 Their Swords, their Shields, their Surcoats were the  
 Close by each other laid, they press'd the Ground, <sup>[same.]</sup>  
 Their manly Bosoms pierc'd with many a grievous  
 Wound;

Nor

Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,  
 But some faint Signs of feeble Life appear:  
 The wand'ring Breath was on the Wing to part,  
 Weak was the Pulse, and hardly heav'd the Heart.  
 These two were Sister's Sons, and *Arcite* one,  
 Much fam'd in Fields, with valiant *Palamon*,  
 From these their costly Arms the Spoilers rene,  
 And softly both convey'd to *Thyfeus* Tent,  
 Whom known of *Grecus* Line, and cur'd with Care,  
 He to his City sent as Prisoners of the War,  
 Hopeless of Ransom, and condemn'd to lie  
 In Durance, doom'd a lingering Death to die.  
 This done, he march'd away with warlike Sound,  
 And to his *Athens*, turn'd with Laurels crown'd,  
 Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more,  
 But in a Tow'r, and never to be loos'd,  
 The woful captive Kinmen are inclos'd.  
 Thus Year by Year they pass, and Day by Day,  
 Till once ('twas on the Morn of chearful May)

The young *Emilia*, fairer to be seen  
 Than the fair Lily on the Flow'ry Green,  
 More fresh than *May* herself in Blossoms new  
 (For with the Rosy Colour strove her Hue)  
 Wak'd, as her Custom was, before the Day,  
 To do th' Observance due to sprightly *May*:  
 For sprightly *May* commands our Youth to keep  
 The Vigils of her Night; and breaks their sluggard  
 Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves: <sup>[Sleep.]</sup>  
 Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Loves;  
 In this Remembrance *Emily* e're Day  
 Arose, and dress'd herself in rich Array.  
 Fresh as the Month, and as the Morning fair:  
 Adown her Shoulders fell her length of Hair:  
 A Ribband did the braided Tresses bind,  
 The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the Wind:  
*Aurora* had but newly chas'd the Night,  
 And purpled o'er the Sky with blushing Light,  
 When to the Garden-walk she took her way,  
 To sport and trip along in Cool of Day,  
 And offer Maiden Vows in Honor of the *May*.

At ev'ry Turn, she made a little Stand,  
 And thrust among the Thorns her Lily Hand  
 To draw the Rose, and ev'ry Rose she drew  
 She shook the Stalk, and brush'd away the Dew :  
 Then party-colour'd Flow'rs of white and red  
 She wove, to make a Garland for her Head :  
 This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear,  
 That Men and Angels might rejoice to hear,  
 Ev'n wond'ring *Philomel* forgot to sing,  
 And learn'd from Her to welcome in the Spring.  
 The Tow'r, of which before was Mention made,  
 Within whose Keep the Captive Knights were laid,  
 Built of a large Extent, and strong withal,  
 Was one Partition of the Palace Wall :  
 The Garden was inclos'd within the Square,  
 Where young *Emilia* took the Morning-Air.  
 It happen'd *Palamon* the Pris'ner Knight,  
 Restless for Woe, arose before the Light,  
 And with his Jaylor's Leave desir'd to breathe  
 An Air more wholsom than the Damps beneath.

This

This granted, to the Tower he took his Way,  
 Cheer'd with the Promise of a glorious Day:  
 Then cast a languishing Regard around,  
 And saw with hateful Eyes the Temples crown'd  
 With golden Spires, and all the Hostile Ground.  
 He sigh'd, and turn'd his Eyes, because he knew  
 'Twas but a larger Jail he had in View:  
 Then look'd below, and from the Castle's Height  
 Beheld a nearer and more pleasing Sight:  
 The Garden which before he had not seen,  
 In Spring's new Livery clad of White and Green,  
 Fresh Flow'rs in wide *Parterres*, and shady Walks  
 This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with Arms <sup>between.</sup> across  
 He stood, reflecting on his Country's Loss,  
 Himself an Object of the Public Scorn,  
 And often wish'd he never had been born.  
 At last (for so his Destiny requir'd)  
 With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,  
 He thro' a little Window cast his Sight,  
 Tho' thick of Bars, that gave a scanty Light,



But ev'n that Glimm'ring serv'd him to desery  
Th' inevitable Charms of *Emily*.

Scarce had he seen, but seiz'd with sudden Smart,  
Stung to the Quick, he felt it at his Heart;  
Struck blind with overpow'ring Light he stood,  
Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud

Young *Arcite* heard; and up he ran with Haste,  
To help his Friend, and in his Arms embrac'd;  
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,  
And whence and how his Change of Cheer began?  
Or who had done th' Offence? "But, if, said he,  
" Your Grief alone is hard Captivity;  
" For Love of Heav'n, with Patience undergo  
" A cureless Ill, since Fate will have it so;  
" So Stood our *Horoscope* in Chains to lie,  
" And *Saturn* in the Dungeon of the Sky,  
" Or other baleful Aspect, rul'd our Birth,  
" When all the friendly Stars were under Earth:  
" What e'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done;  
" And better bear like Men, than vainly seek to  
" Nor

' Nor of my Bonds, said *Palamon* again,  
 ' Nor of unhappy Planets I complain;  
 ' But when my mortal Anguish caus'd my Cry,  
 ' That Moment I was hurt thro' either Eye;  
 ' Pierc'd with a Random-shaft, I faint away,  
 ' And perish with insensible Decay:  
 ' A Glance of some new Goddess gave the Wound,  
 ' Whom, like *Actæon*, unaware I found.  
 ' Look how she walks along yon shady Space,  
 ' Not *Juno* moves with more Majestick Grace;  
 ' And all the *Cyprian* Queen is in her Face,  
 ' If thou art *Venus*, (for thy Charms confess  
 ' That Face was form'd in Heav'n) nor art thou less,  
 ' Disguis'd in Habit, undisguis'd in Shape;  
 ' O help us Captives from our Chains to scape!  
 ' But if our Doom be past in Bonds to lie  
 ' For Life, and in a loathsome Dungeon die,  
 ' Then be thy Wrath appeas'd with our Disgrace,  
 ' And show Compassion to the *Theban* Race.

! Oppress'd

' Oppress'd by Tyrant Pow'r! While yet he spoke,  
*Arcite* on *Emily* had fix'd his Look;  
 The fatal Dart a ready Passage found,  
 And deep within his Heart infix'd the Wound:  
 So that if *Palamon* were wounded sore,  
*Arcite* was hurt as much as he, or more:

Then from his inmost Soul he sigh'd and said,

"The Beauty I beheld has struck me dead;

"Unknowingly she strikes; and kills by chance;

"Poison is in her Eyes, and Death in ev'ry Glance.

"O, I must ask; not ask alone, but move

"Her Mind to Mercy, or must die for Love."

Thus *Arcite*: And thus *Palamon* replies,

(Eager his Tongue, and ardent were his Eyes.)

' Speak 't thou in earnest, or in jesting Vein?

"Jesting, said *Arcite*, suits but ill with Pain."

' It suits far worse (said *Palamon* again,

' And bent his Brows) with Men who Honor weigh

' Their Faith to break, their Friendship to betray;

But

- ' But worst with Thee, of Noble Lineage born,  
 ' My Kinsman, and in Arms my Brother sworn,  
 ' Have we not plighted each our holy Oath,  
 ' That one shou'd be the Common Good of both?  
 ' One Soul shou'd both inspire, and neither prove  
 ' His Fellow's Hind'rance in Pursuit of Love? I  
 ' To this before the Gods we gave our Hands,  
 ' And nothing but our Death can break the Bands.  
 ' This binds thee, then, to further my Design;  
 ' As I am bound by Vow to further thine: T  
 ' Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, Traitof, on the Plain  
 ' Appeach my Honor, or thine own thaintain. I  
 ' Since thou art of my Council, and thine Friend I  
 ' Whose Faith I trust, and on whose Care depend:  
 ' And wou'd'st thou court my Lady's Love, which I  
 ' Much rather than release, wou'd choose to die?  
 ' But thou, false *Arctite*, never shalt obtain  
 ' Thy bad Pretence; I told thee first my Pain:  
 ' For first my Love began e're thine was born;  
 ' Thou art my Council, and my Brother sworn,

76 PALAMON and ARSITE: Or,

“ Art bound t’assist my Eldership of Right,

“ Or justly to be deem’d a perjurd Knight.”

Thus *Palamon*: But *Arcite* with Disdain

In haughty Language thus reply’d again:

“ Forsworn thy self: The Traitor’s odious Name

“ I first return, and then disprove thy Claim.

“ If Love be Passion, and that Passion nurs’d

“ With strong Desires, I lov’d the Lady first.

“ Canst thou pretend Desire, whom Zeal inflam’d

“ To worship, and a Pow’r Celestial nam’d?

“ Thine was Devotion to the Blest above,

“ I saw the Woman, and desir’d her Love;

“ First own’d my Passion, and to thee commend

“ Th’ important Secret, as my chosen Friend.

“ Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy Desire

“ A Moment older than my Rival Fire;

“ Can Chance of seeing first thy Title prove?

“ And know’st thou not, no Law is made for Love?

“ Law is to Things which to free Choice relate;

“ Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate;

“ Laws



" Laws are but positive: Love's Pow'r, we see,  
 " Is Nature's Sanction, and her first Decree.  
 " Each Day we break the Bond of Human Laws  
 " For Love, and vindicate the Common Cause.  
 " Laws for Defence of Civil Rights are plac'd,  
 " Love throws the Fences down, and makes a gen-  
 " Maids, Widows, Wives, without Distinction fall;  
 " The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on, and co-  
 " If then the Laws of Friendship I transgress,  
 " I keep the Greater, while I break the Less;  
 " And both are mad alike, since neither can pos-  
 " Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more  
 " To see the Sun, but as he passes o'er.  
 " Like *Ætop*'s Hounds contending for the Bone,  
 " Each pleaded Right, and wou'd be Lord alone:  
 " The fruitless Fight continu'd all the Day;  
 " A Cur came by, and snatch'd the Prize away.  
 " As Courtiers therefore juggle for a Grant,  
 " And, when they break their Friendship, plead  
 [their Want:  
 So

78 PALAMON and ARSITE: Or,

" So then, if Fortune will thy Suit advance,

" Love on: nor envy me my equal Chance:

" For I must love, and am resolv'd to try

" My Fate, or, failing in th' Adventure die."

Great was their Strife, which hourly was renew'd,

Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd:

Now Friends no more, nor walking Hand in Hand;

But when they met, they made a fairly Stand;

And glar'd like angry Lions as they pass'd,

And wish'd that ev'ry Look might be their last.

It chanc'd at length *Pirithous* came, t' attend

This worthy *Theseus*, his familiar Friend:

Their Love in early Infancy began,

And rose as Childhood ripen'd into Man.

Companions of the War; and lov'd so well,

That when one dy'd, as ancient Stories tell,

His Fellow to redeem him went to Hell.

But to pursue my Tale; to welcome home

His Warlike Brother is *Pirithous* come:

*Arcite*

*Arcite* of *Thebes* was known in Arms long since,  
 And honor'd by this young *Theſſalian* Prince.  
*Theſeus*, to gratify his Friend and Gueſt,  
 Who made our *Arcite*'s Freedom his Requeſt,  
 Reſtor'd to Liberty the Captive Knight,  
 But on theſe hard Conditions I recite:  
 That if hereafter *Arcite* ſhould be found  
 Within the Compaſs of *Athenian* Ground,  
 By Day or Night, or on what'e'er Pretence,  
 His Head ſhould pay the Forfeit of th' Offence.  
 To this, *Pirithous*, for his Friend agreed,  
 And on his Promiſe was the Priſoner freed.

Unpleas'd and penſive hence he takes his Way,  
 At his own Peril; for his Life muſt pay.  
 Who now but *Arcite* mourns his bitter Fate,  
 Finds his dear Purchase, and repents too late.  
 "What have I gain'd, he ſaid, in Priſon pent,  
 "If I but change my Bonds for Banishment?  
 "And baniſh'd from her Sight, I ſuffer more  
 "In Freedom, than I felt in Bonds before:

"Forc'd

80 PALAMON and ARCHITE: Or,

" Forc'd from her Presence, and condemn'd to live:

" Unwelcome Freedom, and unthank'd Reprieve!

" Heav'n is not, but where *Emily* abides,

" And where she's absent, all is Hell besides,

" Next to my Day of Birth, was that accurst

" Which bound my Friendship to *Pirithous* first:

" Had I not known that Prince, I still had been

" In Bondage, and had still *Emilia* seen:

" For tho' I never can her Grace deserve,

" 'Tis Recompence enough to see and serve.

" O *Palamon*, my Kinsman and my Friend,

" How much more happy Fates thy Love attend!

" Thine is th'Adventure, thine the Victory:

" Well has thy Fortune turn'd the Dice for thee:

" Thou on that Angel's Face may'st feed thy Eyes,

" In Prison? no; but blisful Paradise!

" Thou daily seest that Sun of Beauty shine,

" And lov'st at least in Love's extremest Line,

I mourn

In Freedom, than I felt in Bonds before:

For

- " I mourn in Absence, Love's Eternal Night :  
 " And who can tell, but since thou hast her Sight,  
 " And art a comely, young and valiant Knight,  
 " Fortune (a various Pow'r) may cease to frown,  
 " And by some Ways unknown thy Wishes crown ?  
 " But I, the most forlorn of Human-kind,  
 " Nor Help can hope, nor Remedy can find ;  
 " But doom'd to drag my loathsome Life in Care,  
 " For my Reward, must end it in Despair.  
 " Fire, Water, Air and Earth, and Force of Fates  
 " That governs all, and Heav'n that all creates,  
 " Nor Art, nor Nature's Hand can ease my Grief;  
 " Nothing but Death, the Wretch's last Relief :  
 " Then farewell Youth, and all the Joys that dwell  
 " With Youth and Life, and Life itself farewell.  
 " But why, alas ! do Mortal Men in vain  
 " Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain ?  
 " God gives us what he knows our Wants require,  
 " And better Things than those which we desire :

F

" Some



" Some pray for Riches ; Riches they obtain ;  
 " But watch'd by Robbers, for their Wealth are  
 " Some pray from Prison to be freed ; and come, <sup>[slain.</sup>  
 " When guilty of their Vows, to fall at home ;  
 " Murder'd by those they trusted with their Life,  
 " A favour'd Servant, or a Bosom Wife.  
 " Such dear-bought Blessings happen ev'ry Day,  
 " Because we know not for what Things to pray.  
 " Like drunken Sots, about the Street we roam :  
 " Well knows the Sot he has a certain Home ;  
 " Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain Place,  
 " And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry Pace,  
 " Thus all seek Happiness ; but few can find,  
 " For far the greater Part of Men are blind.  
 " This is my Case, who thought our utmost Good  
 " Was in one Word of Freedom understood :  
 " The fatal Blessing came : From Prison free,  
 " I starve abroad, and lose the Sight of *Emily*."  
 Thus *Arcite* ; but if *Arcite* thus deplore  
 His Suff'rings, *Palamon* yet suffers more.

For when he knew his Rival freed and gone,  
 He swells with Wrath; he makes outrageous Moan:  
 He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the Ground;  
 The hollow Tow'r with Clamours rings around :  
 With briny Tears he bath'd his fetter'd Feet,  
 And dropp'd all o'er with Agony of Sweat.  
 ' Alas! he cry'd, I Wretch in Prison pine,  
 ' Too happy Rival, while the Fruit is thine :  
 ' Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native Air,  
 ' Pleas'd with thy Freedom, proud of my Despair :  
 ' Thou may'st, since thou hast Youth and Courage  
 ' A sweet Behaviour and a solid Mind, [join'd,  
 ' Assemble ours, and all the *Theban* Race,  
 ' To vindicate on *Athens* thy Disgrace :  
 ' And after, (by some Treaty made) possess  
 ' Fair *Emily*, the Pledge of lasting Peace.  
 ' So thine shall be the beauteous Prize, while I  
 ' Must languish in Despair, in Prison die.  
 ' Thus all th' Advantage of the Strife is thine,  
 ' Thy Portion double Joys, and double Sorrows  
 ' (mine.  
 ' The

The Rage of Jealousy then fir'd his Soul,  
And his Face kindled like a burning Coal:  
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,  
To livid Paleness turns the glowing Red.  
His Blood scarce liquid, creeps within his Veins,  
Like Water which the freezing Wind constrains.  
Then thus he said: 'Eternal Deities,  
' Who rule the World with absolute Decrees,  
' And write whatever Time shall bring to pass,  
' With Pens of Adamant on Plates of Brass;  
' What, is the Race of Human Kind your Care  
' Beyond what all his Fellow-Creatures are?  
' He with the rest is liable to Pain,  
' And like the Sheep, his Brother-Beast, is slain.  
' Cold, Hunger, Prisons, Ills without a Cure,  
' All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure:  
' Or does your Justice, Pow'r, or Prescience fail,  
' When the Good suffer, and the Bad prevail?  
' What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,  
' If Fate, or giddy Fortune govern'd all?

' Nay,

Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate ;  
 Them, to pursue their Pleasures you create ;  
 We, bound by harder Laws, must curb our Will ;  
 And your Commands, not our Desires fulfil ;  
 Then when the Creature is unjustly slain,  
 Yet after Death, at least, he feels no Pain.  
 But Man in Life surcharg'd with Woe before,  
 Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.  
 A Serpent shoots his Sting at unaware ;  
 An ambush'd Thief forelays a Traveller :  
 The Man lies Murder'd, while the Thief and  
 One gains the Thickets, and one thrids the Brake. <sup>[Snake,</sup>  
 This let Divines decide ; but well I know,  
 Just, or unjust, I have my Share of Woe,  
 Through Saturn seated in a luckless Place,  
 And Juno's Wrath, that persecutes my Race ;  
 Of Mars and Venus in a Quartil, move  
 My Pangs of Jealousy for Arcite's Love.

Let Palamon oppress'd in Bondage mourn,  
 While to his exil'd Royal we return.

By this, the Sun declining from his Height,  
The Day had shorten'd to prolong the Night :  
The lengthen'd Night gave length of Misery  
Both to the Captive Lover, and the Free.  
For *Palamon* in endless Prison mourns,  
And *Arcite* forfeits Life if he returns.  
The Banish'd never hopes his Love to see,  
Nor hopes the Captive Lord his Liberty.  
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater Pains :  
One sees his Love, but cannot break his Chains :  
One freed, and all his Actions uncontroll'd,  
Beholds whate'er he wou'd, but what he wou'd be-  
Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell <sup>hold.</sup>  
What Fortune to the banish'd Knight befel.

When *Arcite* was to *Thebes* return'd again,  
The Loss of her he lov'd renew'd his Pain ;  
What cou'd be worse, than never more to see  
His Life, his Soul, his charming *Emily* ?  
He rav'd with all the Madness of Despair,  
He roar'd, he beat his Breast, he tore his Hair.



Dry Sorrow in his stupid Eyes appears,  
 For wanting Nourishment, he wanted Tears :  
 His Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets sink ;  
 Bereft of Sleep, he loaths his Meat and Drink :  
 He withers at his Heart, and looks as wan  
 As the pale Spectre of a murder'd Man :  
 That Pale turns Yellow, and his Face receives  
 The faded Hue of sapless Boxen Leaves :  
 In solitary Groves he makes his Moan,  
 Walks early out, and ever is alone.  
 Nor mix'd in Mirth, in youthful Pleasure shares,  
 But sighs when Songs and Instruments he hears :  
 His Spirits are so low, his Voice is drown'd,  
 He hears as from afar, or in a Swoon,  
 Like the deaf Murmurs of a distant Sound :  
 Uncomb'd his Locks, and squalid his Attire,  
 Unlike the Trim of Love and gay Desire ;  
 But full of museful Mopings, which preface  
 The Loss of Reason, and conclude in Rage.

This when he had endur'd a Year and more,  
 Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,  
 It happen'd once, that slumb'ring as he lay,  
 He dreamt (his Dream began at Break of Day)  
 That *Hermes* o'er his Head in Air appear'd,  
 And with soft Words his drooping Spirits cheer'd:  
 His Hat, adorn'd with Wings, disclos'd the God,  
 And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-compelling Rod;  
 Such as he seem'd, when at his Sire's Command  
 On *Argus*' Head he laid the Snaky Wand;  
 " Arise, he said, to conqu'ring *Athens* go,  
 " There Fate appoints an End to all thy Woe."  
 The Fright awaken'd *Arcite* with a Start,  
 Against his Bosom bounc'd his heaving Heart;  
 But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd Breath,  
 " And thither will I go, to meet my Death,  
 " Sure to be slain; but Death is my Desire,  
 " Since in *Emilia*'s Sight I shall expire."  
 By Chance he spy'd a Mirrour while he spoke,  
 And gazing there, beheld his alter'd Look;

Wond'ring,

Wond'ring, he saw his Features and his Hue  
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he knew.

A sudden Thought then starting in his Mind,

" Since I in *Arise* cannot *Arise* find,

" The World may search in vain with all their Eyes,

" But never penetrate thro' this Disguise.

" Thanks to the Change which Grief and Sickness

" In low Estate I may securely live, <sup>[give;</sup>

" And see unknown my Mistress Day by Day."

He said; and cloth'd himself in coarse Array:

A lab'ring Hind in shew: Then forth he went,

And to th' *Athenian* Tow'rs his Journey bent:

One Squire attended in the same Disguise,

Made conscious of his Master's Enterprize.

Arriv'd at *Athens*, soon he came to Court,

Unknown, unquesti'd in that thick Resort;

Proff'ring for Hire his Service at the Gate,

To drudge, draw Water, and to run or wait.

So fair befel him, that for little Gain

He serv'd at first *Emilia's* Chamberlain;

And

And watchful all Advantages to spy,  
Was still at Hand, and in his Master's Eye;  
And as his Bones were big and Sinews strong,  
Refus'd no Toil that cou'd to Slaves belong;  
But from deep Wells with Engines Water drew,  
And us'd his noble Hands the Wood to hew.  
He pass'd a Year at least attending thus  
On *Emily*, and call'd *Philoftratus*.  
But never was there Man of his Degree  
So much esteem'd, so well-belov'd as he.  
So gentle of Condition was he known,  
That through the Court his Courtesy was blown:  
All think him worthy of a greater Place;  
And recommend him to the Royal Grace;  
That exercis'd within a higher Sphere,  
His Virtues more conspicuous might appear.  
Thus by the gen'ral Voice was *Arcite* prais'd,  
And by great *Theseus* to high Favour rais'd;  
Among his Menial Servants first enroll'd,  
And largely entertain'd with Sums of Gold:

Besides

Besides what secretly from *Thebes* was sent,  
Of his own Income, and his annual Rent.  
This well employ'd, he purchas'd Friends and Fame,  
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.  
Thus for three Years he liv'd with large Increase,  
In Arms of Honor, and Esteem in Peace;  
To *Theseus*' Person he was ever near;  
And *Theseus* for his Virtues held him dear.

While *Arcite* lives in Bliss, the Story turns  
Where hopeless *Palamon* in Prison mourns:  
For six long Years immur'd, the Captive Knight  
Had dragg'd his Chains, and scarcely seen the Light:  
Lost Liberty and Love at once he bore:  
His Prison pain'd him much, his Passion more,  
Nor dares he hope his Fetters to remove,  
Nor ever wishes to be free from Love.

But when the Sixth revolving Year was run,  
And *May* within the Twins receiv'd the Sun,  
Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny,  
Which forms in Causes first, whate'er shall be,



Assisted by a Friend one Moonless Night,  
 This *Palamon* from Prison took his Flight:  
 A pleasant Beverage he prepar'd before  
 Of Wine and Honey mix'd, with added Store  
 Of *Opium*; to his Keeper this he brought,  
 Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy Draught,  
 And snor'd secure till Morn, his Senses bound  
 In Slumber, and in long Oblivion drown'd.  
 Short was the Night, and careful *Palamon*  
 Sought the next Cover e're the Rising Sun.  
 A thick-spread Forest near the City lay,  
 To this with lengthen'd Strides he took his Way,  
 (For far he cou'd not fly, and fear'd the Day.)  
 Safe from Pursuit, he meant to shun the Light,  
 Till the brown Shadows of the friendly Night  
 To *Thebes* might favour his intended Flight.  
 When to his Country come, his next Design  
 Was all the *Theban* Race in Arms to join,  
 And war on *Thebes*, till he lost his Life,  
 Or won the beauteous *Emily* to Wife.

Thus while his Thoughts the ling'ring Day  
To gentle *Arcite* let us turn our Stile, <sup>[beguile,</sup>  
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to Care,  
Till treach'rous Fortune caught him in the Share.  
The Morning-Lark, the Messenger of Day,  
Saluted in her Song the Morning gray,  
And soon the Sun arose with Beams so bright,  
That all th' Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous Sight;  
He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews,  
And licks the drooping Leaves, and dries the Dews;  
When *Arcite* left his Bed, resolv'd to pay  
Observance to the Month of merry May:  
Forth on his fiery Steed betimes he rode,  
That scarcely prints the Turf on which he trod:  
At ease he seem'd, and prancing o'er the Plains,  
Turn'd only to the Grove his Horse's Reins,  
The Grove I nam'd before, and lighting there,  
A Woodbind Garland sought to crown his Hair;  
Then turn'd his Face against the rising Day,  
And rais'd his Voice to welcome in the May.

“ For

" For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries  
 [wear,  
 " If not the first, the fairest of the Year :  
 " For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,  
 " And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs :  
 " When thy short Reign is past, the Fev'rish Sun  
 " The sultry Tropick fears, and moves more slowly  
 [on.  
 " So may thy tender Blossoms fear no Blite,  
 " Not Goats with venom'd Teeth thy Tendrils bite,  
 " As thou shalt guide my wand'ring Feet to find  
 " The fragrant Greens I seek, my Brows to bind."

His Vows address'd, within the Grove he stray'd,  
 Till Fate, or Fortune, near the Place convey'd  
 His Steps where secret *Palamon* was laid.  
 Full little thought of him the gentle Knight,  
 Who flying Death had there conceal'd his Flight,  
 In Brakes and Brambles hid, and shunning Mortal  
 [Sight.  
 And less he knew him for his hated Foe,  
 But fear'd him as a Man he did not know.  
 But as it has been said of ancient Years,  
 That Fields are full of Eyes, and Woods have Ears:

For

For this the Wife are ever on their Guard,  
 For Unforeseen, they say, is Unprepar'd.  
 Uncautious *Arcite* thought himself alone,  
 And less than all suspected *Palamon*,  
 Who list'ning heard him, while he search'd the  
 Grove,  
 And loudly sung his Roundelay of Love.  
 But on the sudden stopp'd and silent stood,  
 (As Lovers often muse, and change their Mood ;)  
 Now high as Heav'n, and then as low as Hell ;  
 Now up, now down, as Buckets in a Well :  
 For *Venus*, like her Day, will change her Cheer,  
 And seldom shall we see a *Friday* clear.  
 Thus *Arcite* having sung, with alter'd Hue  
 Sunk on the Ground, and from his Bosom drew  
 A desp'rate Sigh, accusing Heav'n and Fate,  
 And angry *Juno's* unrelenting Hate.  
 " Curs'd be the Day when first I did appear ;  
 " Let it be blotted from the Calendar,  
 " Lest it pollute the Month, and poison all the  
 [Year.

" Still

- " Still, will the jealous Queen pursue our Race?  
 " *Cadmus* is dead, the *Theban* City was:  
 " Yet ceases not her Hate: For all who come  
 " From *Cadmus*, are involv'd in *Cadmus'* Doom.  
 " I suffer for my Blood: Unjust Decree!  
 " That punishes another's Crime on me.  
 " In mean Estate I serve my mortal Foe,  
 " The Man who caus'd my Country's Overthrow.  
 " This is not all; for *Juno*, to my Shame,  
 " Has forc'd me to forsake my former Name;  
 " *Arcite* I was, *Philostratus* I am.  
 " That Side of Heaven is all my Enemy:  
 " *Mars* ruin'd *Thebes*; his Mother ruin'd me.  
 " Of all the Royal Race remains but one  
 " Beside myself, th' unhappy *Palamon*,  
 " Whom *Theseus* holds in Bonds, and will not free;  
 " Without a Crime, except his Kin to me.  
 " Yet these, and all the rest I cou'd endure;  
 " But Love's a Malady without a Cure:

" Fierce



" Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery Dart,  
 " He fries within, and hisses at my Heart;  
 " Your Eyes, fair *Emily*, my Fate pursue;  
 " I suffer for the rest; I die for you;  
 " Of such a Godless Time leaves Record,  
 " Who burn'd the Temple where she was ador'd:  
 " And let it burn, I never will complain,  
 " Pleas'd with my Sufferings, if you knew my  
 [Pain.]  
 " At this a sickly Qualm his Heart assail'd,  
 His Ears ring inward, and his Senses fail'd.  
 No Word mis'd *Palamon* of all he spoke,  
 But soon to deadly Pale he chang'd his Look:  
 He trembled ev'ry Limb, and felt a Smart,  
 As if cold Steel had glided through his Heart;  
 Nor longer staid, but starting from his Place,  
 Discover'd stood, and show'd his hostile Face:  
 " False Traitor *Arise*, Traitor to thy Blood,  
 " Bound by thy sacred Oath to seek my Good,  
 " Now art thou found forsworn, for *Emily*;  
 " And dar'st attempt her Love, for whom I die.

- ' So hast thou cheated *Theseus* with a Wile,  
 ' Against thy Vow, returning to beguile  
 ' Under a borrow'd Name: As false to me,  
 ' So false thou art to him that set thee free:  
 ' But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,  
 ' Or else renounce thy Claim in *Emily*.  
 ' For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by Chance)  
 ' Am here without my Sword, or pointed Lance:  
 ' Hope not, base Man, unquestion'd hence to go,  
 ' For I am *Palamon*, thy mortal Foe.

*Arcite*, who heard his Tale, and knew the Man,  
 His Sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began:

- " Now by the Gods, who govern Heav'n above,  
 " Wert thou not weak with Hunger, mad with  
 " That Word had been thy last, or in this Grove <sup>[Love,</sup>  
 " This Hand should force thee to renounce thy Love.  
 " The Surety which I gave thee, I defy: }  
 " Fool, not to know that Love endures no Tie, }  
 " And *Jove* but laughs at Lovers Perjury. }

" Know,

" Know, I will serve the Fair in thy despite ;  
 " But since thou art my Kinsman, and a Knight,  
 " Here, have my Faith, to-morrow in this Grove  
 " Our Arms shall plead the Titles of our Love :  
 " And Heav'n so help my Right, as I alone  
 " Will come, and keep the Cause and Quarrel both  
 " With Arms of Proof both for myself and thee ;  
 " Choose thou the Best, and leave the Worst to me.  
 " And, that a better Ease thou may'st abide,  
 " Bedding and Cloaths I will this Night provide,  
 " And needful Sustenance, that thou may'st be  
 " A Conquest better won, and worthy me."

His Promise *Palamon* accepts ; but pray'd,  
 To keep it better than the first he made.

Thus fair they parted till the Morrow's Dawn,  
 For each had laid his plighted Faith to pawn.  
 Oh Love ! Thou sternly dost thy Pow'r maintain,  
 And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign,  
 Tyrants and thou all Fellowship disdain.

This was in *Arcite* prov'd, and *Palamon*,  
Both in Despair, yet each wou'd love alone.

*Arcite* return'd, and, as in Honor ty'd,  
His Foe with Bedding, and with Food supply'd;  
Then, e're the Day, two Suits of Armour fought,  
Which borne before him on his Steed he brought:  
Both were of shining Steel, and wrought so pure,  
As might the Strokes of two such Arms endure.  
Now, at the Time, and in th' appointed Place,  
The Challenger, and Challeng'd, Face to Face,  
Approach; each other from afar they knew,  
And from afar their Hatred chang'd their Hue.  
So stands the *Thracian* Herdsman with his Spear,  
Full in the Gap, and hopes the hunted Bear,  
And hears him rustling in the Wood, and sees  
His Course at Distance by the bending Trees;  
And thinks, Here comes my mortal Enemy,  
And either he must fall in Fight, or I:  
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his Dart;  
A gen'rous Chilness seizes ev'ry Part;  
The Veins pour back the Blood, and fortify the  
[Heart.

Thus pale they meet; their Eyes with Fury  
 None greets; for none the Greeting will return;  
 But in dumb Surliness, each arm'd with Care  
 His Foe profess, as Brother of the War:  
 Then both, no Moment lost, at once advance  
 Against each other, arm'd with Sword and Lance:  
 They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore  
 Their Corsets, and the thinnest Parts explore.  
 Thus two long Hours in equal Arms they stood,  
 And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in  
 And not a Foot of Ground had either got,  
 As if the World depended on the Spot.  
 Fell *Arcite* like an angry Tiger far'd,  
 And like a Lion *Palamon* appear'd:  
 Or as two Boats whom Love to Battle draws,  
 With rising Bristles, and with frothy Jaws,  
 Their adverse Breasts with Tusks oblique they  
 With Grunts and Groans the Forest rings around.  
 So fought the Knights, and fighting must abide,  
 Till Fate an Umpire sends their Difference to decide.



The Pow'r that ministers to God's Decrees,  
 And executes on Earth what Heav'n foresees,  
 Call'd Providence, or Chance, or fatal Sway,  
 Comes with resistless Force, and finds or makes her  
 Nor Kings, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r, <sup>[Way,</sup>  
 One Moment can retard th'appointed Hour.  
 And some one Day, some wond'rous Chance ap-  
 Which happen'd not in Centuries of Years: <sup>[pears,</sup>  
 For sure, whate'er we Mortals hate, or love,  
 Or hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above;  
 They move our Appetites to Good or Ill,  
 And by Foresight necessitate the Will.

In *Theseus* this appears; whose youthful Joy  
 Was Beasts of Chase in Forests to destroy;  
 This gentle Knight, inspir'd by jolly May,  
 Forsook his easy Couch at early Day,  
 And to the Wood and Wilds pursu'd his Way.  
 Beside him rode *Hippolita* the Queen,  
 And *Emily* attir'd in lively Green:

With

With Horns, and Hounds, and all the tuneful Cry,  
To hunt a Royal Hart within the Covert nigh:  
And as he follow'd *Mars* before, so now  
He serves the Goddess of the Silver Bow.  
The Way that *Theseus* took was to the Wood,  
Where the two Knights in cruel Battle stood:  
The Lawn on which they fought, th' appointed  
In which th' uncoupled Hounds began the Chace.  
Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the Prey,  
That shaded by the Fern in Harbour lay;  
And thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the Wood,  
For open Fields, and cross the Crystal Flood.  
Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun,  
He saw proud *Arcite*, and fierce *Palamon*,  
In mortal Battle doubling Blow on Blow,  
Like Light'ning flam'd their Fauchions to and fro,  
And shot a dreadful Gleam; so strong they struck,  
There seem'd less Force requir'd to fell an Oak:  
He gaz'd with Wonder on their equal Might,  
Look'd eager on, but knew not either Knight:

Resolv'd to learn, he spur'd his fiery Steed  
 With goring Rowels, to provoke his Speed  
 The Minute ended that began the Race,  
 So soon he was betwixt 'em on the Place  
 And with his Sword unsheath'd, on pain of Life  
 Commands both Combatants to cease their Strife  
 Then with imperious Tone pursues his Threat :

"What are you? Why in Arms together met?"

"How dares your Pride presume against my Laws,

"As in a list'd Field to fight your Cause?"

"Unask'd the Royal Grant, no Marshal by,

"As Knightly Rites require, nor Judge to try?"

Then *Palamon*, with scarce-recover'd Breath,  
 Thus hasty spoke : "We both deserve the Death,  
 ' And both wou'd die, for look the World around,  
 ' A Pair so wretched is not to be found.  
 ' Our Life's a Load, encumber'd with the Charge,  
 ' We long to set th'imprison'd Soul at large.  
 ' Now as thou art a Sov'reign Judge, decree  
 ' The rightful Doom of Death to him and me,  
 ' Let neither find thy Grace, for Grace is Cruelty."

‘ Me first, O kill me first; and cure my Woe;  
‘ Then sheath the Sword of Justice on my Foe,  
‘ Or kill him first; for when his Name is heard,  
‘ He foremost will receive his due Reward.  
‘ *Arcite* of *Thebes* is he; thy mortal Foe,  
‘ On whom thy Grace did Liberty bestow,  
‘ But first contracted, that if ever found  
‘ By Day or Night upon th’ *Athenian* Ground,  
‘ His Head should pay the Forfeit: See return’d  
‘ The perjur’d Knight, his Oath and Honor scorn’d  
‘ For this is he, who with a borrow’d Name  
‘ And proffer’d Service to thy Palace came,  
‘ Now call’d *Philoftratus*: Retain’d by thee,  
‘ A Traitor trusted, and in high Degree,  
‘ Aspiring to the Bed of beauteous *Emily*.  
‘ My Part remains: From *Thebes* my Birth I own,  
‘ And call myself th’ unhappy *Palamon*.  
‘ Think me not like that Man; since no Disgrace  
‘ Can force me to renounce the Honor of my Race.

‘ Know

- ' Know me for what I am : I broke thy Chain,  
 ' Nor promis'd I thy Pris'ner to remain :  
 ' The Love of Liberty with Life is giv'n,  
 ' And Life itself th'inferior Gift of Heav'n.  
 ' Thus without Crime I fled ; but farther know,  
 ' I with this *Arcite* am thy mortal Foe :  
 ' Then give me Death, since I thy Life pursue,  
 ' For Safeguard of thyself, Death is my Due.  
 ' More wou'dst thou know ? I love bright *Emily*,  
 ' And for her Sake and in her Sight will die :  
 ' But kill my Rival too ; for he no less  
 ' Deserves ; and I thy righteous Doom will bless,  
 ' Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess.

To this reply'd the stern *Athenian* Prince,  
 And sourly smil'd : " In owning your Offence  
 " You judge your self ; and I but keep Record  
 " In place of Law, while you pronounce the Word.  
 " Take your Desert, the Death you have decreed ;  
 " I seal your Doom, and ratify the Deed,

" By



“ By *Mars*, the Patron of my Arms you die.”

He said; dumb Sorrow seiz'd the Standers-by.

The Queen above the rest, by Nature good,

(The Pattern form'd of perfect Womanhood)

For tender Pity wept: When she began,

Through the bright Quire th' infectious Virtue ran.

All dropp'd their Tears, ev'n the contended Maid:

And thus among themselves they softly said:

‘ What Eyes can suffer this unworthy Sight!

‘ Two Youths of Royal Blood, renown'd in Fight,

‘ The Mastership of Heav'n in Face and Mind,

‘ And Lovers, far beyond their faithless Kind:

‘ See their wide streaming Wounds; they neither

‘ For Pride of Empire, nor Desire of Fame: <sup>[came]</sup>

‘ Kings fight for Kingdoms, Madmen for Applause;

‘ But Love for Love alone; that crowns the Lover's

This Thought, which ever bribes the beauteous <sup>[Cause.]</sup>

Such Pity wrought in ev'ry Lady's Mind, <sup>[Kind]</sup>

They left their Steeds, and prostrate on the Place,

From the fierce King, implor'd th' Offenders Grace.

He

He paus'd a while, stood silent in his Mood;  
 (For yet, his Rage was boiling in his Blood)  
 But soon his tender Mind th' Impression felt,  
 (As softest Metals are not slow to melt,  
 And Pity soonest runs in gentle Minds)  
 Then reasons with himself; and first he finds  
 His Passion cast a Mist before his Sense,  
 And either made, or magnify'd th' Offence.  
 Offence! of what? to whom? Who judg'd the Cause?  
 The Pris'ner freed himself by Nature's Laws:  
 Born free, he fought his Right: The Man he freed  
 Was perjur'd, but his Love excus'd the Deed:  
 Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his Eyes,  
 And saw the Womens Tears, and heard their Cries;  
 Which mov'd Compassion more: he shook his Head,  
 And softly sighing, to himself he said:  
 "Curse on th' unpard'ning Prince, whom Tears  
 To no Remorse, who rules by Lions Law;  
 "And deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submission bow'd,  
 "Rends all alike, the Penitent and Proud."

At

At this, with Look serene, he rais'd his Head.  
Reason resum'd her Place, and Passion fled:  
Then thus aloud he spoke: "The Pow'r of Love,  
" In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n above,  
" Rules, unresisted, with an awful Nod;  
" By daily Miracles, declar'd a God:  
" He blinds the Wife, gives Eye-sight to the Blind;  
" And moulds and stamps anew the Lover's Mind.  
" Behold that *Arcite*, and this *Palamon*,  
" Freed from my Fetters, and in Safety gone,  
" What hinder'd either in their native Soil,  
" At Ease to reap the Harvest of their Toil?  
" But Love, their Lord, did otherwise ordain,  
" And brought them in their own Despite again,  
" To suffer Death deserv'd; for well they know,  
" 'Tis in my Pow'r, and I their deadly Foe:  
" The Proverb holds, That to be wise and love,  
" Is hardly granted to the Gods above.  
" See how the Madmen bleed! Behold the Gains  
" With which their Master, Love, rewards their

[Pains:

" For

- " For sev'n long Years, on Duty ev'ry Day,  
 " Lo their Obedience, and their Monarch's Pay!  
 " Yet, as in Duty bound, they serve him on;  
 " And ask the Fools, they think it wisely done:  
 " Nor Ease, nor Wealth, nor Life itself regard,  
 " For 'tis their Maxim, Love is Love's Reward.  
 " This is not all; the Fair for whom they strove,  
 " Nor knew before, nor could suspect their Love,  
 " Nor thought, when she beheld the Fight from  
 " Her Beauty was th' Occasion of the War. <sup>[far,</sup>  
 " But sure a gen'ral Doom on Man is cast,  
 " And all are Fools and Lovers, first or last:  
 " This both by others and myself I know,  
 " For I have serv'd their Sovereign long ago.  
 " Oft have been caught within the winding Train  
 " Of Female Snares, and felt the Lover's Pain,  
 " And learn'd how far the God can Human  
 " To this Remembrance, and the Prayers of those  
 " Who for th' offending Warriors interpose,  
 " I give

“ I give their forfeit Lives ; on this Accord,  
 “ To do me Homage as their Sov'reign Lord ;  
 “ And as my Vassals, to their utmost Might,  
 “ Assist my Person, and assert my Right.”

This, freely sworn, the Knights their Grace obtain'd,  
 Then thus the King his secret Thoughts explain'd :

“ If Wealth, or Honor, or a Royal Race,  
 “ Or each, or all, may win a Lady's Grace,  
 “ Then either of you Knights may well deserve  
 “ A Princess born ; and such is she you serve,  
 “ For *Emily* is Sister to the Crown,  
 “ And but too well to both her Beauty known :  
 “ But thou'd you combat till you both were dead,  
 “ Two Lovers cannot share a single Bed :  
 “ As therefore both are equal in Degree,  
 “ The Lot of both be left to Destiny.  
 “ Now hear th'Award, and happy may it prove  
 “ To her, and him who best deserves her Love.  
 “ Depart from hence in Peace, and free as Air,  
 “ Search the wide World, and where you please re-  
 [pair ;  
 “ But



112 PALAMON and ARSITE: Or,

" But on the Day when this returning Sun  
" To the same Point through ev'ry Sign has run,  
" Then each of you his Hundred Knights shall bring,  
" In Royal Lists, to fight before the King;  
" And then the Knight, whom Fate or happy  
" Shall with his Friends to Victory advance, [Chance  
" And grace his Arms so far in equal Fight,  
" From out the Bars to force his Opposite,  
" Or kill, or make him Recreant on the Plain,  
" The Prize of Valour and of Love shall gain;  
" The vanquish'd Party shall their Claim release,  
" And the long Jars conclude in lasting Peace.  
" The Charge be mine to adorn the chosen Ground,  
" The Theatre of War, for Champions so renown'd;  
" And take the Patron's Place of either Knight,  
" With Eyes impartial to behold the Fight;  
" And Heav'n of me so judge, as I shall judge  
" If both are satisfy'd with this Accord, [right;  
" Swear by the Laws of Knighthood on my Sword."  
" Who

Who now but *Palamon* exults with Joy?  
 And ravish'd *Arcite* seems to touch the Sky:  
 The whole assembled Troop was pleas'd as well,  
 Extol'd th'Award, and on their Knees they fell  
 To bless the gracious King. The Knights with  
 Departing from the Place, his last Commands re-  
 On *Emily* with equal Ardor look,  
 And from her Eyes their Inspiration took.  
 From thence to *Thebes*' old Walls pursue their Way,  
 Each to provide his Champions for the Day.

It might be deem'd on our Historian's Part,  
 Or too much Negligence, or want of Art,  
 If he forgot the vast Magnificence  
 Of Royal *Theseus*, and his large Expence.  
 He first inclos'd for Lists a level Ground,  
 The whole Circumference a Mile around:  
 The Form was Circular; and all without  
 A Trench was sunk, to moat the Place about.  
 Within, an Amphitheatre appear'd,  
 Rais'd in Degrees; to sixty Paces rear'd:

H

That

That when a Man was plac'd in one Degree,  
Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a Gate of Marble white ;  
The like adorn'd the Western opposite.  
A nobler Object than this Fabrick was,  
*Rome* never saw ; nor of so vast a Space.  
For, rich with Spoils of many a conquer'd Land,  
All Arts and Artists *Theseus* could command ;  
Who sold for Hire, or wrought for better Fame ;  
The Master-Painters and the Carvers came.  
So rose within the Compass of a Year  
An Age's Work, a glorious Theatre.  
Then o'er its Eastern Gate was rais'd above  
A Temple, sacred to the Queen of Love ;  
An Altar stood below : On either Hand  
A Priest with Roses crown'd, who held a Myrtle  
The Dome of *Mars* was on the Gate oppos'd,  
And on the North a Turret was inclos'd,  
Within the Wall, of Alabaster white,  
And Crimson Coral, for the Queen of Night,  
Who takes in Sylvan Sports her chaste Delight.

[Wand.]

}

Within these Oratories might you see  
Rich Carvings, Pourtraitures, and Imag'ry:  
Where ev'ry Figure to the Life express'd  
The Godhead's Pow'r to whom it was address'd.  
In *Venus*' Temple, on the Sides were seen  
The broken Slumbers of enamour'd Men:  
Pray'rs that ev'n spoke, and Pity seem'd to call,  
And issuing Sighs that smok'd along the Wall.  
Complaints, and hot Desires, the Lover's Hell,  
And scalding Tears, that wore a Channel where  
And all around were Nuptial Bonds, the Ties <sup>[they fell:]</sup>  
Of Love's Assurance, and a Train of Lies, }  
That, made in Lust, conclude in Perjuries.  
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,  
And spritely Hope, and short-enduring Joy;  
And Sorceries to raise th' Infernal Pow'rs,  
And Sigils fram'd in Planetary Hours:  
Expence, and After-thought, and idle Care,  
And Doubts of motly Hue, and dark Despair:

Suspicions, and fantastical Surmise,  
 And Jealousy suffus'd, with Jaundice in her Eyes;  
 Discolouring all she view'd, in Tawny dress'd;  
 Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fist.  
 Oppos'd to her, on t'other Side advance  
 The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance,  
 Minstrels and Musick, Poetry and Play,  
 And Balls by Night, and Tournaments by Day.  
 All these were painted on the Wall, and more;  
 With Acts and Monuments of Times before;  
 And others added by Prophetick Doom,  
 And Lovers yet unborn, and Loves to come:  
 For there, th' *Idalian* Mount, and *Citheron*,  
 The Court of *Venus*, was in Colours drawn:  
 Before the Palace-Gate, in careless Dress,  
 And loose Array, sat Portress Idleness:  
 There, by the Fount, *Narcissus* pin'd alone;  
 There *Sampson* was; with wiser *Solomon*,  
 And all the mighty Names by Love undone.

Medea's



*Medea's Charms* were there, *Circean Feasts*,  
 With Bowls that turn'd enamour'd Youths to Beasts:  
 Here might be seen, that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,  
 And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit:  
 The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid;  
 And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd.  
 The Goddess' self, some noble Hand had wrought;  
 Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing Thought:  
 From Ocean as she first began to rise,  
 And smooth'd the ruff'd Seas, and clear'd the Skies,  
 She trod the Brine all bare below the Breast,  
 And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the rest;  
 A Lute she held; and on her Head was seen  
 A Wreath of Roses red, and Myrtles green;  
 Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above;  
 And by his Mother, stood an Infant-Love,  
 With Wings unfledg'd; his Eyes were banded  
 His Hands a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore,  
 Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a deadly

But in the Dome of mighty *Mars* the Red,  
With diff'rent Figures all the Sides were spread :  
This Temple, less in Form, with equal Grace  
Was imitative of the first in *Thrace* :  
For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,  
And Sov'reign Mansion of the Warrior-God.  
The Landscape was a Forest wide and bare ;  
Where neither Beast, nor Human-kind repair ;  
The Fowl, that scent afar, the Borders fly,  
And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about the Sky.  
A Cake of Scurflies baking on the Ground,  
And prickly Stubs, instead of Trees are found ;  
Or Woods with Knots and Knares deform'd and old ;  
Headless the most, and hideous to behold :  
A ratling Tempest through the Branches went,  
That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole Way they bent.  
Heav'n froze above, severe, the Clouds congeal,  
And thro' the Crystal Vault appear'd the standing  
Such was the Face without, a Mountain stood <sup>[Hail.</sup>  
Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the Wood :

Beneath

Beneath the low'ring Brow, and on a Bent,  
The Temple stood of *Mars* Armipotent;  
The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a Glare  
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing Air.  
A strait, long Entry, to the Temple led,  
Blind with high Walls; and Horror over Head:  
Thence issued such a Blast and hollow Rore,  
As threaten'd from the Hinge to heave the Door;  
In, through that Door, a Northern Light there shone;  
'Twas all it had, for Windows there were none.  
The Gate was Adamant; Eternal Frame!  
Which hew'd by *Mars* himself, from *Indian Quar-*  
The Labour of a God; and all along [ries came,  
Tough Iron Plates were clench'd to make it strong.  
A Tun about was ev'ry Pillar there;  
A polish'd Mirror shone not half so clear.  
There saw I how the secret Felon wrought,  
And Treason lab'ring in the Traitor's Thought;  
And Midwife Time the ripen'd Plot to Murder }  
[brought.  
There,

There, the Red Anger dar'd the Pallid Fear;  
 Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy Leer:  
 Soft, smiling, and demurely looking down;  
 But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown;  
 Th' assassinating Wife, the Household Fiend;  
 And far the blackest there, the Traitor-Friend.  
 On t'other Side, there stood Destruction bare,  
 Unpunish'd Rapine, and a Waste of War.  
 Contest, with sharpen'd Knives, in Cloisters drawn,  
 And all with Blood bespread the holy Lawn.  
 Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,  
 And bawling Infamy, in Language base;  
 Till Sense was lost in Sound, and Silence fled the  
 The Slayer of himself yet saw I there, }  
[Place.  
 The Gore congeal'd was clotted in his Hair:  
 With Eyes half clos'd, and gaping Mouth he lay,  
 And grim, as when he breath'd his Sullen Soul  
[away.  
 In midst of all the Dome, Misfortune sat,  
 And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate.

And

And Madneſs laughing in his ireful Mood;  
 And arm'd Complaint on Theft; and Cries of Blood;  
 There was the murder'd Corps, in Covert laid,  
 And Violent Death in thouſand Shapes display'd:  
 The City to the Soldier's Rage reſign'd:  
 Succeſſleſs Wars, and Poverty behind:  
 Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on Rocky Shores,  
 And the raſh Hunter ſtrangled by the Boars;  
 The new-born Babe by Nurſes overlaid;  
 And the Cook caught, within the Raging Fire he  
 All Ills of *Mars* his Nature, Flame and Steel; <sup>[made,</sup>  
 The gasping Charioteer, beneath the Wheel  
 Of his own Car; the ruin'd Houſe that falls  
 And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls:  
 The whole Diviſion that to *Mars* pertains,  
 All Trades of Death, that deal in Steel for Gains,  
 Were there: The Butcher, Armourer, and Smith,  
 Who forges ſharpen'd Fauchions, or the Scythe.  
 The ſcarlet Conqueſt on a Tow'r was plac'd,  
 With Shouts, and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd:

A pointed



A pointed Sword hung threat'ning o'er his Head,  
Sustain'd but by a slender Twine of Thread.

There saw I *Mars* his *Ides*, the *Capitol*,

The Seer in vain foretelling *Cæsar's* Fall,

The last *Triumvirs*, and the Wars they move,

And *Antony*, who lost the World for Love.

These and a thousand more, the Fane adorn ;

Their Fates were painted e're the Men were born,

All copy'd from the Heav'ns and ruling Force

Of the red Star, in his revolving Course.

The Form of *Mars* high on a Chariot stood,

All sheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the God :

Two Geomantick Figures were display'd

Above his Head, a † Warrior and a Maid,

One when direct, and one when Retrograde.

Tir'd with Deformities of Death, I haste

To the third Temple of *Diana* chaste ;

A Sylvan Scene with various Greens was drawn,

Shades on the Sides, and on the midst a Lawn :

† Rubeus and Puella.

The

The Silver *Cynthia*, with her Nymphs around,  
Pursued the flying Deer, the Woods with Horns  
*Calisto* there stood manifest of Shame,  
And turn'd a Bear, the Northern Star became :  
Her Son was next, and by peculiar Grace  
In the cold Circle held the second Place :  
The Stag *Acteon* in the Stream had spy'd  
The naked Huntress, and, for seeing, dy'd :  
His Hounds, unknowing of his Change, pursue  
The Chace, and their mistaken Master flew.  
*Peneian Daphne* too was there to see,  
*Apollo's* Love before, and now his Tree :  
Th' adjoining Fane th' assembled *Greeks* express'd,  
And hunting of the *Caledonian* Beast.  
*Oenides'* Valour, and his envy'd Prize;  
The fatal Pow'r of *Atalanta's* Eyes ;  
*Diana's* Vengeance on the Victor shown,  
The Murther's Mother, and consuming Son.  
The *Volcian* Queen extended on the Plain ;  
The Treason punish'd, and the Traitor slain.

The

The rest were various Huntings, well design'd,  
 And Savage Beasts destroy'd, of every Kind,  
 The graceful Goddess was array'd in Green;  
 About her Feet were little Beagles seen,  
 That watch'd with upward Eyes the Motions of  
 Her Legs were Buskin'd, and the Left before,  
 In act to shoot, a Silver Bow she bore,  
 And at her Back a painted Quiver wore.  
 She trod a waxing Moon, that soon wou'd wane,  
 And drinking borrow'd Light, be fill'd again:  
 With down-cast Eyes, as seeming to survey  
 The dark Dominions, her alternate Sway.  
 Before her stood a Woman in her Throes,  
 And call'd *Lucina's* Aid, her Burden to disclose.  
 All these the Painter drew with such Command,  
 That Nature snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,  
 Asham'd and angry that his Art cou'd feign  
 And mend the Tortures of a Mother's Pain.  
*Theseus* beheld the Fanes of ev'ry God,  
 And thought his mighty Cost was well bestow'd.

So Princes now their Poets should regard;  
But few can write, and fewer can reward.

The Theatre thus rais'd, the Lifts enclos'd,  
And all with vast Magnificence dispos'd,  
We leave the Monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring  
The Knights to Combate; and their Arms to sing.

The Day approach'd, when Fortune shou'd decide  
Th' important Enterprize, and give the Bride;  
For now, the Rivals round the World had sought,  
And each his Number, well-appointed, brought.  
The Nations, far and near, contend in Choice,  
And send the Flow'r of War by publick Voice;  
That after, or before, were never known  
Such Chiefs; as each an Army seem'd alone.  
Besides the Champions; all of high Degree,  
Who Knight-hood lov'd and Deeds of Chivalry,  
Throng'd to the Lifts, and envy'd to behold  
The Names of others, not their own, enroll'd.  
Nor seems it strange; for ev'ry Noble Knight,  
Who loves the Fair, and is endu'd with Might,  
In such a Quarrel wou'd be proud to fight.

There breathes not scarce a Man on *British* Ground  
(An Isle for Love and Arms of old renown'd)

But would have sold his Life to purchase Fame;

To *Palamon* or *Arcite* sent his Name:

And had the Land selected of the best;

Half had come hence, and let the World provide  
[the rest.]

A hundred Knights with *Palamon* there came,

Approv'd in Fight, and Men of mighty Name:

Their Arms were sev'ral, as their Nations were;

But furnish'd all alike with Sword and Spear.

Some wore Coat-armour, imitating Scale;

And next their Skins were stubborn Shirts of Mail.

Some wore a Breastplate and a light Jupon,

Their Horses cloath'd with rich Caparison:

Some for Defence would leathern Bucklers use,

Of folded Hides; and others Shields of Pruce,

One hung a Pole-axe at his Saddle-bow,

And one a heavy Mace, to shun the Foe:

One for his Legs and Knees provided well,

With *Jambeux* arm'd, and double Plates of Steel!

This



This on his Helmet wore a Lady's Glove,  
And that a Sleeve embroider'd by his Love.

With *Palamon*, above the rest in Place,  
*Lycurgus* came, the surly King of *Thrace*;  
Black was his Beard, and manly was his Face:  
The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head,  
And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red:  
He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Stare,  
And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair:  
Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews strong,  
Broad-shoulder'd, and his Arms were round and long.  
Four Milk-white Bulls (the *Thracian* Use of old)  
Were yok'd to draw his Car of burnish'd Gold.  
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield,  
Conspicuous from afar, and over-look'd the Field.  
His Surcoat was a Bear-skin on his Back;  
His Hair hung long behind, and glossy Raven-black.  
His ample Forehead bore a Coronet,  
With sparkling Diamonds, and with Rubies set:

Ten

Ten Brace, and more, of Greyhounds, snowy fair,  
 And tall as Stags, ran loose, and cours'd around  
 A Match for Pards in flight; in grappling, for the <sup>[his Chair,</sup>  
 With golden Muzzles all their Mouths were bound, <sup>[Bear.</sup>  
 And Collars of the same their Necks surround.

Thus thro' the Fields *Lycurgus* took his Way;

His hundred Knights attend in Pomp and proud <sup>[Array.</sup>

To match this Monarch, with strong *Arcite* came

*Emetrius* King of *Inde*, a mighty Name,

On a Bay Courser, goodly to behold,

The Trappings of his Horse emboss'd with barb'rous <sup>[Gold,</sup>

Not *Mars* bestrode a Steed with greater Grace;

His Surcoat o'er his Arms was Cloth of *Thrace*,

Adorn'd with Pearls, all Orient, round, and great;

His Saddle was of Gold with Em'rals set.

His Shoulders large a Mantle did attire,

With Rubies thick, and sparkling as the Fire:

His Amber-colour'd Locks in Ringlets run,

With graceful Negligence, and shone against the Sun,

His

His Nose was Aquiline, his Eyes were blue,  
Ruddy his Lips, and fresh and fair his Hue :  
Some sprinkled Freckles on his Face were seen,  
Whose Dusk set off the Whiteness of the Skin :  
His awful Presence did the Crowd surprize,  
Nor durst the rash Spectator meet his Eyes,  
Eyes that confess'd him born for Kingly Sway,  
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable Day.

His Age in Nature's youthful Prime appear'd,  
And just began to bloom his yellow Beard :  
Whene'er he spoke, his Voice was heard around,  
Loud as a Trumpet, with a Silver Sound.

A Laurel wreath'd his Temples, fresh, and green ;  
And Myrtle-sprigs, the Marks of Love, were mix'd  
Upon his Fift he bore, for his Delight,  
An Eagle well reclaim'd, and Lily-white.

His hundred Knights attend him to the War,  
All arm'd for Battle ; save their Heads were bare :  
Words and Devices blaz'd on ev'ry Shield,  
And pleasing was the Terror of the Field.

For Kings, and Dukes, and Barons you might see,  
Like sparkling Stars, though diff'rent in Degree,  
All for th' Increase of Arms, and Love of Chivalry.  
Before the King, tame Leopards led the Way,  
And Troops of Lions innocently play.  
So *Bacchus* through the conquer'd *Indies* rode,  
And Beasts in Gambols frisk'd before their honest  
[God.  
In this Array the War of either Side  
Through *Athens* pass'd with Military Pride.  
At Prime, they enter'd on the *Sunday Morn*;  
Rich Tap'stry spread the Streets, and Flow'rs the  
[Pots adorn.  
The Town was all a Jubilee of Feasts;  
So *Theseus* will'd, in Honor of his Guests,  
Himself with open Arms the King embrac'd,  
Then all the rest in their Degrees were grac'd.  
No Harbinger was needful for the Night,  
For ev'ry House was proud to lodge a Knight.

I pass the Royal Treat, nor must relate  
The Gifts bestow'd, nor how the Champions fate;

And pleasing was the Terror of the Field.

107

I

## Who

Who first, who last, or how the Knights address'd  
 Their Vows, or who was fairest at the Feast;  
 Whose Voice, whose graceful Danc'did most surprize,  
 Soft am'rous Sighs, and silent Love of Eyes,  
 The Rivals call my Muse another way,  
 To sing their Vigils for th'ensuing Day.

'Twas ebbing Darknes, past the Noon of Night;  
 And *Phosphor*, on the Confines of the Light,  
 Promis'd the Sun, e're Day began to spring;  
 The tuneful Lark already stretch'd her Wing,  
 And flick'ring on her Nest, made short Essays to  
 When wakeful *Palamon*, preventing Day, <sup>[sing:]</sup>  
 Took, to the Royal Lifts, his early way,  
 To *Venus*, at her Fane, in her own House, to pray.  
 There, falling on his Knees before her Shrine,  
 He thus implor'd with Pray'rs her Pow'r Divine.  
 ' Creator *Venus*, Genial Pow'r of Love,  
 ' The Bliss of Men below, and Gods above,  
 ' Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy Race,  
 ' Dost fairest shine, and best become thy Place.



' For thee the Winds their Eastern Blasts forbear,  
 ' Thy Month reveals the Spring, and opens all the  
 ' Thee, Goddess, thee the Storms of Winter fly, } <sup>[Year.</sup>  
 ' Earth smiles with Flow'rs renewing; laughs the }  
 ' And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes } <sup>[Sky,</sup>  
 ' For thee the Lion loaths the Taste of Blood, } <sup>[apply.</sup>  
 ' And roaring hunts his Female through the Wood:  
 ' For thee the Bulls rebellow through the Groves,  
 ' And tempt the Stream, and snuff their absent } <sup>[Loves.</sup>  
 ' 'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair: }  
 ' All Nature is thy Providence, Life thy Care; }  
 ' Thou mad'st the World, and dost the World } <sup>[repair.</sup>  
 ' Thou Gladder of the Mount of *Cytheron*,  
 ' Increase of *Jove*, Companion of the Sun;  
 ' If e'er *Adonis* touch'd thy tender Heart,  
 ' Have Pity, Goddess, for thou know'st the Smart.  
 ' Alas! I have not Words to tell my Grief;  
 ' To vent my Sorrow wou'd be some Relief:  
 ' Light Suff'rings give us Leisure to complain;  
 ' We groan, but cannot speak, in greater Pain.

' O Goddess, tell thyself what I wou'd say,  
 ' Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray,  
 ' So grant my Suit, as I enforce my Might,  
 ' In Love to be thy Champion and thy Knight ;  
 ' A Servant to thy Sex, a Slave to Thee,  
 ' A Foe profess't to barren Chastity.  
 ' Nor ask I Fame or Honor of the Field,  
 ' Nor chuse I more to vanquish than to yield:  
 ' In my Divine *Emilia* make me blest,  
 ' Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest :  
 ' Find thou the Manner, and the Means prepare ;  
 ' Possession, more than Conquest, is my Care,  
 ' *Mars* is the Warrior's God ; in him it lies,  
 ' On whom he favours to confer the Prize ;  
 ' With smiling Aspect you serenely move  
 ' In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love.  
 ' The Fates but only spin the coarser Clue,  
 ' The finest of the Wool is left for you.  
 ' Spare me but one small Portion of the Twine,  
 ' And let the Sisters cut below your Line :

' The rest among the Rubbish may they sweep,  
 ' Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's Heap.  
 ' But if you this ambitious Pray'r deny,  
 ' (A Wish, I grant, beyond Mortality)  
 ' Then let me sink beneath proud *Arcite's* Arms,  
 ' And I once dead, let him possess her Charms.'

Thus ended he ; then, with Observance due,  
 The sacred Incense on her Altar threw :  
 The curling Smoke mounts heavy from the Fires ;  
 At length it catches Flame, and in a Blaze expires ;  
 At once the gracious Goddess gave the Sign,  
 Her Statue shook, and trembled all the Shrine :  
 Pleas'd *Palamon* the tardy *Omen* took :  
 For, since the Flames pursu'd the trailing Smoke,  
 He knew his Boon was granted ; but the Day  
 To distance driv'n, and Joy adjourn'd with long

[Delay.]

Now Morn with Rosy Light had streak'd the Sky,  
 Up rose the Sun, and up rose *Emily* ;  
 Address'd her early Steps to *Cynthia's* Fane,  
 In State attended by her Maiden Train,

Who

Who bore the Vests that Holy Rites require,  
Incense, and od'rous Gums, and cover'd Fire,  
The plenteous Horns with pleasant Mead they crown,  
Nor wanted aught besides in Honor of the Moon.  
Now while the Temple smok'd with hallow'd Steam,  
They wash the Virgin in a living Stream;  
The secret Ceremonies I conceal:  
Uncouth; perhaps unlawful to reveal:  
But such they were as Pagan Use requir'd,  
Perform'd by Women when the Men retir'd,  
Whose Eyes profane, their chaste mysterious Rites  
Might turn to Scandal, or obscene Delights.  
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the rest,  
Things sacred they pervert, and Silence is the best.  
Her shining Hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,  
A Crown of Mastless Oak adorn'd her Head:  
When to the Shrine approach'd, the spotless Maid  
Had kindling Fires on either Altar laid:  
(The Rites were such as were observ'd of old,  
By Statius in his Theban Story told.)

136 PALAMON and ARCITE: Or,

Then kneeling, with her Hands across her Breast,

Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste Request;

' O Goddess, Haunter of the Woodland Green,

' To whom both Heav'n and Earth and Seas are seen;

' Queen of the nether Skies, where half the Year

' Thy Silver Beams descend, and light the gloomy

' Goddess of Maids, and conscious of our Hearts, <sup>[Sphere;</sup>

' So keep me from the Vengeance of thy Darts,

' Which *Niobe's* devoted Issue felt;

' When hissing thro' the Skies the feather'd Deaths

' As I desire to live a Virgin-Life, <sup>[were dealt :</sup>

' Nor know the Name of Mother, or of Wife.

' Thy Votress from my tender Years I am,

' And love, like thee, the Woods and Sylvan Game.

' Like Death, thou know'st I loath the Nuptial-

' And Man, the Tyrant of our Sex, I hate, <sup>[State,</sup>

' A lowly Servant, but a lofty Mate.

' Where Love is Duty, on the Female Side!

' On theirs meer sensual Gust, and sought with fury

<sup>[Pride.</sup>  
Now



' Now by thy triple Shape, as thou art seen  
' In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a Queen,  
' Grant this my first Desire; let Discord cease,  
' And make betwixt the Rivals lasting Peace:  
' Quench their hot Fire, or far from me remove  
' The Flame, and turn it on some other Love.  
' Or if my frowning Stars have so decreed,  
' That one may be rejected, one succeed,  
' Make him my Lord, within whose faithful Breast  
' Is fixt my Image, and who loves me best,  
' But, oh! ev'n that avert! I chuse it not,  
' But take it as the least unhappy Lot.  
' A Maid I am, and of thy Virgin Train;  
' Oh, let me still that spotless Name retain!  
' Frequent the Forests, thy chaste Will obey,  
' And only make the Beasts of Chaste my Prey!

The Flames ascend on either Altar clear,  
While thus the blameless Maid address'd her Pray'r.  
When lo! the burning Fire, that shone so bright,  
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd Light,

And

138 PALAMON *and* ARCITE : *Or,*

And left one Altar dark, a little space ;  
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the Blaze :  
The other Victor-Flame a Moment stood,  
Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd Wood :  
For ever lost, th' irrevocable Light  
Forsook the black'ning Coals, and sunk to Night :  
At either End it whistled as it flew,  
And as the Brands were green, so dropp'd the  
Infected as it fell with Sweat of Sanguine Hue. } [Dew ;

The Maid from that ill *Omen* turn'd her Eyes,  
And with loud Shrieks and Clamours rent the Skies,  
Nor knew what signify'd the boding Sign,

But found the Pow'rs displeas'd, and fear'd the Wrath

Then shook the Sacred Shrine, and sudden Light [ Divine.

Sprung through the vaulted Roof, and made the

The Pow'r, behold ! the Pow'r in Glory shone, [ Temple bright.

By her bent Bow, and her keen Arrows known ;

The rest, a Huntress issuing from the Wood,

Reclining on her Cornel Spear she stood.

Then

Then gracious thus began: " Dismiss thy Fear,  
 " And Heav'n's unchang'd Decrees attentive hear:  
 " More pow'rful Gods have torn thee from my Side,  
 " Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a Bride:  
 " The two contending Knights are weigh'd above;  
 " One *Mars* protects, and one the Queen of Love:  
 " But which the Man, is in the Thund'rer's Breast,  
 " This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.  
 " The Fire that once extinct, reviv'd again,  
 " Foreshows the Love allotted to remain.  
 " Farewel, she said, and vanish'd from the Place;  
 The Sheaf of Arrows shook and rattled in the Case.  
 Aghast at this, the Royal Virgin stood,  
 Disclaim'd, and now no more a Sister of the Wood:  
 But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd;  
 ' Propitious still, be present to my Aid,  
 ' Nor quite abandon your once favour'd Maid:  
 Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,  
 With Hopes and Fears, and Joy with Sorrow mixt.

The

The next returning Planetary Hour  
 Of *Mars*, who shar'd the Heptarchy of Pow'r,  
 His Steps bold *Arcite* to the Temple bent,  
 T'adore with Pagan Rites the Pow'r Armipotent :  
 Then prostrate, low before his Altar lay,  
 And rais'd his manly Voice, and thus began to pray :  
 " Strong God of Arms, whose Iron Scepter sways  
 " The freezing North, and *Hyperborean* Seas,  
 " And *Scythian* Colds, and *Thracia's* Wintry Coast,  
 " Where stand thy Steeds, and thou art honour'd  
 " There most; but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is known, <sup>[most :</sup>  
 " The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own :  
 " Terror is thine, and wild Amazement flung  
 " From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the Strong;  
 " And Disarray and shameful Rout ensue;  
 " And Force is added to the fainting Crew.  
 " Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Prayer,  
 " If aught I have atchiev'd deserve thy Care :  
 " I to my utmost Pow'r with Sword and Shield  
 " If dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield,  
 " And falling in my Rank, still kept the Field :

- " Then let my Arms prevail, by thee sustain'd, "
- " That *Emily* by Conquest may be gain'd. "
- " Have pity on my Pains; nor those unknown "
- " To *Mars*, which when a Lover, were his own. "
- " *Venus*, the Publick Care of all above, "
- " Thy stubborn Heart has soften'd into Love: "
- " Now by her Blandishments and powerful Charms "
- " When yielded, she lay curling in thy Arms, "
- " Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be call'd, "
- " When *Vulcan* had thee in his Net intrall'd; "
- " O envy'd Ignominy! sweet Disgrace! "
- " When ev'ry God that saw thee, wish'd thy Place! "
- " By those dear Pleasures, aid my Arms in Fight, "
- " And make me conquer in my Patron's Right: "
- " For I am young, a Novice in the Trade, "
- " The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to persuade, "
- " And want the soothing Arts that catch the Fair, "
- " But caught myself, lie struggling in the Snare: "
- " And she I love, or laughs at all my Pain, "
- " Or knows her Worth too well, and pays me with  
[Disdain.  
" For



" For sure I am, unless I win in Arms,  
 " To stand excluded from *Emilia's* Charms:  
 " Nor can my Strength avail, unless by thee  
 " Endu'd with Force, I gain the Victory:  
 " Then for the Fire which warm'd thy gen'rous  
 " Pity thy Subject's Pains, and equal Smart. <sup>[Heart,</sup>  
 " So be the Morrow's Sweat and Labour mine,  
 " The Palm and Honor of the Conquest thine:  
 " Then shall the War, and stern Debate, and Strife  
 " Immortal, be the Bus'ness of my Life;  
 " And in thy Fane, the Dusty Spoils among,  
 " High on the burnish'd Roof my Banner shall be  
 " Rank'd with my Champions Bucklers, and below <sup>[hung</sup>  
 " With Arms revers'd, th'Atchievements of my Foe:  
 " And while these Limbs the Vital Spirit feeds,  
 " While Day to Night, and Night to Day succeeds,  
 " Thy smoaking Altar shall be fat with Food  
 " Of Incense, and the grateful Steam of Blood;  
 " Burnt-Off rings Morn and Ev'ning shall be thine;  
 " And Fires eternal in thy Temple shine.

" The

" The Bush of yellow Beard, this Length of Hair,

" Which from my Birth inviolate I bear,

" Guiltless of Steel, and from the Razor free,

" Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reserv'd for thee.

" So may my Arms with Victory be blest,

" I ask no more; let Fate dispose the rest."

The Champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the Close

A hollow Groan, a murm'ring Wind arose,

The Rings of Ir'n, that on the Doors were hung,

Sent out a jarring Sound, and harshly rung:

The bolted Gates flew open at the Blast,

The Storm rush'd in, and *Arcite* stood aghast:

The Flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,

Fann'd by the Wind, and gave a ruffled Light.

Then from the ground a Scent began to rise,

Sweet-smelling, as accepted Sacrifice:

This *Omen* pleas'd, and as the Flames aspire,

With od'rous Incense *Arcite* heaps the Fire:

Nor wanted Hymns to *Mars*, or Heathen Charms:

At length the nodding Statue clash'd his Arms:

And

And with a fullen Sound and feeble Cry,  
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd the Word of Victory  
For this, with Soul devout, he thank'd the God,  
And of Success secure, return'd to his Abode.

These Vows thus granted, rais'd a Strife above,  
Betwixt the God of War and Queen of Love.

She granting first, had Right of Time to plead;  
But he had granted too, nor would recede.

Jove was for *Venus*; but he fear'd his Wife,

And seem'd unwilling to decide the Strife;

Till *Saturn* from his Leaden Throne arose,

And found a Way the Difference to compose:

Though sparing of his Grace, to Mischief bent,

He seldom does a Good with good Intent.

Wayward, but wise; by long Experience taught,

To please both Parties, for ill Ends, he fought:

For this Advantage, Age from Youth has won,

As not to be out-riden, though out-run.

By Fortune he was now to *Venus* Trin'd;

And with stern *Mars* in *Capricorn* was join'd:

Of him disposing in his own Abode,  
 He sooth'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the God :  
 ' Cease, Daughter, to complain ; and stint the Strife ;  
 ' Thy *Palamon* shall have his promis'd Wife :  
 ' And *Mars*, the Lord of Conquest, in the Fight  
 ' With Palm and Laurel shall adorn his Knight.  
 ' Wide is my Course, nor turn I to my Place,  
 ' Till Length of Time, and move with tardy Pace  
 ' Man feels me, when I press th' *Ethereal Plains*,  
 ' My Hand is heavy, and the Wound remains.  
 ' Mine is the Shipwreck, in a Watry Sign ;  
 ' And in an Earthy, the dark Dungeon mine.  
 ' Cold shiv'ring Agues, melancholy Care,  
 ' And bitter blasting Winds, and poison'd Air,  
 ' Are mine, and wilful Death, resulting from  
 ' The throting *Quinsey* 'tis my Star appoints,  
 ' And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints :  
 ' When Churls rebel against their Native Prince,  
 ' I arm their Hands, and furnish the Pretence ;

‘ And housing in the Lion’s hateful Sign,  
‘ Bought Senates, and deserting Troops are mine,  
‘ Mine is the privy Pois’ning, I command  
‘ Unkindly Seasons, and ungrateful Land.  
‘ By me Kings Palaces are push’d to Ground,  
‘ And Miners, crush’d beneath their Mines are found.  
‘ ’Twas I slew *Sampson*, when the Pillar’d Hall  
‘ Fell down, and crush’d the Many with the Fall.  
‘ My Looking is the Sire of Pestilence,  
‘ That sweeps at once the People and the Prince.  
‘ Now weep no more, but trust my Grandfire’s Art;  
‘ *Mars* shall be pleas’d, and thou perform thy Part.  
‘ ’Tis ill, though diff’rent your Complexions are,  
‘ The Family of Heav’n for Men should War.’  
Th’ Expedient pleas’d, where neither lost his Right:  
*Mars* had the Day, and *Venus* had the Night.  
The Management they left to *Chronos*’ Care;  
Now turn we to th’ Effect, and sing the War.  
In *Athens*, all was Pleasure, Mirth and Play,  
All proper to the Spring, and sprightly *May* :

Which



Which ev'ry Soul inspir'd with such Delight,  
'Twas Justing all the Day, and Love at Night.  
Heav'n smil'd, and gladdened was the Heart of Man,  
And *Venus* had the World, as when it first began.  
At length in Sleep their Bodies they compose,  
And dreamt the future Fight, and early rose.

Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring,  
As at a Signal giv'n, the Streets with Clamours ring:  
At once the Crowd arose; confus'd and high,  
Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a shouting Cry; }  
For *Mars* was early up, and rous'd the Sky.  
The Gods came downward to behold the Wars,  
Sharp'ning their Sights, and leaning from their Stars;  
The Neighing of the gen'rous Horse was heard,  
For Battle by the busy Groom prepar'd:  
Rustling of Harness, rattling of the Shield,  
Clatt'ring of Armour, furbish'd for the Field.  
Crowds to the Castle mounted up the Street,  
Batt'ring the Pavement with their Coursers Feet:

The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold  
 Of glitt'ring Arms, too dazzling to behold;  
 And polish'd Steel, that cast the View aside,  
 And crested Morions, with their Plumy Pride.  
 Knights, with a long Retinue of their Squires,  
 In gaudy Liv'ries march, and quaint Attires.  
 One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance;  
 A third the shining Buckler did advance.  
 The Courser paw'd the Ground with restless Feet,  
 And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the Golden Bit.  
 The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,  
 Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their Side,  
 And Nails for loosen'd Spears, and Thongs for  
 The Yeomen guard the Streets, in seemly Bands;  
 And Clowns come crowding on, with Cudgels in  
 The Trumpets, next the Gate, in order plac'd,  
 Attend the Sign to sound the Martial Blast:  
 The Palace-yard is fill'd with floating Tides,  
 And the last Corners bear the former to the Sides.

The

The Throng is in the midst: The common Crew  
Shut out, the Hall admits the better Few;  
In Knots they stand, or in a Rank they walk,  
Serious in Aspect, earnest in their Talk:  
Factious, and fav'ring this or t'other Side,  
As their strong Fancies, and weak Reason guide:  
Their Wagers back their Wishes: Numbers hold  
With the fair freckled King, and Beard of Gold:  
So vig'rous are his Eyes, such Rays they cast,  
So prominent his Eagle's Beak is plac'd,  
But most their Looks on the black Monarch bend,  
His Rising Muscles, and his Brawn commend;  
His double-biting Ax, and beamy Spear,  
Each asking a Gigantick Force to rear.  
All spoke as partial Favour mov'd the Mind;  
And safe themselves, at others Cost divin'd:  
Wak'd by the Cries, th' *Athenian* Chief arose,  
The Knightly Forms of Combate to dispose,  
And passing thro' th' obsequious Guards, he sat  
Conspicuous on a Throne, sublime in State;

There, for the two contending Knights he sent;  
Arm'd *Cap-a-pee*, with Rev'rence low they bent;  
He smil'd on both, and with superior Look  
Alike their offer'd Adoration took.  
The People press on ev'ry Side to see  
Their awful Prince, and hear his high Decree.  
Then signing to their Heralds with his Hand,  
They gave his Orders from their lofty Stand.  
Silence is thrice injoin'd; then thus aloud  
The King at Arms bespeaks the Knights and list'n-  
Our Sovereign Lord has ponder'd in his Mind <sup>[ing Crowd]</sup>  
The Means to spare the Blood of gentle Kind;  
And of his Grace, and in-born Clemency,  
He modifies his first severe Decree;  
The keener Edge of Battle to rebate,  
The Troops of Honor fighting, not for Hate.  
He wills, not Death should terminate their Strife;  
And Wounds, if Wounds ensue, be short of Life.  
But issues, e're the Fight, his dread Command,  
That Slings afar, and Poniards Hand to Hand,

' Be banish'd from the Field; that none shall dare  
 ' With short'ned Sword to stab in cloſer War;  
 ' But in fair Combate fight with manly Strength,  
 ' Nor puſh with biting Point, but ſtrike at Length.  
 ' The Turney is allow'd but one Career,  
 ' Of the tough Aſh, with the ſharp-grinded Spear.  
 ' But Knights unhors'd may riſe from off the Plain,  
 ' And fight on Foot, their Honor to regain.  
 ' Nor, if at Miſchief taken, on the Ground  
 ' Be ſlain, but Pris'ners to the Pillar bound,  
 ' At either Barrier plac'd; nor, Captives made,  
 ' Be freed, or arm'd anew the Fight invade.  
 ' The Chief of either Side, bereft of Life,  
 ' Or yielded to his Foe, concludes the Strife.  
 ' Thus dooms the Lord: Now valiant Knights and  
 ' Fight each his Fill with Swords and Maces long.<sup>[young]</sup>

The Herald ends: The vaulted Firmament  
 With loud Acclaims, and vaſt Applauſe is rent;

" Heav'n guard a Prince ſo gracious and ſo good,

" So juſt, and yet ſo provident of Blood!"



152 PALAMON and ARCITE: Or,

This was the gen'ral Cry. The Trumpets sound,  
And Warlike Symphony is heard around;  
The marching Troops thro' *Athens* take their Way,  
The great Earl-Marshal orders their Array.  
The Fair from high the passing Pomp behold;  
A Rain of Flow'rs is from the Windows roll'd.  
The Casements are with golden Tissue spread,  
And Horses Hoofs, for Earth, on Silken Tap'stry  
The King goes midmost, and the Rivals ride <sup>[tread]</sup>  
In equal Rank, and close his either Side.  
Next after these, there rode the Royal Wife,  
With *Emily*, the Cause and the Reward of Strife.  
The following Cavalcade, by Three and Three,  
Proceed by Titles marshal'd in Degree.  
Thus thro' the Southern Gate they take their Way,  
And at the Lists arriv'd e're Prime of Day.  
There, parting from the King, the Chiefs divide,  
And wheeling East and West, before their Many ride,  
Th' *Athenian* Monarch mounts his Throne on high,  
And after him the Queen and *Emily*:

Next

Next these, the Kindred of the Crown are grac'd  
 With nearer Seats, and Lords by Ladies plac'd.  
 Scarce were they seated, when with Clamours loud  
 In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous Crowd:  
 The Guards, and then each other overbear,  
 And in a Moment throng the spacious Theatre.  
 Now chang'd the jarring Noise to Whispers low,  
 As Winds forsaking Seas more softly blow;  
 When at the Western Gate, on which the Car  
 Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of War:  
 Proud *Arcite* entring arm'd before his Train,  
 Stops at the Barrier, and divides the Plain.  
 Red was his Banner, and display'd abroad  
 The bloody Colours of his Patron God.  
 At that self Moment enters *Palamon*  
 The Gate of *Venus*, and the rising Sun;  
 Wav'd by the wanton Winds, his Banner flies,  
 All Maiden White, and shares the Peoples Eyes.  
 From East to West, look all the World around,  
 Two Troops so match'd were never to be found.

Such

Such Bodies built for Strength, of equal Age,

In Stature siz'd ; so proud an Equipage :

The nicest Eye could no Distinction make,

Where lay th' Advantage, or what Side to take.

Thus rang'd, the Herald for the last proclaims

A Silence, while they answer'd to their Names :

For so the King decreed, to shun with Care

The Fraud of Musters false, the common Bane of

The Tale was just, and then the Gates were clos'd ; <sup>[War,</sup>

And Chief to Chief, and Troop to Troop oppos'd.

The Heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,

"The Fortune of the Field be fairly try'd."

At this, the Challenger with fierce Defy

His Trumpet sounds ; the Challeng'd makes

With Clangor rings the Field, resounds the vault- <sup>[Reply,</sup>

Their Vizors clos'd, their Lances in the Rest, <sup>[ed Sky.</sup>

Or at the Helmet pointed, or the Crest ;

They vanish from the Barrier, speed the Race,

And spurring see decrease the middle Space.

A Cloud of Smoke envelops either Host,  
And all at once the Combatants are lost;  
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen;  
Courfers with Courfers jostling, Men with Men:  
As lab'ring in Eclipse, a while they stay,  
Till the next Blast of Wind restores the Day.  
They look anew! The beauteous Form of Fight  
Is chang'd, and War appears a grisly Sight.  
Two Troops in fair Array one Moment shew'd,  
The next, a Field with fallen Bodies strow'd:  
Not half the Number in their Seats are found;  
But Men and Steeds lie grov'ling on the Ground.  
The Points of Spears are stuck within the Shield,  
The Steeds without their Riders scour the Field.  
The Knights unhors'd, on Foot renew the Fight;  
The glitt'ring Fauchions cast a gleaming Light;  
Hauberks and Helms are hew'd with many a Wound;  
Out spins the streaming Blood, and dies the Ground.  
The mighty Maces with such Haste descend,  
They break the Bones, and make the solid Armour  
[bend.  
This

This thrusts amid the Throng with furious Force;  
Down goes at once the Horseman and the Horse;  
That Courser stumbles on the fallen Steed,  
And floundring, throws the Rider o'er his Head.  
One rolls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes;  
One with a broken Truncheon deals his Blows.  
This halting, this disabled with his Wound,  
In Triumph led, is to the Pillar bound,  
Where by the King's Award he must abide:  
There goes a Captive led on t'other Side.  
By Fits they cease; and leaning on the Lance,  
Take Breath a while, and to new Fight advance.  
Full oft the Rivals met, and neither spar'd  
His utmost Force, and each forgot to ward.  
The Head of this was to the Saddle bent,  
That other backward to the Crupper sent:  
Both were by Turns unhors'd; the jealous Blows  
Fall thick and heavy, when on Foot they close.  
So deep their Fauchions bite, that ev'ry Stroke  
Pierc'd to the Quick; and equal Wounds they gave  
[and took.  
Borne



Borne far asunder by the Tides of Men,  
Like Adamant and Steel they meet agen.

So when a Tiger sucks a Bullock's Blood,  
A famish'd Lion issuing from the Wood  
Roars Lordly fierce, and challenges the Food,  
Each claims Possession, neither will obey,  
But both their Paws are fasten'd on the Prey:  
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,  
The Swains come arm'd between, and both to dis-

[tance drive.

At length, as Fate fore-doom'd, and all things tend  
By Course of Time to their appointed End;

So when the Sun to West was far declin'd,

And both afresh in mortal Battle join'd,

The strong *Emetrius* came in *Arcite's* Aid,

And *Palamon* with Odds was overlaid:

For turning short, he struck with all his Might

Full on the Helmet of th' unwary Knight.

Deep was the Wound; he stagger'd with the Blow,

And turn'd him to his unexpected Foe;

Whom

158 PALAMON and ARCITE: Or,

Whom with such Force he struck, he fell'd him  
And cleft the Circle of his Golden Crown. <sup>[down,</sup>

But *Arcite's* Men, who now prevail'd in Fight,

Twice Ten at once surround the single Knight:

O'erpower'd at length, they force him to the Ground,

Unyielded as he was, and to the Pillar bound;

And King *Lycurgus*, while he fought in vain

His Friend to free, was tumbled on the Blain.

Who now laments but *Palamon*, compell'd

No more to try the Fortune of the Field!

And worse than Death, to view with hateful Eyes

His Rival's Conquest, and renounce the Prize!

The Royal Judge on his Tribunal plac'd,

Who had beheld the Fight from first to last,

Bade cease the War; pronouncing from on high

"*Arcite* of *Thebes* had won the beauteous *Emily*."

The Sound of Trumpets to the Voice reply'd,

And round the Royal Lifts the Heralds cry'd,

"*Arcite* of *Thebes* has won the beauteous Bride."

The

The People rend the Skies with vast Applause ;  
All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cause.  
*Arcite* is own'd ev'n by the Gods above,  
And conqu'ring *Mars* insults the Queen of Love.  
So laugh'd he, when the rightful *Titan* fail'd,  
And *Jove's* usurping Arms in Heav'n prevail'd.  
Laugh'd all the Pow'rs who favour Tyranny ;  
And all the standing Army of the Sky.  
But *Venus* with dejected Eyes appears,  
And weeping, on the Lifts distill'd her Tears ;  
Her Will refus'd, which grieves a Woman most,  
And in her Champion foil'd, the Cause of Love is lost.  
Till *Saturn* said, " Fair Daughter, now be still,  
" The blustering Fool has satisfy'd his Will :  
" His Boon is giv'n ; his Knight has gain'd the Day,  
" But lost the Prize, th'Arrears are yet to pay.  
" Thy Hour is come, and mine the Care shall be  
" To please thy Knight, and set thy Promise free."

Now while the Heralds run the Lifts around,  
And *Arcite*, *Arcite*, Heav'n and Earth resound ;

160      PALAMON and ARCITE: Or,

A Miracle (nor less it could be call'd)  
Their Joy with unexpected Sorrow pall'd.  
The Victor Knight had laid his Helm aside,  
Part for his Ease, the greater Part for Pride:  
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,  
And paid the Salutations of the Crowd.  
Then spurring at full Speed, ran endlong on  
Where *Thesens* sat on his Imperial Throne;  
Furious he drove, and upward cast his Eye,  
Where next the Queen was plac'd his *Emily*;  
Then passing, to the Saddle-bow he bent,  
A sweet Regard the gracious Virgin lent:  
(For Women, to the Brave an easy Prey,  
Still follow Fortune, where she leads the Way:)  
Just then, from Earth sprung out a flashing Fire,  
By *Pluto* sent, at *Saturn's* bad Desire:  
The startling Steed was seiz'd with sudden Fright,  
And, bounding, o'er the Pommel cast the Knight:  
Forward he flew, and pitching on his Head,  
He quiver'd with his Feet, and lay for Dead.

Black

Black was his Count'nance in a little space,  
 For all the Blood was gather'd in his Face.  
 Help was at hand; they rear'd him from the  
 And from his cumb'rous Arms his Limbs unbound;  
 Then lanc'd a Vein, and watch'd returning Breath;  
 It came, but clogg'd with Symptoms of his Death.  
 The Saddle-bow the noble Parts had prest,  
 All bruis'd and mortify'd his manly Breast.  
 Him still entranc'd, and in a Litter laid,  
 They bore from Field, and to his Bed convey'd.  
 At length he wak'd, and with a feeble Cry,  
 The Word he first pronounc'd was *Emily*.

Mean time the King, tho' inwardly he mourn'd,  
 In Pomp triumphant to the Town return'd,  
 Attended by the Chiefs, who fought the Field;  
 (Now friendly mix'd, and in one Troop compell'd.)  
 Compos'd his Looks to counterfeited Cheer,  
 And bade them not for *Arcite's* Life to fear.  
 But that which gladdened all the Warrior Train,  
 Tho' most were sorely wounded, none were slain.



The Surgeons soon despoil'd them of their Arms,  
And some with Salves they cure, and some with  
Foment the Bruises, and the Pains assuage, [Charms.

And heal their inward Hurts with sov'reign Draughts [of Sage.

The King in Person visits all around,

Comforts the Sick, congratulates the Sound;

Honours the Princely Chiefs, rewards the rest,

And holds for thrice three Days a Royal Feast.

None was disgrac'd; for Falling is no Shame;

And Cowardice alone is loss of Fame.

The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle thrown;

But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own.

If Crowns and Palms the conqu'ring Side adorn,

The Victor under better Stars was born:

The brave Man seeks not popular Applause,

Nor overpow'r'd with Arms deserts his Cause;

Unham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can;

Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man.

Thus *Theseus* smil'd on all with equal Grace,

And each was set according to his Place.

With

With Ease were reconcil'd the diff'ring Parts,  
For Envy never dwells in Noble Hearts.  
At length they took their Leave, the Time expir'd;  
Well pleas'd; and to their sev'ral Homes retir'd.

Mean while the Health of *Arcite* still impairs;  
From Bad proceeds to Worse, and mocks the Leeches  
Swoln is his Breast; his inward Pains increase, <sup>[Cares:</sup>  
All Means are us'd, and all without Success.  
The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,  
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of Art:  
Nor breathing Veins, nor Cupping will prevail;  
All outward Remedies and inward fail:  
The Mold of Nature's Fabrick is destroy'd,  
Her Vessels discompos'd, her Virtue void:  
The Bellows of his Lungs begin to swell:  
All out of Frame is ev'ry secret Cell,  
Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expel. }  
Those breathing Organs thus within oppress'd,  
With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his Breast.

164      PALAMON *and* ARCITE : Or,

Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,  
Nor Vomits upward aid, nor downward Laxatife.  
The midmost Region batter'd, and destroy'd,  
When Nature cannot work, th'Effect of Art is void.

For Physick can but mend our crazy State,  
Patch an old Building, not a new create.

*Arcite* is doom'd to die in all his Pride,  
Must leave his Youth, and yield his beauteous  
Gain'd hardly, against Right, and unenjoy'd. <sup>[Bride,</sup>

When 'twas declar'd all Hope of Life was past,  
Conscience (that of all Physick works the last)  
Caus'd him to send for *Emily* in haste.

With her, at his Desire, came *Palamon* ;  
Then on his Pillow rais'd, he thus begun.

“ No Language can express the smallest Part

“ Of what I feel, and suffer in my Heart,

“ For you, whom best I love and value most ;

“ But to your Service I bequeath my Ghost ;

“ Which from this mortal Body when unty'd,

“ Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your Side ;

“ Nor

- “ Nor fright you waking, nor your Sleep offend,  
“ But wait officious, and your Steps attend :  
“ How I have lov'd, excuse my falt'ring Tongue,  
“ My Spirits feeble, and my Pains are strong :  
“ This I may say, I only grieve to die,  
“ Because I lose my charming *Emily* :  
“ To die, when Heav'n had put you in my Pow'r,  
“ Fate could not chuse a more malicious Hour !  
“ What greater Curse could envious Fortune give,  
“ Than just to die, when I began to live !  
“ Vain Men, how vanishing a Bliss we crave,  
“ Now warm in Love, now with'ring in the Grave !  
“ Never, O never more to see the Sun !  
“ Still dark, in a damp Vault, and still alone !  
“ This Fate is common ; but I lose my Breath  
“ Near Bliss, and not yet bless'd before my Death.  
“ Farewel ; but take me dying in your Arms,  
“ 'Tis all I can enjoy of all your Charms :  
“ This Hand I cannot but in Death resign ;  
“ Ah, could I live ! But while I live 'tis mine.

- " I feel my End approach, and thus embrac'd,  
" Am pleas'd to die :— but hear me speak my last.  
" Ah ! my sweet Foe, for you, and you alone,  
" I broke my Faith with injur'd *Palamon*.  
" But Love the Sense of Right and Wrong con-  
" Strong Love and proud Ambition have no Bounds. <sup>[founds,</sup>  
" And much I doubt, should Heav'n my Life pro-  
" I should return to justify my Wrong : <sup>[long,</sup>  
" For while my former Flames remain within,  
" Repentance is but want of Pow'r to sin,  
" With mortal Hatred I pursu'd his Life,  
" Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the Strife ;  
" Nor I, but as I lov'd : Yet all combin'd,  
" Your Beauty, and my Impotence of Mind ;  
" And his concurrent Flame, that blew my Fire ;  
" For still our Kindred Souls had one Desire.  
" He had a Moment's Right in point of Time ;  
" Had I seen first, then his had been the Crime.  
" Fate made it mine, and justify'd his Right ;  
" Nor holds this Earth a more deserving Knight,  
" For



" For Virtue, Valour, and for Noble Blood,  
 " Truth, Honour, all that is compriz'd in Good;  
 " So help me Heav'n, in all the World is none  
 " So worthy to be lov'd as *Palamon*.  
 " He loves you too; with such a holy Fire,  
 " As will not, cannot but with Life expire:  
 " Our vow'd Affections both have often try'd,  
 " Nor any Love but yours could ours divide.  
 " Then by my Love's inviolable Band,  
 " By my long Suff'ring, and my short Command,  
 " If e'er you plight your Vows when I am gone,  
 " Have Pity on the faithful *Palamon*."

This was his last; for Death came on amain,  
 And exercis'd below his Iron Reign;  
 Then upward to the Seat of Life he goes;  
 Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze;  
 Yet could he not his closing Eyes withdraw,  
 Though less and less of *Emily* he saw;  
 So, speechless, for a little Space he lay;  
 Then grasp'd the Hand he held, and sigh'd his Soul

[away.  
 But

But whither went his Soul, let such relate  
 Who search the Secrets of the future State:  
 Divines can say but what themselves believe;  
 Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstrative:  
 For, were all plain, then all Sides must agree,  
 And Faith itself be lost in Certainty.  
 To live uprightly then is sure the best,  
 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.  
 The Soul of *Arcite* went, where Heathens go,  
 Who better live than we, tho' less they know.

In *Palamon* a manly Grief appears;  
 Silent, he wept, ashamed to show his Tears:  
*Emilia* shriek'd but once, and then oppress'd  
 With Sorrow, sunk upon her Lover's Breast:  
 Till *Theseus* in his Arms convey'd with Care,  
 Far from so sad a Sight, the swooning Fair.  
 'Twere loss of Time her Sorrow to relate,  
 Ill bears the Sex a youthful Lover's Fate,  
 When just approaching to the Nuptial State.

But

But like a low hung Cloud, it rains so fast,  
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.  
The Face of Things is chang'd, and *Athens* now,  
That laugh'd so late, becomes the Scene of Woe :  
Matrons and Maids, both Sexes, ev'ry State,  
With Tears lament the Knight's untimely Fate.  
Not greater Grief in falling *Troy* was seen

For *Hector's* Death ; but *Hector* was not then.

Old Men with Dust deform'd their hoary Hair,

The Women beat their Breasts, their Cheeks they

" Why wou'dst thou go, with one Consent they cry, <sup>[sare.</sup>

" When thou hadst Gold enough, and *Emily* !"

*Theseus* himself, who shou'd have cheer'd the  
Of others, wanted now the same Relief. <sup>[Grief</sup>

Old *Egeus* only could revive his Son,

Who various Changes of the World had known ;

And strange Vicissitudes of Human Fate,

Still alt'ring, never in a steady State :

Good after Ill, and after Pain, Delight ;

Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night :

' Since

' Since ev'ry Man who lives, is born to die,  
 ' And none can boast sincere Felicity,  
 ' With equal Mind, what happens, let us bear,  
 ' Nor joy, nor grieve too much for Things beyond  
 ' Like Pilgrims, to th' appointed Place we tend; <sup>[our Care.</sup>  
 ' The World's an Inn, and Death the Journey's End.  
 ' Ev'n Kings but play; and when their Part is done,  
 ' Some other, worse or better, mount the Throne.  
 With Words like these the Crowd was satisfy'd,  
 And so they would have been, had *Thejeus* dy'd.

But he, their King, was lab'ring in the Mind,  
 A fitting Place for Fun'ral Poms to find,  
 Which were in Honor of the Dead design'd.  
 And after long Debate, at last he found  
 (As Love itself had mark'd the Spot of Ground)  
 That Grove for ever green, that conscious Lawnd,  
 Where he with *Palamon* fought Hand to Hand;  
 That where he fed his amorous Desires  
 With soft Complaints, and felt his hottest Fires,

There

There other Flames might waste his Earthly Part,  
And burn his Limbs, where Love had burn'd his

[Heart.  
This once resolv'd, the Peasants were enjoin'd

Sere-Wood, and Firs, and dodder'd Oaks to find.

With sounding Axes to the Grove they go,

Fell, split, and lay the Fewel on a Row,

*Vulcanian* Food : A Bier is next prepar'd,

On which the lifeless Body should be rear'd,

Cover'd with Cloth of Gold, on which was laid

The Corps of *Arcite*, in like Robes array'd.

White Gloves were on his Hands, and on his Head

A Wreath of Laurel, mix'd with Myrtle, spread.

A Sword keen-edg'd within his Right he held,

The warlike Emblem of the conquer'd Field :

Bare was his manly Visage on the Bier :

Menac'd his Count'nance ; ev'n in Death severe.

Then to the Palace-Hall they bore the Knight,

To lie in solemn State, a publick Sight.

Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the crowded Place,

And unaffected Sorrow sat on ev'ry Face.

Sad



Sad *Palamon* above the rest appears,  
In sable Garments, dew'd with gushing Tears :  
His Aubourn Locks on either Shoulder flow'd,  
Which to the Fun'ral of his Friend he vow'd :  
But *Emily*, as Chief, was next his Side,  
A Virgin-Widow and a Mourning Bride.  
And that the Princely Obsequies might be  
Perform'd according to his high Degree,  
The Steed that bore him living to the Fight,  
Was trapp'd with polish'd Steel, all shining bright,  
And cover'd with th' Atchievements of the Knight.  
The Riders rode abreast, and one his Shield,  
His Lance of Cornel-Wood another held ;  
The third his Bow, and glorious to behold,  
The costly Quiver, all of burnish'd Gold.  
The noblest of the *Grecians* next appear,  
And weeping, on their Shoulders bore the Bier ;  
With sober Pace they march'd, and often staid,  
And thro' the Master-Street the Corps convey'd.

The Houses to their Tops with Black were spread,  
And ev'n the Pavements were with Mourning hid.  
The Right-side of the Pall old *Egeus* kept,  
And on the Left the Royal *Theseus* wept :  
Each bore a Golden Bowl of Work Divine,  
With Honey fill'd, and Milk, and mix'd with ruddy  
Then *Palamon* the Kinsman of the Slain, [Wine.  
And after him appear'd th' illustrious Train  
To grace the Pomp ; came *Emily* the Bright,  
With cover'd Fire, the Fun'ral Pile to light.  
With high Devotion was the Service made,  
And all the Rites of Pagan-Honor paid :  
So lofty was the Pile, a *Parthian* Bow,  
With Vigour drawn, must send the Shaft below.  
The Bottom was full twenty Fathom broad,  
With crackling Straw beneath in due Proportion [strow'd.  
The Fabrick seem'd a Wood of rising Green,  
With Sulphur and Bitumen cast between,

To

To feed the Flames: The Trees were unctuous  
 And Mountain-Ash, the Mother of the Spear; <sup>[Fir,</sup>  
 The Mourner Eugh, and Builder Oak were there:  
 The Beech, the swimming Alder, and the Plane,  
 Hard Box, and Linden of a softer Grain, }  
 And Laurels, which the Gods for conqu'ring Chiefs  
 How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me, <sup>[ordain</sup>  
 With nameless Nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry Tree;  
 Nor how the Dryads, and the Woodland Train,  
 Disherited, ran howling o'er the Plain:  
 Nor how the the Birds to foreign Seats repair'd,  
 Or Beasts, that bolted out, and saw the Forest bar'd:  
 Nor how the Ground, now clear'd, with ghastly Fright  
 Beheld the sudden Sun, a Stranger to the Light.

The Straw, as first I said, was laid below;  
 Of Chips and Sere-wood was the second Row;  
 The third of Greens, and Timber newly fell'd;  
 The fourth high Stage the fragrant Odours held,  
 And Pearls and precious Stones, and rich Array;  
 In midst of which, embalm'd, the Body lay.

The

The Service sung, the Maid with mourning Eyes  
The Stubble fir'd; the smould'ring Flames arise:  
This Office done, she sunk upon the Ground;  
But what she spoke, recover'd from her Swoond,  
I want the Wit in moving Words to dress;  
But by themselves the tender Sex may guess.  
While the devouring Fire was burning fast,  
Rich Jewels in the Flames the Wealthy cast;  
And some their Shields, and some their Lances  
And gave their Warrior's Ghost, a Warrior's Due.<sup>[threw,</sup>  
Full Bowls of Wine, of Hony, Milk, and Blood, }  
Were pour'd upon the Pile of burning Wood, }  
And hissing Flames receive, and hungry lick the }  
Then thrice the mounted Squadrons ride around<sup>[Food.</sup>  
The Fire, and *Arcite's* Name they thrice resound:  
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain,  
Thrice facing to the Left, and thrice they turn'd  
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring Shields;<sup>[again:</sup>  
The Women mix their Cries; and Clamour fills the  
The<sup>[Fie ds.</sup>

176 *PALAMON and ARCITE: Or,*

The warlike Wakes continu'd all the Night,  
And fun'ral Games were play'd at new returning  
Who naked wrestled best, besmear'd with Oil, <sup>[Light:</sup>  
Or who with Gantlets gave or took the Foil,  
I will not tell you, nor wou'd you attend;  
But briefly haste to my long Story's End.

I pass the rest; the Year was fully mourn'd,  
And *Palamon* long since to *Thebes* return'd,  
When by the *Grecians* general Consent,  
At *Athens* *Theseus* held his Parliament;  
Among the Laws that pass'd, it was decreed,  
That conquer'd *Thebes* from Bondage shou'd be  
Reserving Homage to th' *Athenian* Throne, <sup>[freed;</sup>  
To which the Sov'reign summon'd *Palamon*.  
Unknowing of the Cause, he took his Way,  
Mournful in Mind, and still in black Array.

The Monarch mounts the Throne, and plac'd on <sup>[high,</sup>  
Commands into the Court the beauteous *Emily*;  
So call'd, she came; the Senate rose, and paid  
Becoming Rev'rence to the Royal Maid.

And



And first soft Whispers through th' Assembly went:  
 With silent Wonder then they watch'd th' Event:  
 All hush'd, the King arose with awful Grace,  
 Deep Thought was in his Breast, and Counsel in his  
 At length he sigh'd; and having first prepar'd  
 Th' attentive Audience, thus his Will declar'd.

' The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above  
 ' Hung down on Earth the golden Chain of Love:  
 ' Great was th' Effect, and high was his Intent,  
 ' When Peace among the jarring Seeds he sent.  
 ' Fire, Flood, and Earth, and Air by this were  
 ' And Love, the common Link, the new Creation  
 ' The Chain still holds; for though the Forms  
 ' Eternal Matter never wears away:  
 ' The same first Mover certain Bounds has plac'd,  
 ' How long those perishable Forms shall last,  
 ' Nor can they last beyond the Time assign'd  
 ' By that All-seeing, and All-making Mind:  
 ' Shorten their Hours they may; for Will is free;  
 ' But never pass th' appointed Destiny.

‘ So Men oppress’d, when weary of their Breath,  
‘ Throw off the Burden, and suborn their Death.  
‘ Then since those Forms begin, and have their End,  
‘ On some unalter’d Cause they sure depend:  
‘ Parts of the Whole are we; but God the Whole;  
‘ Who gives us Life, and animating Soul.  
‘ For Nature cannot from a Part derive  
‘ That Being, which the Whole can only give:  
‘ He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,  
‘ Subject to Change, and diff’rent in Degree.  
‘ Plants, Beasts, and Man; and as our Organs are,  
‘ We more or less of his Perfection share.  
‘ But by a long Descent, th’ Etherial Fire  
‘ Corrupts; and Forms, the mortal Part, expire:  
‘ As he withdraws his Virtue, so they pass,  
‘ And the same Matter makes another Mass:  
‘ This Law th’ Omniscient Pow’r was pleas’d to give,  
‘ That ev’ry Kind should by Succession live:  
‘ That Individuals die, his Will ordains;  
‘ The propagated Species still remains.

‘ The

' The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of the Trees,  
 ' Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow Degrees:  
 ' Three Centuries he grows, and three he stays  
 ' Supreme in State, and in three more decays:  
 ' So wears the paving Pebble in the Street,  
 ' And Towns and Tow'rs their fatal Periods meet;  
 ' So Rivers rapid once, now naked lie,  
 ' Forfaken of their Springs; and leave their Chan-  
 ' So Man, at first a Drop, dilates with Heat, <sup>[nels dry.</sup>  
 ' Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat;  
 ' Secret he feeds, unknowing in the Cell;  
 ' At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell,  
 ' And struggles into Breath, and cries for Aid;  
 ' Then, helpless, in his Mother's Lap is laid.  
 ' He creeps, he walks, and issuing into Man,  
 ' Grudges their Life, from whence his own began.  
 ' Retchless of Laws, affects to rule alone,  
 ' Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne:  
 ' First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;  
 ' Rich of Three Souls, and lives all three to waste.

' Some thus; but thousands more in Flow'r of Age:  
 ' For few arrive to run the latter Stage.  
 ' Sunk in the first, in Battle some are slain,  
 ' And others whelm'd beneath the stormy Main.  
 ' What makes all this, but *Jupiter* the King,  
 ' At whose Command we perish, and we spring?  
 ' Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,  
 ' To make a Virtue of Necessity.  
 ' Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;  
 ' The Bad grows Better, which we well sustain;  
 ' And cou'd we chuse the Time, and chuse aright,  
 ' 'Tis best to die, our Honor at the Height.  
 ' When we have done our Ancestors no Shame,  
 ' But serv'd our Friends, and well secur'd our Fame;  
 ' Then should we wish our happy Life to close,  
 ' And leave no more for Fortune to dispose:  
 ' So should we make our Death a glad Relief  
 ' From future Shame, from Sickness, and from  
 ' Enjoying while we live the present Hour, [Grief.  
 ' And dying in our Excellence, and Flow'r.

' Then round our Death-bed ev'ry Friend shou'd  
 ' And joyous of our Conquest early won: <sup>[run,</sup>  
 ' While the malicious World with envious Tears  
 ' Shou'd grudge our happy End, and wish it theirs.  
 ' Since then our *Arcite* is with Honor dead,  
 ' Why shou'd we mourn, that he so soon is freed,  
 ' Or call untimely, what the Gods decreed?  
 ' With Grief as just, a Friend may be deplor'd,  
 ' From a foul Prison to free Air restor'd.  
 ' Ought he to thank his Kinsman, or his Wife,  
 ' Cou'd Tears recall him into wretched Life?  
 ' Their Sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost;  
 ' And, worse than both, offends his happy Ghost.  
 ' What then remains, but after past Annoy,  
 ' To take the good Vicissitude of Joy?  
 ' To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,  
 ' Possess our Souls, and while we live, to live?  
 ' Ordain we then two Sorrows to combine,  
 ' And in one Point th' Extremes of Grief to join;

M 3 That



‘ That thence resulting Joy may be renew’d,  
‘ (As jarring Notes in Harmony conclude.  
‘ Then I propose that *Palamon* shall be  
‘ In Marriage join’d with beauteous *Emily*;  
‘ For which already I have gain’d th’ Assent  
‘ Of my free People in full Parliament.  
‘ Long Love to her has borne the faithful Knight,  
‘ And well deserv’d, had Fortune done him Right;  
‘ ’Tis time to mend her Fault; since *Emily*,  
‘ By *Arcite*’s Death, from former Vows is free.  
‘ If you, Fair Sister, ratify th’ Accord,  
‘ And take him for your Husband, and your Lord,  
‘ ’Tis no Dishonor to confer your Grace  
‘ On one descended from a Royal Race:  
‘ And, were he less, yet Years of Service past  
‘ From grateful Souls exact Reward at last:  
‘ Pity is Heav’n’s and yours; Nor can she find  
‘ A Throne so soft as in a Woman’s Mind.’

He said; she blush’d; and as o’er-aw’d by Might,  
Seem’d to give *Thefeus*, what she gave the Knight,

Then

Then turning to the *Theban*, thus he said ;

' Small Arguments are needful to persuade

' Your Temper to comply with my Command ;'

And speaking thus, he gave *Emilia's* Hand.

Smil'd *Venus*, to behold her own true Knight

Obtain the Conquest, though he lost the Fight ;

And blest'd with Nuptial Bliss the sweet la-  
[borious Night.

*Eros*, and *Anteros*, on either Side,

One fir'd the Bridegroom, and one warm'd the Bride ;

And long-attending *Hymen* from above,

Show'r'd on the Bed the whole *Idalian* Grove.

All of a Tenor was their After-Life,

No Day discolour'd with Domestick Strife ;

No Jealously, but mutual Truth believ'd,

Secure Repose, and Kindness undeceiv'd.

Thus Heav'n, beyond the Compass of his Thought,

Sent him the Blessing he so dearly bought.

So may the Queen of Love long Duty blefs,

And all true Lovers find the same Success.

*End of the KNIGHT'S TALE.*

184  
[184]  
PROLOGUE

TO THE  
MILLER'S TALE.

By Mr. OGLE.

A Tale so nobly plan'd, and sweetly told!  
Pleas'd All of either Sex, both Young and  
But most the Men of Sense, and Men of Taste:  
stor'd with such Virtue! With such Beauty grac'd  
They judg'd it, for the Stile, and for the Frame,  
Worthy to stand in the Records of Fame!

Our Host all Rapture, " May my Mortal Sins  
" Be so forgiv'n, as well the Game begins,  
" By You, *Sir Monk*, be the next Party play'd;  
" For You're a Man of Learning by your Trade.  
" To match the *Knight*, unbuckle wide the Male,  
" And to the Full repay him, Tale for Tale."

The

The *Miller*, who till then rode void of Thought,  
All Pale, and Drunken with his Morning Draught,  
Rose from his Horse, where balancing He sat,  
And little Rev'rence pay'd to Hood, or Hat;  
But, lev'ling both the Gentry and the Croud,  
Exclaim'd, not *Pilate* half so harsh or loud,  
And look'd like *Ananias* on Saint *Paul*,  
The very Semblance of a Whited Wall!

"A glorious Tale, now comes into my Head;  
"Then take it, just as I have heard or read."  
"(The *Miller* roar'd) Room to the Left and Right,  
"Nor better cou'd the *Monk* repay the *Knight*."

Our *Host*, the *Miller*, heard, and judg'd his Case;  
"Hold, *Robin*, hold (He cry'd) and know thy  
"Our Turns come last; then first Our Betters hear!  
[Place.

"What, are thy Wits quite overcome with Beer?  
"Forbear! And go more orderly to Work,  
"The *Christian* shou'd not stand behind the *Turk*."

'*Christian* or *Turk*, the *Miller* made Reply,

'Be silent He that will, that will not I.

‘ Bar my Discourse, and I renounce the Play,

‘ Hail-Fellow and well met! as Neighbors say;

‘ Equal in Company are High and Low :

‘ On these Conditions shall I stay, or go?’

“ Stay, in the *Devil’s Name*, stay, and take thy  
(Answer’d our Host, who chose the lighter Ill) <sup>[Will,</sup>

“ What wou’d You more ? Begin without Delay :

“ A Fool Thou art, and Fools must have their Way.”

The *Miller* then ; ‘ Half Tipsey, by my Soul !

‘ Fast as a Mill I feel my Senses rowl !

‘ If then in Manners, or in Words I fail,

‘ Impute it to the Strength of *Southwark* Ale.

‘ While first I paint in Colours to the Life,

‘ A jealous Husband, and a flaunting Wife;

‘ He Rich and Old, a Carpenter by Trade !

‘ She Young and Handsome, but an errant Jade !

‘ And last a Student’s Stratagem reveal,

‘ Who put a Spoke into the Cuckold’s Wheel’.

Him interrupts the *Reve*. ‘ Forbear thy Prate ;

‘ All lewd and drunken Ribaldry I hate ;

‘ And



' And hold it equally a Sin and Shame,  
 ' To God, and Man, our Neighbor to defame :  
 ' Much more the Virtue of his Bosom Spouse,  
 ' To bring in Question. Spare the Wedded House.  
 ' Another Subject chuse, the Coast is clear,  
 ' One fit for You to tell, and Us to hear,  
 Not, so reprov'd, the *Miller* spar'd his Joke,  
 But spoke, and laugh'd full hearty as He spoke.  
 ' Good Brother *Oswalde*, I wou'd stake my Life,  
 ' No Cuckold is the Man who has no Wife ;  
 ' Not that it therefore follows as imply'd,  
 ' That Thou art one, because in Wedlock ty'd.  
 ' Yet 'tis a Hazard, rightly understood,  
 ' Wives there are many bad, and many good.  
 ' And I as well as Thou, am duly bound,  
 ' Be Marriage what it will, a Park, or Pound !  
 ' Yet wou'd not I presume, in Word or Thought,  
 ' To Sentence Wives more strictly than I ought,  
 ' Or deem that Mine had slyly branch'd my Brow,  
 ' No, not for all the Oxen in my Plow,

- ' Content, to hope the Best, good Master Reve,  
 ' For I'm a perfect *Christian*, and believe;  
 ' Nay more, to lay Partiality aside,  
 ' All Jealousy, is Av'rice mixt with Pride;  
 ' A Wish, to lay in Hoard, or keep for Show  
 ' More than we want; as Wives and Husbands  
 ' Then rate not by the lost, but by the giv'n, <sup>[know.]</sup>  
 ' The Goods of Wifehood, as the Goods of Heav'n,  
 ' Tho' some by Blasts of Wind are borne away,  
 ' And some to thievish Birds may fall a Prey;  
 ' If still Enough for Dayly Use remains,  
 ' Why wail the supernumerary Grains?

What need of Words, the Prelude to prolong?  
 Nought cou'd restrain the Torrent of his Tongue;  
 For down He bore Us, with impetuous Sway,  
 And told his Tale in his own Churlish Way.  
 But not, to our Account, his Licence state,  
 If what he spoke, we faithfully relate.  
 Bound to the Truth, by Duty and by Force,  
 As Man to Wife, for Better and for Worse;

The Tale we must recount without Disguise,

Such as it was ; in This no Medium lies.

Then timely warn'd, ye modest Virgins fly,

Nor curious lend an Ear, nor cast an Eye.

Here stop, and cautious further to engage,

Turn the loose Leaf, and chuse a chaster Page.

Others, and many such, remain behind,

Unspotted Stories suited to your Mind ;

Some fitted to instruct and to delight,

The Subject moral, and the Turn polite ;

To Hist'ry, some that raise a bolder Wing,

And some that ev'n of Sacred Myst'ries sing.

Then blame not us, nor on our Labors frown ;

We tell you plain, the *Miller* is a Clown !

A Clown the *Reve* ! the Journey to beguile,

Who talk'd of *Love*, in Nature's naked Stile.

Nor take in Serious what is meant in Sport,

We scorn to trap you with unfair Report.

The Good and Bad to your Election leave,

Condemn not us, if you yourselves deceive.

But if the Prohibition more intice,  
 For Curiosity may want Advice,  
 Convey the Ribaldry from Vulgar Sight,  
 Peruse it in the Closet, and by Night;  
 Or with a female Friend in private read,  
 so may the *Miller*, if you chuse, proceed.

*End of the PROLOGUE.*



THE

THE  
CARPENTER of OXFORD:  
OR, THE  
MILLER'S TALE.

By Mr. COBB.

WHILOM in *Oxford* an old Chuff did dwell,

A Carpenter by Trade, as Stories tell;

Who by his Craft had heap'd up many a Hoard,

And furnish'd Strangers both with Bed and Board.

With him a Scholar lodg'd, of slender Means,

But notable for Sciences and Sense.

Yet, tho' he took Degrees in Arts, his Mind

Was mostly to *Astrology* inclin'd.

A Lad in *Divination* skill'd and shrewd,

Who by Interrogations could conclude,

If Men should ask him at what certain Hours

The droughty Earth would gape for cooling

[Show'rs,  
When



When it should Rain, or Snow, what should befall  
Of Fifty Things; I cannot reckon all.

This learned Clerk had got a mighty Fame  
For Modesty, and *Nicholas* his Name.

Subtle he was, well taught in *Cupid's* Trade,  
But seem'd as Meek, and Bashful as a Maid.

A Chamber in this Hostelry he kept,  
Alone he study'd, and alone he slept.

With sweet and fragrant Herbs the Room was dress'd,  
But he was ten times sweeter than the best.

His Books of various size, or great, or small,

His *Augrim* Stones to cast Accounts withal;

His *Astrolabe* and *Almagist* \* apart,

With twenty more hard Names of cunning Art;

On sev'ral Shelves were couched nigh his Bed,

And the Prefs cover'd with a folding Red.

Above an Instrument of Music lay,

On which sweet Melody he us'd to play;

\* The Name of a Book of *Astronomy*, written by *Ptolemy*.

So wond'rous sweet, that all the Chamber rung,  
And *Angelus ad Virginem* † he sung;  
Then would he Chaunt in good King *David's* Note,  
Full often blessed was his merry Throat.  
And thus the *Clerk* in Books and Music spent  
His Time, and Exhibition's yearly Rent.

This *Carpenter* had a new marry'd Wife,  
Lov'd as his Eyes, and dearer than his Life:  
The Buxom Lass had twice Nine Summers seen,  
And her brisk Blood ran high in ev'ry Vein.  
The Dotard, jealous of so ripe an Age,  
Watch'd her, and lock'd her, like a Bird in Cage.  
For she was Wild, and in her lovely Prime;  
But he, poor Man! walk'd down the *Hill of Time*.  
He knew the Temper of a Youthful Spouse,  
And oft was seen to rub his aking Brows.  
He knew his own weak side, and dreamt in Bed  
She had, or would be planting on his Head.

† The Angel's Salutation to the Virgin Mary.

He knew not *Cato*, for his Wit was rude;  
That Men should Wed with their Similitude.  
Like should with Like in Love and Years ingage,  
For *Youth* can never be a Rhyme to *Age*.

Hence Jealousies create a Nuptial War,  
And the warm Seasons with the frigid jar.

But when the Trap's once down, he must endure  
His Fate, and *Patience is the only Cure*.

Perhaps his Father, and a hundred more  
Of honest Christians, were thus serv'd before.

Fair was his charming Consort, and withall  
Slender her Waist, and like a *Weasel's* small.

She had a Girdle round her barr'd with Silk,  
And a clean Apron, white as Morrow Milk.

White was her Smock, embroider'd all before,  
Which on her Loins in many Plaits she wore.

Broad was her silken Fillet, set full high,  
And oft she twinkled with a Ligu'rish Eye.

Her Brow was arch'd like any bended *Bow*,  
Like *Marble* smooth, and blacker than a *Sloe*,  
She softer far than *Wool*, or fleecy *Snow*.

}

Were you to search the Universal Round,  
So gay a Wench was never to be found.  
With greater Brightness did her Colour shine,  
Than a new *Noble* of the freshest Coin.  
Shrill was her Song, and loud her piercing Note,  
No *Swallow* on a Barn had such a Throat.  
To this she skipp'd and caper'd like a *Lamb*,  
Or *Kid*, or *Calf*, when they pursue their Dam.  
Sweet as *Metbeglin* was her *Honey Lip*,  
Or Hoard of *Apples* which in *Hay* are kept.  
Wincing she was, as is a jolly *Colt*,  
Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt:  
Above her Ancles laced was her Shoe,  
She was a *Primrose*, and a *Pigsnyc* too.  
And fit to lig by any Christian's Side,  
Or a Lord's Mistress, or a Yeoman's Bride.

Now *Sirs*, what think you, how the Case befell?  
This *Nicholas* (for I the Truth will tell)  
Was a mere Wag, and on a certain Day,  
When the Good Man, the Husband, was away,

Began to sport and wanton with his Dame,

(For *Clerks* are fly, and very full of Game)

And privily he caught her by *That same*.

“ My Lemman † Dear (quoth he) I’m all on Fire,

“ And perish, if you grant not my Desire.

He clasp her round, and held her fast, and cry’d,

“ O let me, let me---never be deny’d.”

At this she wreath’d her Head, and sprung aloof,

Like a young frisking *Colt*, whose tender Hoof

Felt never Farrier’s Hand, and never knew

The Virgin Burden of an Iron Shoe.

‘ Fye *Nicholas*! away your Hands, quoth she:

‘ Is this your Breeding, and Civility?

‘ Foh! Idle Sot! what means th’ unmanner’d

‘ To teize me thus, and tosse me up and down? <sup>[Clown,</sup>

‘ I vow I’ll tell, and bawl it o’er the Town.

‘ You’re rude, and will you not be answer’d, No?

‘ I will not kiss you--prithee, let me go.’

† Mistress.

Here



Here *Nicholas*, a young, designing Knave,  
 Began to weep, and cant, and Pardon crave.  
 So fair he spoke, and importun'd so fast,  
 This seeming modest Spouse consents at last.  
 By good St. *Thomas* † swore, her usual Oath,  
 That she would meet his Love--tho' mighty loath.  
 ' If you, said she, convenient Leisure wait,  
 ' (You know my Husband has a jealous Pate)  
 ' I will requite you ; for if once the Beast  
 ' Should chance to find us out, and smell the Jest,  
 ' I must be a dead Woman at the least.' }  
 " Let that, quoth *Nicholas*, ne'er vex your Head ;  
 " He must be a meer learned Ass indeed,  
 " And very foolishly begets his Wile,  
 " Who cannot a dull *Carpenter* beguile."  
 And thus they were accorded, thus they swore  
 To wait the Time, as I have said before.  
 And now, when *Nicholas* had wore away  
 The pleasant Time, in harmless am'rous Play,

† St. Thomas Becket.

To his melodious *Psalttery* he flew,  
 Play'd Tunes of Love, by which his Passion  
 Then printed on her Lips a dear *Adieu*. } [grew,

It happen'd thus, (I cannot rightly tell,  
 If it on *Easter* or on *Whitson* fell)  
 That on a Holyday, this modest Dame  
 To Church, with other honest Neighbours came,  
 In a good Fit to hear the Parson preach  
 What the Divine Apostles us'd to teach.  
 Bright was her Forehead, and no Summer's Day  
 Shone half so clear, so tempting, and so gay.

Now to this Parish did a *Clerk* belong,  
 Who many a Time had rais'd a Holy Song :  
 His Name was *Absalon*, a silly Man,  
 Who curl'd his Hair, which strutted like a Fan;  
 And from his jolly, pert, and empty Head,  
 In Golden Ringlets on his Shoulders spread.  
 His Face was Red, his Eyes as Grey as *Goose*,  
 With *St. Paul's* Windows figur'd on his Shoes.

Full properly he walk'd in Scarlet Hose,  
 But light, and Silver-colour'd were his Clothes,  
 And Surplice white as Blossoms on the Rose. }  
 Thick Poynts and Taffels did the Coxcomb please,  
 And fetously they dangled on his Knees.  
 He could let Blood, and shave your Beard, or Head,  
 But a mere *Barber Surgeon* by his Trade.  
 Nay, he cou'd draw a Bond, and learnt from *France*,  
 In thirty Motions how to trip, and dance.  
 Nay, he cou'd write and Read, and that is more  
 Than twenty Parish-Cleeks could do before :  
 Could frisk and tofs his twirling Legs in Air,  
 Nice were his Feet, and trod it to a Hair.  
 Songs would he play, and, not to hide his Wit,  
 Would squeak a *Treble* to his squawling *Kit* ;  
 His Dress was finical, his Music queer,  
 And pleas'd a Tapster's Eye or Drawer's Ear.  
 No Tavern, Brew-house, Ale-House in the Town,  
 Was to the gentle *Absalon* unknown :  
 But he was very careful of his Wind,  
 And never let it sally out behind ;

To give the *Devil* his Due, he had an Art  
By civil Speech to win a Lady's Heart.

This *Absalon*, so jolly, spruce and gay,  
Went with the *Censer* on the Sabbath Day.

He swung the Incense Pot with comely Grace,  
But chiefly would he Fume a pretty Face.

His wanton Eye, which every where he cast,  
Dwelt on the *Carpenter's* fine *Dame* at last.

So sweet and proper was his lovely Wife,  
That he could freely gaze away his Life.

Were he a *Cat*, this pretty *Mouse* would feel  
Too soon his Talons, a delicious Meal.

And now had *Cupid* shot a piercing Dart,  
As wet the Feathers in his wounded Heart.

No Offering of the Handsome Wives he took,  
He wanted nothing but a smiling Look,

The Parish Fees refus'd, and said, the Light  
Of the fair Moon shines brightest in the Night.

Soon as the *Cock* had bid the Morning rise,  
The smitten Lover to his *Fiddle* flies.

A hideous Noise his squeaking *Trillos* make,

And all the drowsy Neighbourhood awake.

At the lov'd House some am'rous Tunes he play'd,

And thus with gentle Voice he sung or said,

*Now dear Lady,*

*If thy Will be,*

*I pray to Thee*

*To pity me,*

And twenty such complaining Notes he sung,

Alike the Music of his *Kit*, and Tongue.

At this the staring *Carpenter* awoke,

And thus his Wife, fair *Alison*, bespoke.

“ Art Thou asleep, or art Thou deaf, my Dear ?

“ And cannot *Abfalon* at Window hear ?

“ How with his Serenade he charms us all,

“ Chanting melodiously beneath our Wall ?”

‘ Yes, yes, I hear him, *Alison* reply'd,

‘ Too well, God wot,’ and then she turn'd aside.

Thus went Affairs, till *Abfalon*, alas !

Was a lost Creature, a mere whining *Ass*.



All Night he wakes, and fighs, and wears away  
On his broad Locks and Drefs, the live-long Day.  
To fuch a Height his doating Fondnefs grew,  
To kifs the Ground, and wipe her very Shoe.  
Where're fhe went, he like a Slave purfu'd,  
With spiced *Ale*, and sweet *Metbeglin* woo'd.  
All Dainties he could rap and rend, he got,  
And fent her *Tarts* and *Cuftards* piping hot.  
He fpar'd no Coft for an expensive Treat,  
Of *Mead* and *Cyder*, and all Sorts of Meat.  
Throbbing he fings with his lamenting Throat,  
And rivals *Philomela's* mournful Note.  
With Rigour fome, and fome with gentle Arts  
Have found a Passage to Young Ladies Hearts :  
Some Wealth has won, and fome have had the Lot  
To fall inamour'd of a Treating Sot.

Sometimes he *Scaramouch'd* it all on high,  
And *Harlequin'd* it with Activity.  
Betrays the Lightnefs of his empty Head,  
And how he could cut Capers in a Bed.

But

But neither this, nor that, the Damsel move,  
For *Nicholas* has swept the Stakes of Love.  
The *Parish Clerk* has nothing met but Scorn,  
And may go Fiddle now, or blow his Horn.  
Thus gentle *Abfalon* is made her Ape,  
And all his Passion turn'd into a Jape.  
For *Nicholas* is always in her Eye:  
True says the Proverb, that the *Nigh are Sly*.  
A distant Love may Disappointment find,  
For out of Sight is ever out of Mind.  
The Scholar was at hand, as I have told,  
And gave the *Parish Clerk* the Dog to hold.  
Now *Nicholas* thy Craft and Cunning try,  
That *Abfalon* may *De Profundis* cry.

Now when this Carpenter was call'd away  
To Work at *Osney*, on a certain Day;  
The subtle Scholar, and his wanton Spouse,  
Were decently contriving for his Brows:  
Agreed, that *Nicholas* should shape a Wile,  
Her addle-pated Husband to beguile.

And,

And, if so be the Game succeeded right,  
 She then would sleep within his Arms all Night.  
 For both were in this one Desire concern'd,  
 Alike they Suffer'd, and alike they Burn'd.  
 Strait a new Thought leapt cross the Scholar's Head,  
 Who at that Instant to his Chamber fled.  
 But to relieve his Thirst and Hunger, bore  
 Of Meat and Liquor a substantial Store,  
 And victual'd it for one long Day, or more. }  
 " *Alce*, shou'd your Husband ask for Us, (quoth he)  
 " Reply in Scorn, What's *Nicholas* to me?  
 " Am I his Keeper? help your silly Head!  
 " Perhaps the Man is mad, asleep, or dead;  
 " My Maid indeed has thump'd this Hour or more,  
 " And knock'd as if she'd thunder down the Door:  
 " But He, a moaping Drone, no Answer gave,  
 " Fast as a Church, and silent as the Grave."  
 Thus did one *Saturday* entire consume,  
 Since *Nicholas* had lock'd him in his Room.

Nor

Nor was he Idle; for no *Lent* he kept,  
But eat, like other Men, and drank, and slept.  
Did what he list, till the next Sun was new,  
And went to Rest, as common Mortals do.

This Carpenter was in a grievous Pain,  
Lest *Nicholas* should over-work his Brain;  
By Study lose his Reason, or his Life----

‘ Well, by St. *Thomas*, I don’t like it, Wife.

‘ The World we live in, is a ticklish Place,

‘ And sudden Death has often stopt our Race.

‘ I saw a Corpse, as to the Church it past,

‘ And the poor Man at work but *Monday* last.

‘ Run, *Dick*, quoth he, run speedily up Stairs,

‘ Thump at the Door, and see how stand Affairs.’

Up strait he runs, like any Tempest flies,

And knocks, and bawls, and like a Madman cries.

“ Hoh ! Master *Nicholas*, what mean you thus ”

“ To sleep all Night and Day, and frighten Us ? ”

He might as well have whistl’d to the Wind,

As from good *Nicholas* an Answer find.

At

£

At last he spy'd a Hole, full low, and deep,  
 Where usually the Cat was wont to creep;  
 Here was discover'd to his wond'ring Sight,  
 The Scholar gazing with his Eyes upright,  
 As if intent upon the Stars and Moon:  
 And down runs He, to tell his Master soon,  
 In what Array he saw this studious Man.

The *Carpenter* to cross himself began:  
 And cry'd, ' St. *Frideswild*, help us one and all!

' Little we know what Fate shall us befall.

' This Man with his Astronomy is got

' Into some Frenzy, and stark mad, God wot.

' This comes of poring on his cunning Books,

' Of his Moon-snuffing, and Star-peeping Looks.

' Why should a silly Earth-born Mortal pry

' On Heav'n, and search the Secrets of the Sky?

' Well fare those Men, who no more Learning need

' Than what's contain'd in the Lord's Pray'r and

' Scholars sufficient, if they can but Read!

[Creed,

' Thus



‘ Thus far’d a Sage Philosopher † of Old,  
‘ Who walking out, as ’tis in Story told,  
‘ Was so much with Astronomy bewitch’d,  
‘ That his Star-gazing Clerkship was *beditch’d*.  
‘ Ill Luck attends the Man, who looks too high,  
‘ And can a Star, but not a Marl-pit spy.  
‘ But, by St. *Thomas*, this shall never pass;  
‘ Too well I love this gentle *Nicholas*.  
‘ I’ll ferret him, unless the Devil’s in it,  
‘ From his brown Fit of Study in a Minute.  
‘ *Robin*, let’s try if that an Iron Pur  
‘ And your strong Back can make this Scholar stir.’  
Now *Robin* was a Lad of Brawn and Bones,  
And by the Hasp heav’d up the Door at once,  
Which in the Chamber fell with dreadful Sound,  
As would a Man, like you or me, astound.  
But *Nicholas*, did nothing do but stare;  
And like a Statue gape upon the Air.

† Thales.

This *Carpenter* was in a piteous Fear,  
 Because he did not, or he would not hear.  
 Thought some deep *Melancholy* had impair'd  
 His Brain, and that of Mercy he despair'd;  
 For which the Student in his Arms he took  
 With might and main, and by the Shoulders shook.  
 ' Cry'd, *Nicholas*, awake! what? not a Word?  
 ' Look down, despair not--think upon the *Lord*!  
 Then the Night-Spell he mumbled to himself:  
 ' Bless thee from Fiends, and every wicked Elf!  
 He crost the Threshold, where a Dev'l might  
 And each small Hole, thro' which an Imp might <sup>[creep,</sup>  
 With solemn *Pater Nosters* blest the Door, <sup>[peep;</sup>  
 And *Ave Marys* after and before.  
 At this the *Clerk* sent forth a heavy Sigh,  
 With Tears, and woful Tone began to cry--  
 And shall this World be lost so soon? Ah! why?  
 ' What do I hear? the *Carpenter* reply'd,  
 ' What say'st Thou, *Nicholas*? sure Thou art beside

Thyself,

- ‘Thy self: Serve God, as we poor Lab’rers do,  
 ‘And then no Harm, nor Danger will ensue.  
 “Ah! Friend, quoth *Nicholas*, you little think  
 ‘What I can tell; but first let’s have some Drink.  
 “Then, my dear Host, Thou shalt in private learn  
 ‘Some certain things, which Thee and Me concern.  
 “It shall no Mortal but your self avail;  
 “Then fetch a *Winchester* of mighty Ale.  
 And now when both had drank an equal Share,  
 Cries *Nicholas*, “Sit down, and draw your Chair;  
 “But first, sweet Landlord, you must take an Oath,  
 “To no Man living to betray thy Troth.  
 “For, trust me, what I’m going to relate  
 “Is *Revelation*, and as sure as Fate,  
 “And if you tell, this Vengeance will ensue,  
 “No Hare in *March* will be so Mad as You.”  
 ‘Nay, quoth mine Host, I am no Blab, not I,  
 ‘And hang me, if you catch me in a Lye.  
 ‘I would not tell, tho’ ’twere to save my Life,  
 ‘To Chick or Child, to Man, or Maid, or Wife.’

" Now, *John*, quoth *Nicholas*, I will not hide  
 " What by my Art I have of late descry'd;  
 " How, as I por'd upon fair *Cynthia's* Light,  
 " Should fall, on *Monday* next, at Quarter Night,  
 " A Rain so sudden, and so long to boot,  
 " That *Noah's* Flood was but a Spoonful to't.  
 " This World within the Compass of an Hour  
 " Shall all be drown'd, so hideous is the Show'r,  
 " As will the Cattle, and Mankind devour." }  
 Cries then this silly Man, 'Alas, my Wife!  
 ' My Bosom-comfort, and my better Life!  
 ' And must She drown, and perish with the Rest?  
 ' My *Alison*, the Darling of my Breast?  
 At this well nigh he swoon'd o'er-whelm'd with  
 Fetch'd a deep Sigh, ' And is there no Relief; <sup>[Grief,</sup>  
 ' No Remedy, he cry'd, no Succour left?  
 ' Are we, alas! of ev'ry Hope bereft?  
 " No, by no Means, quoth this designing Clerk;  
 " Be of good Heart, and by Instruction Work.

" For if by *Nicholas* you will be led, "   
 " And build no Castles in your own wild Head, "   
 " None so secure : for *Solomon* says true, "   
 " *Work all by Counsel, and you cannot rue.* "   
 " If you'll be govern'd, and be rul'd by me, "   
 " I'll undertake to save Thy Wife and Thee, "   
 " By my own Art against the Flood prevail, "   
 " And make no Use of either Mast or Sail. "   
 " Have you not heard, how, when the World was "   
 " *Noah*, by Heav'nly Inspiration taught<sup>(naught,</sup> "   
 " (Ay, ay, quoth *John*, I've in my Bible found "   
 " That once upon a Time the World was drown'd,) "   
 " Hast thou not heard, how *Noah* was concern'd "   
 " For his dear Wife, and how his Bowels yearn'd, "   
 " Till he had built and furnish'd out a Bark, "   
 " And lodged her, with her Children in the Ark? "   
 " Now Expedition is the Soul and Life "   
 " Of Business : if you love Yourself or Wife, "   
 " Run, Fly—for in this Case it is a Crime "   
 " To loiter, or to lose an Inch of Time. "



- " For *Alison*, Yourself, and Me provide  
 " Three Kneading-Troughs, to sail upon the Tide.  
 " But take most special Care, that they be large,  
 " In which a Man may swim as in a Barge.  
 " Let them be victual'd well, and see you lay  
 " Sufficient Stores against a rainy Day;  
 " Enough to serve You twenty Hours, and more,  
 " For then the Flood will swage, and not before.  
 " But one thing let me whisper in your Ear,  
 " Let not thy sturdy Servant *Robin* hear,  
 " Nor bonny *Gillian* know what I relate;  
 " I must not utter the Decrees of Fate.  
 " Ask me not Reasons why I cannot save  
 " Your trusty Serving-Maid, and honest Knave.  
 " Suffice it thee, unless Thy Wits be mad,  
 " To have as great a Grace, as *Noah* had.  
 " Do you make Haste, and mind the grand Affair;  
 " To save your Wife shall be my proper Care.  
 " But when these Kneading-Tubs are ready made,  
 " Which may secure us, when the Floods invade,

- " See that you hang them in the Roof full high, "
- " That none our Providential Plot defcry. "
- " And when Thou hast convey'd sufficient Store "
- " Of Meats and Drink, as I have said before, "
- " And put a sharp'ned Ax in ev'ry Boat, "
- " To cut the Cord, and set us all afloat, "
- " Then thro' the Gable of the House, which lies "
- " Above the Stable, and the Garden spics, W "
- " Break out a Hole, so very large and wide, T "
- " Thro' which our Tubs may sail upon the Tide. "
- " Then wilt thou so much Mirth and Pleasure "
- " In swimming, as the white Duck and the Drake. <sup>[take]</sup> "
- " Then when I cry, Hoh! *Alison*, and *John*, "
- " Be merry, for the Flood will pass anon. O "
- " Then wilt thou answer, Master *Nicholas*, A "
- " Good morrow, for I see it is broad Day. Q "
- " Then shall we reign, as Emperors for Life, ew A "
- " O'er all the World, like *Noah* and his Wife. A "
- " But one thing I almost forgot to tell, OT "
- " Which now comes in my Head, (and mark me <sup>[well]</sup> ) "
- " That

" That on that very Night we go aboard,  
 " All must be hush'd, and whisper not a Word.  
 " But all the Time employ our holy Mind  
 " In earnest Prayers: For thus has Heav'n injoin'd.  
 " You and your Wife must take a separate Place,  
 " Nor is there any Sin in such a Case:  
 " To-morrow Night, when Men are fast asleep,  
 " We to our Kneading-Tubs will slyly creep.  
 " There will we sit, each in his Ship apart,  
 " And wait the Deluge with a patient Heart.  
 " Go now; I have no longer time to spare  
 " In Sermoning, use expeditious Care.  
 " Your Apprehension needs no more Advice:  
 " One single Word's sufficient for the Wise.  
 " And none, dear Landlord, can your Wit inform;  
 " Go, save our Lives from this impending Storm."  
 Away hies *John*, with melancholy Look,  
 And sigh'd, and groan'd, at ev'ry Step he took.  
 To *Alison* he does his Fate deplore,  
 And tells a Secret which she knew before.

But

But yet she trembl'd, like an *Aspin* Leaf,  
And seem'd to perish with dissembled Grief;  
Crying, "Alas! What shall I do?—begone—

"Help us to scape, or we are all undone.

"I am thy true and very wedded Wife;

"Go, dear, dear Spouse, and help to save my Life."

*What strong Impressions does Affection give?*

By *Fancy*, Men have often ceas'd to live.

How're absurd things in themselves appear,

Weak Minds are apt to credit what they fear.

This silly Carpenter is almost *Wood*,

And thinks of nothing else, but *Noah's Flood*.

Believes he sees it, and begins to quake,

And all for *Alison*, his *Hony's* Sake.

He's over-run with Sorrow and with Fear,

And sends forth many a Groan and many a Tear.

A Kneading-Trough, a Tub, and † *Kemelin*

He gets by Stealth, and sends them to his Inn.

† A Brewer's Vessel.

He makes three Ladders, whence he climbs aloof,  
 And privately he hangs them in the Roof,  
 But first he victual'd them, both Trough and Tub,  
 With Bread and Cheese, and Bottles fill'd with  
 Enough o' Conscience to relieve their Fast; <sup>[mighty Bub;</sup>  
 And be sufficient for a Day's Repast.

But e're this Preparation had been made,  
 He sent to *London* both his Man and Maid,  
 On certain Matters, which concern'd his Trade.

And now came on the fatal *Monday Night*,  
 Barr'd are the Doors, out goes the Candle-Light.  
 And when all things in Readiness were set,  
 These Three their Ladders take, and up they get.  
 Now *Pater-Noster*, \* *clum*, said *Allsen*,  
 And *clum*, quoth *Nicholas*, and *clum*, quoth *John*.  
 This Carpenter his *Orisons* did say,  
 For Men in fear are very apt to pray.  
 Silent he waited, when the Skies would pour  
 This unaccountable and dismal Show'r.

\* A Note of Silence.

And



And now at þe Curfew time, dead Sleep began  
To fall upon this easy, simple Man  
Who after so much Care and Bus'ness past,  
And spent with sad Concern, was quickly fast.  
Soft down the Ladder stole this loving Pair,  
Good Nidbolas, and Alison the Fair;  
Then, without speaking, to the Bed they creep  
Of John, poor Cuckold! who was fast asleep.  
There all the Night they revel, sport, and toy,  
And all the merry Scene of am'rous Joy;  
Till that the Bell of *Lauds* began to ring,  
And the six Fryars in the Chancel sing.  
The Parish Clerk, this am'rous *Abfalon*,  
Who over Head and Ears in Love is gone,  
At *Osnay* happen'd with a jovial Crew  
To spend the *Monday*, as they us'd to do;

† *Curfew*. WILLIAM the Conqueror, in the first Year of his  
Reign, commanded that in every Town and Village a Bell should  
be rung every Night, at eight of the Clock, and that all People  
should then put out their Fire and Candle and go to Bed. The  
Ring of this Bell was call'd *Curfew*, that is, Cover Fire.

There pulls a certain Friar by the Sleeve, and  
With Pardon begg'd and Father, by your Leave,

"When saw you John the Carpenter? he cries"

"Last Saturday, the Glosterer replies"

"Since then I have not seen him with these Eyes,"

"Perhaps abroad he's playing fast and loose,

"Or fetching Timber for the Abbot's Use,"

"And lodges at the Graunge a Day or two,"

"Or else at Home—I know no more than you."

This made Nab's boiling Blood with Pleasure start.

The News rejoyc'd the Cokles of his Heart.

"Now is my Time, thinks he; the Moon is bright,

"Nor care I if I travel all the Night,"

"For at his Door since Day began to spring,

"I've seen, like him, no kind of Man, or Thing."

"It is resolv'd; to Alison I'll go,

"When the first Morning Cock begins to crow;

"And to her Window privately repair."

"Then knock, and tell her my tormenting Care."

- " I'll open all my Breast, and ease my Heart;  
 " For 'tis too much to bear Love's stinging Smart.  
 " Some little Comfort sure I shall not miss,  
 " At least she'll grant the Favour of a Kiss;  
 " My Mouth has inch'd all Day, from whence it  
 " That I shall kiss: Besides my pleasant Dreams<sup>[seems,</sup>  
 " Of Feasts and Banquets, whence a Man may guess  
 " That I may happily meet with some Success;  
 " But for an Hour or two before I go,  
 " I'll first refresh me with a Nap, or so."

Now the first Cook had wak'd from his Repose  
 The jolly *Abalon*, and up he rose.  
 But first he dresses finical and gay,  
 And looks like any *Baw*, at Church or Play,  
 And brisk as Bridegroom on a Wedding-Day.  
 Nicely he combs the Ringlets of his Hair,  
 And wash'd with Rose-water, looks fresh and fair;  
 Then with his Finger he her Window twang'd,  
 Whisper'd a gentle Tone, and thus harang'd.

Sweet Alison, my Hony-comb, my Dear, "IT"  
 My Bird, my Cinamon, your Lover hear. "OT"  
 Awake, and speak one Word before I part, "OS"  
 But one kind Word, the Balsam to my Heart. "AA"  
 Little you think, alas! the mighty Woe, "MY M"  
 Which for the Love of Thee I undergo. "T hat T"  
 For Thee I sweeter, and for Thee I sweat, "O"  
 And mourn as Lambkins for the Mother's Flat. "  
 Nor false my Grief, nor does the Turtle Dove "  
 Lament more truly, or more truly love. "th at IT"  
 I cannot eat nor drink, and all for Thee— "M"  
 "Get from my Window, you Jack Fool, said she "  
 "I love another of a different Hue "  
 "From such a silly Dunder-head as you! "bnA  
 "If you stand talking at that foolish Rate, "bnA  
 "My Chamber-pot shall be about your Pate. "M"  
 "Begone, you empty Sot, and let me sleep"— "bnA  
 At this poor Absalon began to weep, "th at T"  
 And his hard Fate with Sighs and Groans deplore, "D"  
 Was ever faithful Love thus serv'd before! "W"

Since then, my Sweet, what I desire's in vain,

Let me but one small Boon, a Kiss, obtain.

"And will you then be gone, nor loyter here,"

Quoth Alison? — Ay certainly, my Dear!

"Make ready then" — Now, Nicholas, lye still,

'Tis such a Jest, that you shall laugh your fill.

Ravish'd with Joy, Nab fell upon his Knees,

The happiest Man alive in all Degrees;

In silent Raptures he began to cry,

No Lord in Europe is so blest as I.

I may expect more Favours; for a Kiss

Is an Assurance of a further Bliss.

The Window now unclasp'd, with slender Voice,

Cries Alison, "Be quick, and make no Noise;

"I would not for the World our Neighbours hear,

"For they're made up of Jealousy and Fear."

Then silken Handkerchief from Pocket came,

To wipe his Mouth full clean to kiss the Dame.

Dark was the Night, as any Coal or Pitch,

When at the Window she clapt out her Breech.



The *Parish Clerk* ne'er doubted what to do,  
 But ask'd no Questions, and in haste fell to;  
 On her blind Side full favourly he prest  
 A loving Kiss, e'er he smelt out the Jest.  
 Aback he starts, for he knew well enough  
 That Women's Lips are smooth, but these were  
 What have I done, quoth he? and raw'd and star'd,  
 Ah me! I've kiss'd a Woman with a Beard,  
 He curst the Hour, and rail'd against the Stars,  
 That he was born to kiss my Lady's —  
 † Tehea, she cry'd, and clapt the Window close,  
 While *Absalon* with Grief and Anger goes  
 To meditate Revenge; and to requite  
 The foul Affront, he would not sleep that Night,  
 And now with Dust, with Sand, with Straw, with  
 He scrubs and rubs the Kisses from his Lips, [Chips,  
 Oft would he say, *Alas! O basest Evil!*  
 Than met with this Disgrace so damn'd uncivil,  
 I rather had went headlong to the Devil.

† A Note of Laughter.

To kiss a Woman's cheek, it can't be harm'd  
 But by my Soul I'll be aveng'd by Morn.  
 Hot Love, the Proverb says, grows quickly cool;  
 And *Abalon's* no more an *Andrew's* Foot.  
 For since his Purpose was so foully crost,  
 He gains his Quiet, tho' his Love is lost.  
 And, cur'd of his Distemper, can defy  
 All whining Coxcombs with a scornful Eye.  
 But for meer Anger, as he pass'd the Street,  
 He wept, as does a School-boy when he's beat.  
 In a soft, doleful Pace at last he came  
 To an old *Vulcan*, *Jarvis* was his Name;  
 Who late and early at the Forge turn'd  
 In hamm'ring Iron Bars, and Plough-shares, toild.  
 Hither repair'd, by One or Two a Clock,  
 Poor *Abalon*, and gave an easy Knock.  
 Who's there that knocks so late, Sir *Jarvis* cries?  
 "'Tis I, the penfive *Abalon* replies.  
 "Open the Door." What *Abalon*, quoth He,  
 The Parish Clerk? *Ab! Benedicite.*

Where

Where hast thou been? some pretty Girl, I wot,  
 Has led you out so late upon the Fray;  
 Some merry meeting on the Wenching score,  
 You know my Meaning, — but I'll say no more.

This Absalon, another Dittaff drew,  
 And had more Tow to spin than *Jarvis* knew;  
 He minded not a *Bean* of all he said;  
 For other Things employ'd his careful Head.  
 At last he Silence breaks, *Dear Friend*, he cries,  
 Lend'st thou bot Pur, which in the Chimney lies;  
 I have occasion for't, no Questions ask  
 To bring it back again shall be my Task.  
 ' With all my Heart, quoth *Jarvis*, were it Gold,  
 ' Or splendid Nobles in a Purse untold;  
 ' With all my Heart, as I'm an honest Smith,  
 ' I'll lend it Thee, but what wilt do therewith?  
 " For that, quoth *Absalon*, nor care, nor sorrow,  
 " I'll give a good Account of it to Morrow.  
 Then up the Culter in his Hand he caught,  
 Tripp'd out with silent Pace, and wicked Thought.

Red-hot it was, as any burning Cole,  
 With which to *John* the Carpenter's he stole.  
 There first he cough'd, and, as his usual Wont,  
 Up to the Window came, and tapp'd upon't.

' Who's there? quoth *Alison*, Some Midnight Rook,

' Some Thief, I warrant, with a hanging Look.'

" Ah! God forbid, quoth this dissembling Elf,

" 'Tis *Abshalon*, my Life! my better Self!

" A rich Gold Ring I've to my Darling brought,

" By a known Graver exquisitely wrought.

" Beside, a Poëse, most divinely writ

" By a fam'd Poet, and notorious Wit.

" My Mother gave it me ('tis wond'rous fine)

" She clapp'd it on my Finger, I on thine.

" If thou wilt deign the favour of a Kiss—"

Now *Nicholas* by chance rose up to piss,

Thinking to better, and improve the Jest,

He should salute his Breech, before the rest.

With eager Haste, and secret Joy he went,

And his Posteriors out at Window sent.



Here *Abfalon*, the Wag, with subtle Tone  
 Whispers, " My Love! my Soul! my *Alifan*,  
 " Speak, my sweet Bird, I know not where thou  
 At this the Scholar let a rouzing Fart;<sup>part—</sup>  
 So loud the Noise, as frightful was the Stroke,  
 As Thunder, when it splits the sturdy Oak.  
 The Clerk was ready, and with hearty Gait  
 The Red-hot Iron in his Buttocks thrust.  
 Streight off the Skin, like shrivel'd Parchment flew,  
 His Breech as raw as Saint *Bartolomew*.  
 The Culter had so sing'd his Hinder Part,  
 He thought he should have dy'd for very Smart.  
 In a mad Fit about the Room he ran,  
*Help, Water, Water*, for a dying Man,  
 The Carpenter, as one beside his Wits,  
 Starts at the dreadful Sound, and up he gets.  
 The Name of *Water* rouz'd him from his Sleep,  
 He rubb'd his Eye-lids, and began to peep.  
 Alas! thought he, now comes the fatal Hour,  
 And from the Clouds does *Noah's Deluge* pour.



Up then he sit, and without more ado  
He takes his Axe, and smites the Cord in two.  
Down goes the Bread, and Ale, and Cheefe, and All,  
And John himself had a confounded Fall.  
Dropp'd from the Roof upon the Floor, aston'd  
He lies, as dead, and swims upon dry Ground.

Then Nicholas, to play the Counterfeit  
With Alphon, cries Murder in the Street.

In came the Neighbours pouting like the Tide,  
To know the reason why was Murder cry'd.  
There they beheld poor John, a gasping Man,  
Shut were his Eyes, his Face was pale and wan,  
Batter'd his Sides, and broken was his Arm,  
But stand it out he must to his own Harm.  
For when he aim'd to speak in his Defence,  
They bore him down, and baffled all his Sense.  
They told the People, that the Man was wood,  
And dreamt of nothing else but Noah's Flood,  
His heated Fancy of this Deluge rung,  
That to the Roof three Kneading-Troughs he hung,

And each of us, as God will, shall have his part.

THE MILLER'S TALE.

With which in Danger he design'd to swim,  
And we, forsooth, must carry on the Whim;  
He begg'd, and pray'd, and so we humour'd him.

At hearing this, the sneering Neighbours gave  
An universal Shout, and hideous Laugh.  
Now on the Roof, and now on *John* they gape,  
And all his Earnest turn into a Jape.  
He swore against the Scholar and his Wife,  
And never look'd so foolish in his Life.  
Whate'er he speaks, the People never mind,  
His Oaths are nothing, and his Words are Wind.  
Thus all consent to scoff each serious Word,  
And *John* remain'd a Cuckold on Record.

Thus Doors of Brass, and Bars of Steel are vain,  
And watchful Jealousy, and carking Pain  
Are fruitless all, when a good-natur'd Spouse  
Designs Preferment for her Husband's Brows;  
Thus *Alison* her Cuckold does defy,  
And *Abalon* has kiss'd her nether Eye,  
While *Nicholas* is scalded in the Breach;  
My Tale is done, God save us all, and each.  
End of the MILLER'S TALE.

## P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

## R E V E ' S T A L E .

By Mr. OGLE.

**T**H*E* Miller ceas'd, exulting at the Close,  
 And, as He ceas'd, a gen'ral Laugh arose ;  
 For hum'rous was the Tale, tho' low the Stile,  
 Ev'n They, that blush'd to laugh, agreed to smile.  
 Each, various, variously discuss'd the Case ;  
 The *Scholar's* Payment, and the *Clerk's* Disgrace !  
 The frisky *Wife's* Elopement in the Dark,  
 And the dull *Husband*, lodg'd in *Noah's Ark* !  
 Not One, but peevish *Oswolde*, seem'd to grieve,  
 Of Craft, a *Carpenter*, as well as *Reve*.  
 Hence, many a Fault he found, and more he made ;  
 The Tale was a Reflection on the Trade !

- So lash the lewdest Varlet of the Gown,  
 You raise the Spleen of ev'ry Priest in Town,  
 " For Wit, said He, was Ribaldry to pass,  
 " Full on the *Miller* cou'd I turn the Glafs.  
 " But Old I am! Sport suits but ill with Age!  
 " And He too verges on his latter Stage.  
 " Past is the Spring that Heav'n to Me assign'd!  
 " He thinks a second Crop remains behind.  
 " Poor Forage at the Best! (I scorn all Art---)  
 " Nor will it keep the Steed in Flesh, or Heart.  
 " This Top of Snow my Wintry State declares,  
 " My Spirits fail me faster than my Hairs.  
 " Yet some in Age affect the Wanton Play,  
 " As if improv'd, like Medlars, by Decay;  
 " (The Fruit, that, till it rots, is never ripe!)  
 " But, ah! so long we dance, as we can pipe!  
 " Woman indeed, like Leeks, may last a-bed;  
 " Green at the Tail, tho' hoary at the Head.  
 " But for the Man that toils with Limbs declin'd,  
 " What shows he but a teasing Itch of Mind?  
 " Hands



" Hands cease to move, and Feet forget to walk,  
 " But not the Heart to wish, or Tongue to talk;  
 " With Ashes loaded still survives Desire,  
 " A Spark of What he was, a Mark of Fire!  
 " Decrepid Age, you may as well defy,  
 " Or not to fret, or hoard, or vaunt, or lye,  
 " As not to covet what it priz'd in Youth;  
 " Last falls, of all the Teeth, the Coltish Tooth!  
 " Full many a Year (for so my Thread was spun)  
 " Has ended, since my Tap of Life begun.  
 " Death, present at my Birth, (that Early Foe!)  
 " Drew forth the Cock, and bade the Current flow.  
 " Fast has it ran, but will no longer run,  
 " I feel it, almost empty is the Tun!  
 " The Liquor, be it us'd, or be it spilt,  
 " Is gone; the Cask stands high upon the Tilt!  
 " When sinks the Body to so low a State,  
 " Ill may the silly Tongue pretend to prate;  
 " The Wish to please will scarce the Pow'r restore;  
 " That Fancy is meer Dotage, and no more.



Our *Hof*, while little *Oswolde* tun'd his String,  
Began to look as Lordly as a King.

[ To what amounts this Sermonizing Wit?

' All day will you descant on Holy Writ?

' The *Dev'l*, I think, has mov'd a *Reve* to preach;

' A *Cobler* might as well a \* *Souter* teach;

' *Physicians*, o'er the Seas, our *Merchants* guide;

' Or *Sailors* show our *Jockeys* how to ride.

Begin, at once, your Tale, nor waste our Time!

' It wants but little of half way to Prime,

' And lo! where *Deptford* rises full in View!

' Lo! *Greenwich*, the Abode of many a Shrew!

" Sirs, quoth the *Reve*, then favour my Request,

" If saucy Jest be pay'd with saucy Jest,

" Full largely on a *Miller* while I dwell;

" For Force, with Force, 'tis lawful to repell.

" This *Drunkard*, (for he needs no other

[Name])

" Has brought an honest *Carpenter* to shame.

Not

\* Shoe-maker.

" Nor is it hard his Motive to divine,  
 " The Trade, that He abus'd, He knew was mine:  
 " So Wits play Wits, and Fools by Fools are  
 " Each hits his Neighbour's Case, but not his own.  
 " The Beam, that blinds him, let him first descry,  
 " Then pluck the Mote from out his Brother's Bye."

*End of the PROLOGUE.*



THE

Not is it hard his Motive to divine,

~~The Friends that I should, He knew was mine.~~

"So Wits play Wits, and Fools by Fools are

Each hits his Neighbour's Case, but not his own.

The Bears that blinds him let him first decay.

# THE REVE'S TALE.

By Mr. BETTERTON.

**A**T *Thrompington*, not far from *Cambridge*,  
Across a pleasant Stream, a Bridge of Wood;  
Near it a Mill, in low and plashy Ground,  
Where Corn for all the neighb'ring Parts was ground.  
The sturdy *Miller*, with his powder'd Locks,  
Proud as a Peacock, subtle as a Fox,  
Could pipe, and fish, and wrestle, throw a Net,  
Turn drinking Cups, and teach young Dogs to set;  
Brawny, big-bon'd, strong made was ev'ry Limb,  
But few durst venture to contend with him.  
A Dagger hanging at his Belt he had,  
And of an antient Sword's well-temper'd Blade;  
He

He wore a *Sheffield* Whittle in his Hole;  
Broad was his Face, and very flat his Nose;  
Bald as an Ape behind was this Man's Crown;  
No one could better beat a Market down;  
But *Miller's* will be Thieves, he us'd to steal,  
Slyly and artfully, much Corn and Meal.

This *Miller's* Wife came of a better Race,  
The Parson's Daughter of the Town she was:  
Her Portion small, her Education high,  
She had her Breeding in a *Nunnery*.  
'Whoe'er he marry'd (*Simkin* boldly said)  
'Should be a Maid well-born, and nicely bred.'  
You'd laugh to see him in his best Array,  
Strutting before her on a Holy Day.  
If any boldly durst accost his Wife,  
He drew his Dagger, or his *Sheffield* Knife.  
'Tis dang'rous to provoke a jealous Fool;  
She manag'd cunningly her stubborn Tool.  
To all beneath her, insolently high,  
Walk'd like a Duck, and chatter'd like a Pye:

Proud

Proud of her Breeding, froward, full of Scorn,  
 As if she were of Noble Parents born;  
 With other Virtues of the same Degree,  
 All learn'd in that choice School, the Nunnery.

Their Daughter was just twenty, coarse and bold;  
 A Boy too in the Cradle, six Months old,  
 Thick, short, and brawny this plump Damsel was,  
 Her Nose was flat, her Eyes were grey as Glass;  
 Her Haunches broad, with Breasts up to her Chin;  
 Fair was her Hair, but tawny was her Skin,

A mighty Trade this lusty Miller drove,  
 All for Convenience came, not one for Love.  
 Much Grist from Cambridge to his Lot did fall,  
 And all the Corn they us'd at Scholars-hall,  
 Their Manciple fell dangerously ill;  
 Bread must be had, their Grist went to the Mill;  
 This Simkin moderately stole before,  
 Their Steward sick, he robb'd them ten times  
 Their Bread fell short; the Warden storm'd; <sup>[more.]</sup>  
 Examined those who brought it from the Mill; <sup>[Skill]</sup>



The Miller to a strict Account they call:

He impudently swears he gave them all.

Two poor young Scholars, hungry, much distress'd,  
(Who thought themselves more wise than all the rest)

Intreat the Warden, the next Corn he sent,

To trust it to their prudent Management:

Both would attend him with such Care and Art,

Defy him then to steal the smallest Part.

At last the Warden grants what they desire,

All is got ready as these Two require.

Bold Men, tho' disappointed, ne'er are sham'd;

One was call'd Allen, the other John was nam'd.

Both Northern Men, both in one Town were born;

They mount, and lead the Horse that bears the Corn.

Be careful, Allen cries, and do not stray!

"Fear nothing, he replies, I know the Way."

Thus they jog on, and on the Road contrive

To catch the Thief; till at the Mill they rive.

"Ho Sim, says John, what ho, the Miller there!

Who calls? cries Simkin, tell me who you are!"

"How

- "How fares your comely Daughter and your Wife?"
- "What, *John* and *Allen*? welcome by my Life,"
- The Miller said, "What Wind has brought you  
[hither?]"
- "That which makes old Wives trudge, brought us  
[together.]"
- "Who keeps no Man, must his own Servant be,"
- "Our *Manciple* is very sick, and we
- "Are with the Corn from our good *Warden* come,
- "To see it ground, and bring it safely home,"
- "Dispatch it, *Sim*, with all the Haste you may."
- "It shall be done (he says) without Delay."
- "What will you do while I have this in Hand?"
- "Says *John*, just at the Hopper will I stand,
- "(In my whole Life I never saw Grist ground,)"
- "And mark the Clack how justly it will sound."
- "Aha! Chum *John*, cries *Allen*, will you so?"
- "Then will I watch how it steals out below."
- Sim*, at their Plot, maliciously did smile;
- None could, they thought, such learned Clerks  
[beguile.]
- He meant to cast a Mist before their Eye,
- In spite of all their fine Philosophy,

Neither

Neither should find where he convey'd the Meal;  
 The narrower they watch'd, the more he'd steal.  
 These Scholars for their Flour, shall have the Bran;  
 The learned Clerk is not the wisest Man:  
 Then out he steals, and finds, where, by the Head,  
 Their Horse hung fasten'd underneath a Shed:  
 He slips the Bridle o'er his Neck, the Steed  
 Makes to the Fens, where Mares and Fillies feed.  
 Unmis'd comes *Sim*, finds *John* fix'd at his Post,  
 And *Allen* diligent, no Meal was lost:  
 'Now do me Justice, Friends, he says, you can  
 'Convince your *Warden* I'm an honest Man.  
 Now the great Work is done, their Corn is ground,  
 The Grist is sack'd, and every Sack well bound:  
*John* runs to fetch the Horse, aloud he cries,  
 "Come hither *Allen*," *Allen* to him flies.  
 "O Friend, we are undone!" "What mean you,  
 "Look there's the Bridle, but our Horse is gone!"  
 "Gone! whither?" says he -- "Nay, Heav'n knows,  
 Out bolts *Sim's* Wife, and (with a ready Lye)

She

She cries, "I saw him toss his Head, and play;

"Then slip the loosen'd Reins, and trot away."

"Which Way?" they both demand—"With wanton

"I saw him scamp'ring tow'rd yon fenny Grounds!" <sup>[Bounds,</sup>

"Wild Mares and Colts in those low Marshes feed."

Away the Scholars run with utmost Speed, and

Forget their former cautious Husbandry; and off

Their Sack does at the Miller's Mercy lie; and

He half a Bushel of their Flour does take, and

Then bids his Wife secure it in a Cake; and

"I'll send these empty Boys again to School; and

"To plot and study who's the greater Fool; and

"Look where the learned Blockheads make their

"Let us be merry, while those Children play." <sup>[Way,</sup>

These silly Scholars ran from Place to Place;

Now here, now there, unequal was the Chase."

"They call him by his Name, whistle and cry,

Ho *Ball!* but *Ball* is pleas'd with Liberty; and

At Night, into a narrow Place they brought him,

Drove him into a Ditch, and there they caught him.

Weary and wet, as Cattle in the Rain,  
*Allen*, and simple *John*, come back again.

" Alas! cries *John*, wou'd I had ne'er been born!

" When we return, we shall be laugh'd to Scorn.

" Call'd by the *Fellows*, and our *Warden* Fools:

" Our Grist is stol'n, and we the *Miller's* Tools."

Thus *John* complains: *Allen* without Remorse

Goes to the Barn, and in he turns the Horse.

Both cold and hungry, wet and daub'd with Mire;

They find the *Miller* sitting at his Fire;

" We can't return, they say, before 'tis Light;

" So beg for Lodging in your Mill to-night."

*Simkin* replies, ' Welcome with all my Heart,

' I'll find you out the most convenient Part.

' My House is straight, but you are learned Men;

' You can by Dint of Argument maintain,

' That twenty Yards a Mile in Breadth comprise:

' Now show your Art, and make a *Miller* Wife.'

" You're merry, Friend; but wet and clammy

" Hunger and Cold, provoke few Men to Mirth. <sup>[Earth,</sup>

Q

" A



" A Man complies with necessary Things,

" Content with what he finds, or what he brings.

" 'Tis Meat and Drink we earnestly desire;

" To warm and dry us with a better Fire.

" Look, we have Coin to pay what you demand!

" We ne'er catch Falcons with an empty Hand."

*Sim* sends his Daughter to a neighb'ring House  
For good strong Ale, and roasts a well-fed Goose.  
'Tho' homely was his Room, it was not small;  
They had no other, it must serve them all.  
The Daughter makes for these two Youths a Bed,  
Lays on clean Sheets, with Blankets fairly spread,  
Twelve Foot beyond, in the remotest Place,  
There stood another for their Daughter *Grace*.  
The Supper does with sprightly Mirth abound,  
Each has his Jest, the nappy Ale goes round;  
Nor the squab Daughter, nor the Wife were nice,  
Each Health the Youths began, *Sim* pledg'd it twice.  
The heady Liquor stupefies their Care,  
But Midnight past, they all to Rest repair.

The

The *Miller* yawn'd, his Eyes began to close;  
The Wife got *Sim* to Bed, he had his Dose.  
She follow'd him; but she was gay and light,  
Her Whistle had been wetted too that Night;  
She plac'd the Child in Cradle by her Side,  
To give it Suck, or rock it if it cry'd.  
The Daughter too, when once the Ale was gone,  
Retir'd to Bed; so *Allen* did, and *John*.  
Sleep on the most did instantly prevail;  
The *Miller's* lusty Dose of potent Ale  
Made him like any Stone-horse snort and snore,  
The Treble was behind, the Base before :  
The Wife's Horse-tenor vacant Parts did fill,  
The Daughter bore her Part with wond'rous Skill,  
They might be heard a Furlong from the Mill.

When this melodious Confort first began,  
Young *Allen* tumbling, pushes his Friend *John* :  
' It is impossible to sleep, he says,  
' I'll up and dance, while this choice Musick plays.'

He cries, "What means my Brother?"---*Allen* said,

• I mean to steal into the Daughter's Bed.

• 'Tis said, the Man who in one Point is griev'd,

• Ought in another Point to be reliev'd.

• Our Corn is stol'n, and we like Fools are caught,

• The Daughter shall repay the Father's Fault.'---

"O *Allen*, he replies, think while you can,

"'Fore Heav'n the Miller is a dang'rous Man!

"Should he discover you, I would be loth

"The Thief should wreak his Vengeance on us  
[both."

• I fear him not, says *Allen*, I am young;

• Tho' he's well-set, my Sinews are as strong.'

Then up he gets; *now Friend good Luck* (he said)

The Daughter's Trumpet led him to her Bed:

Half stupefy'd with Ale, she sprawling lay;

He softly creeping in, soon hit his Way;

Soon put all knotty Questions out of doubt,

Stopping her Mouth, prevented crying out.

*John* grumbling lay, while *Allen's* Place was void,

"Am I then idle, while my Friend's employ'd?

"He

" He can revenge himself for all his Harms,  
" He has the *Miller's* Daughter in his Arms,  
" While I lie spiritless, benumb'd and cold;  
" I shall be jear'd to Death, when this is told---  
" They nothing can perform, who ne'er begin;  
" Faint Heart, they say, did ne'er fair Lady win."

Then up he rose, and softly groaping round,  
He found the Cradle standing on the Ground,  
Close by the *Miller's* Bed; this unesp'y'd  
He took, and set it by his own Bed-side.  
The *Miller's* Wife had now more Griets to grind,  
(Some Mills by Water move, and some by Wind)  
The proper Utenfil not plac'd at Hand,  
She rose, by pure Necessity constrain'd.  
That grand Affair dispatch'd, and feeling round  
Her Husband's Bed, no Cradle could be found,  
" Where am I? *Benedicite*, she said!  
" This is undoubtedly the Scholars Bed."  
Then turning t'other Way, her Hand did light  
Full on the Cradle,---" Now, she cry'd, I'm right."

Lifting





‘ I’ll quickly find Occasion to return ;  
 ‘ You shall not long for *Allen’s* Absence mourn ;  
 “ Farewel, she cries ! But, Dearest, one Word more ;  
 “ You’ll find upon a Sack behind the Door  
 “ A Cake, and under it a Bag of Meal ;  
 “ The Flour my Father and my self did steal  
 “ Out of your Sack ; but take it, ’tis your own ;  
 “ Be careful, Love, ---not a Word more, be gone.”

Now *Allen* softly feeling for his Bed,  
 By Chance his Hand laid on the Cradle-head.  
 And shrinking from it, said (with no small Fear)  
 ‘ That Rogue the *Miller* and his Wife lie there.’  
 Turning, he finds *Sim’s* Palate, in he crept ;  
 ‘ I’m right, he says, dull *John* all Night has slept.  
 Then shaking him ‘ Wake, Swineherd, *Allen* cries,  
 ‘ I’ve joyful News.’ --- “ What ? ” grumbling *Sim*  
 ‘ I am the luckiest Rogue --- by this *no Light*,  
 ‘ I have had full Employment all the Night :  
 ‘ The Daughter kindly paid her Father’s Score,  
 ‘ All Night I have embrac’d her.’ --- “ O the Whore !

“ O

“ O thou false Traytor, Clerk! thou hast defil’d  
“ Our honest Family, deflow’r’d our Child!  
“ Thy Life shall answer it.”---With that he caught  
At *Allen’s* Throat: young *Allen* stoutly fought.  
Both give and take, returning Blows with Blows;  
But *Allen* struck the *Miller* on the Nose  
With all his Force; out flies the streaming Gore,  
And down it runs: They tumble on the Floor:  
Then up they get, lab’ring with equal Strife:  
*Sim* stumbled backwards quite across his Wife.  
She fast asleep, none of this Scuffle heard;  
Wak’d by his Fall, and heartily afeard:  
“ Help, *Holy Cross* of *Brobolme*! (O I faint!)  
“ Help my good *Angel*! help my *Patron Saint*!  
“ The *Fiend* lies on me like a Load of Lead!  
“ Remove this Dev’l, this Night-mare, or I’m dead!”  
Then up starts *John*, and turns ’em from the Wife,  
Hunts for a Cudgel to conclude the Strife.  
Up gets the *Miller*, *Allen* grasps him close,  
Both play at hard-head, struggling to get loose.

Out

Out steps the Wife, well knowing where there  
In a By-corner, a tough Piece of Wood; <sup>[stood]</sup>

On this she seiz'd, and by a glimm'ring Light

Which enter'd at a Chink, saw something white;

But, by a foul Mistake, 'twas her ill Hap

To take his bald Pate for the Scholar's Cap.

She lifts the Staff, it fell on his bare Crown,

Strong was the Blow, she knock'd her Husband down.

' O, I am slain! the Miller loudly cry'd;

"Live to be hang'd, thou Thief," Allen reply'd.

Away they go, first take their Meal and Cake,

Then lay the Grist upon their Horse's Back.

To *Scholars-hall* they march, for now 'twas Light,

Pleas'd with the strange Adventures of the Night.

The Wife the Scholars curses, binds his Head,

Then lifts him up, and lays him on the Bed.

' O Wife, says *Sim*, our Daughter is defil'd!

' That Villain *Allen* has debauch'd our Child!

' Mistaking me for *John*, he told me all;

' Ten thousand Furies plague that *Scholars-hall*.

" O false abusive Knave ! (the Wife reply'd)

" In ev'ry Word the Villain spake, he ly'd.

" I wak'd, and heard our harmless Child complain,

" And rose, to know the Cause, and ease her Pain,

" I found her torn with Gripes, a Dram I brought,

" And made her take a comfortable Draught.

" Then lay down by her, chaf'd her swelling Breast,

" And lull'd her in these very Arms to Rest.

" All was Contrivance, Malice all and Spite ;

" I have not parted from her all this Night."

*Then is she innocent ?* " Ay, by my Life,

" As pure and spotless—as thy Bosom Wife."

*I'm satisfy'd, says Sim. O that damn'd Hall!*

*I'll do the best I can to starve them all.*

And thus the Miller of his Fear is eas'd,

The Mother and the Daughter both well-pleas'd.

*End of the First Volume.*



ain,  
ain.  
ghr,

ast,

4